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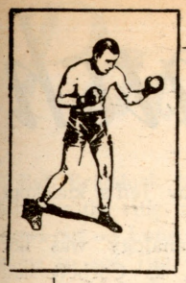

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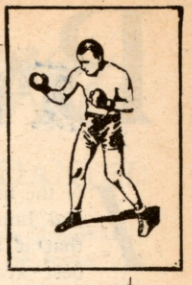

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In Our Next Issue

World interest in boxing is centered on New York this summer where in addition to the recent Canzoneri-Amber's Lightweight Championship fight, the McLarnin-Ross, the Baer-Braddock, the Louis-Carnera and several other important matches hold the attention of the fistic fans.

If you want to keep up to the minute with your boxing, and you are eager to obtain unbiased reports both from training quarters and the scenes of these matches, you should make it your business to read and digest the articles appearing in "The Ring."

By the time our next issue goes to press, both the McLarnin-Ross and the Baer-Braddock fights will be a matter of ring history. And as in the past, "The Ring's" staff of experts, Nat Fleischer, George T. Pardy, Eddie Borden, and Daniel M. Daniel will tell you in their inimitable style the story of these championship contests.

In addition, there will be many pages of photographs depicting every phase of these fights. The August issue will be a real treat for fight fans. As we are now limiting our press run, make sure that you have your copy of this championship souvenir number reserved for you by your news dealer.

The August issue will also carry photographs and stories of other leading fights and wrestling matches from all parts of the Globe and the usual features.

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BAER-BRADDOCK *Match*

Not One of Most Brilliant Set-ups in Heavyweight History But People Shouted for Action

IN the match between Max Baer and James J. Braddock, we find that it is a case of taking the best available, despite the fact that this best is not what you would call the complete answer. This situation we must charge against two young men who sneered at the Fates and then turned around to find that the fickle jades had snubbed them. I refer to Art Lasky and Steve Hamas.

Lasky came out of the Far West like young Lochinvar, a coming champion—they said—the very man, stern of determination and adamant of purpose, to knock off the Don Juan and gay Lothario, Baer. The wonder from beyond the Sierras did not look so amazing in the Hamas fight, which lifted Steve to a false pedestal. Then came the Lasky effort against Braddock, and the California bubble burst with a loud report, leaving Lasky hanging on the ropes of fortune, and raising Braddock into an amazing situation.

As for Hamas, he went off to Germany to fight Max Schmeling. Hamas and Charley Harvey, his pilot, needed money, and needed it so badly that they had to go overseas to get what they could. As you know Schmeling made confetti out of the Penn State collegian. So in a short time the erstwhile highly promising heavyweight layout lost both Lasky and Hamas as contenders by even remote control.

The promoters had Baer ready to fight. Weeks were passing, time was fleeting, Max shouted for a match and the fulfillment of a contract which the Garden in New York had with him. On the other side of the fence stood the Twentieth Century Club, the new rival of the Garden, and the Hearst Milk Fund, eager to see Jimmy Johnston flop in his search for a fighter to meet Max.

* * *

OF course, there was Schmeling. But the German had been belted out by Baer, and besides, American promoters, especially those in New York, with its one-third Jewish population, did not want to risk a Schmeling match.

Then there was Primo Carnera. But Carnera had fought Baer, last summer. The public could not be sold easily on a Carnera return match—not just yet.

There was Joe Louis, the Negro from the Middle West. It was Braddock against Louis, and Johnston and the Garden decided to go for Braddock and wait for time and developments to handle the Louis side of the heavyweight controversy, to be clarified by the Carnera-Louis match in New York.

There were some who saw in the Baer-Braddock match a counterpart of the affair in which Jack Dempsey, as champion, mauled Billy Miske at Benton Harbor, Mich. You will recollect that they were hunting high and low for a man to fight the Manassa Mauler, and that Miske once had threatened to develop into a great fighter.

When Miske got the Dempsey match Billy was on the down grade physically. As a matter of fact, the fight never should have been permitted, as Miske was suffering from that serious kidney ailment which soon killed him. But Miske needed money. Dempsey wanted to see Billy get the money.

The management at Benton Harbor saw the Middle Westerner as the best available match and sent Miske to certain defeat. The best feature of that fight was that it was over very quickly, Dempsey sending the haymaker to the spot in the third round.

* * *

WHEN the Baer-Braddock match was made, there was a coterie of doubters of Baer's class who saw in the fight the makings of a surprise somewhat along the lines of the great Jeffries-Corbett fight at Coney Island, which was ended in the twenty-third round by Jeff's knockout punch.

Of course, the analogy was not exactly well drawn, as Corbett had been champion and was trying to achieve a feat never before, and never since, accomplished—of regaining the heavyweight title. Braddock never was even close to the second cousin of the heavyweight championship.

However, as you may recollect, Corbett had been out of the ring for more than three years. He had been living an easy life, running a saloon on Broadway. When he was signed to fight Jeff many of the sports along the big stem laughed. But Corbett got himself into shape and for twenty-two rounds outpointed Jeff, only to see his legs quit on him and leave him planted for the Boilermaker's knockout.

No matter how low it may be rated by experts, there is no heavyweight match without its drama. You will recollect the Dempsey-Brennan fight, which lasted a dozen rounds in the old Garden in New York. It was not taken seriously. The critics pounded Jack for carrying Brennan "for the motion pictures."

But Dempsey will tell you now that it was one of the toughest fights of his career. Yet, when the match was announced, it rated no higher than the Baer-Braddock affair.

And you remember Dempsey's fight with Tom Gibbons at Shelby, Montana. Tom was an old man, with a big family. He had been knocking around for a long time, sometimes looking like an approach to a real heavyweight, sometimes appearing like a rank intruder.

When the Dempsey-Gibbons match was made, the experts sat back and tittered, even as their 1935 successors tittered when the Braddock-Baer affair was announced. "Why, Jack will tear Tom to ribbons, and it is a pity the old guy needs the dough so badly he has to go out to take a beating and the loser's end of the purse," the cognoscenti grieved, at the same time glad that the scene was so far away from Broadway, and the fight offered the opportunity to see the wilds of Montana, and brawly Shelby of the new West.

* * *

WELL, you know what happened. Gibbons lost. But the fight went the limit of fifteen rounds, and Dempsey took the decision. Not only did Dempsey fail to "tear Tom to ribbons," not only did Jack fail to land that terrific, feared knockout punch of his, not only did Dempsey fail to develop that fearsome "killer instinct," but he could not knock Gibbons off his feet.

There was talk of "carrying Tom" and a lot of other bosh. But the truth of it was that Dempsey tried as hard as he could, and Gibbons' defensive skill baffled him.

So, you see, you never can tell about fights or women. Fortune is fickle in the ring and in romance, and he who tries to call the turn in either phase of human life is bound to be called a sucker more often than he is hailed as a true prophet.

The drama in the Baer-Braddock match, when it was made, did not appear entirely on the surface. Later it began to come out. In Braddock, the public saw a man who had fought and fought, and then had disappeared from the ranks of the really proficient. As a matter of fact, ring history offers no absolute analogy.

Braddock tried to come back, but Fortune snickered, and finally James J. feared that he was finished. Things went from bad to worse. He went on relief in Jersey, to keep his kids from starving. He moved from an upstairs apartment into the basement, became the janitor of the flat.

Then Jim got a break. He was matched with Corn Griffin for the semi-final of the Baer-Carnera fight. Griffin was a comer from Dixie, perhaps headed for something real. Braddock was the worn campaigner, who was to be the guinea pig for Griffin.

Packs Human Drama

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

But Braddock belted Griffin all over the ring in the Garden Bowl out on Long Island. They came to see Jim whipped and they stayed to laugh at Griffin. That's life for you. They came to cheer for Griffin and they lingered to shout in derision as Griffin saw through his bleary eyes a Braddock he never had dreamed of even in his most pessimistic moments.

You know the rest. Braddock got a match with Lasky in the Garden. Again Jim was the guinea pig for the fistic experimenters. And the guinea pig once more turned on the feasted subject and turned Lasky's effort into a nightmare. Lasky went into the ring with a chance for the heavyweight title. He left it bedraggled, whipped, discredited—out of the picture because it was Braddock who had belted him out.

* * *

THEN came the Baer-Braddock match! Imagine the feelings of this man Braddock, of his wife, his children, at this wind-fall! One year a has-been, down on his luck, reduced to accepting money from relief agencies, the future dark, the present shrouded in doubt and poverty—and out of all this, a match with Baer!

The smiling Max Baer

Why, if you wrote that in fiction the reader would toss it down with a grunt of disbelief, and consign the litterateur to certain purlieus given over to the fabricators of the impossible. Yet, that again is the ring, and it is life.

For Max Baer, the Braddock match, irrespective of its result, was something of an anti-climax. There can be no denying that, because Baer had looked for something more appealing. The victory over Schmeling lifted Baer into the position of chief contender, and made him stand out with greater lustre than even the champion himself, Carnera.

The dramatic triumph over Carnera raised Baer into one of the most alluring spots in the history of pugilism. This called for progression in drama and in competition. It called for a match with a man who had approximated the Baer flight toward the top. I am not taking anything away from Braddock in gameness, in fighting heart. But we must appreciate that when Braddock was younger he was not a great fighter.

The spark that touched off the Baer-Braddock match on the Braddock side no doubt was a hunch. Johnston must have felt that in Braddock he had a man who had gone through the most desperate side of life—the fight for actual self-preservation, and the battle to keep a family from starving.

The man who has gone through all that laughs at the mere contingencies of a fight in the ring. A battle with Baer, after a fight with the wolf at the door, would be just child's play for Braddock, Johnston reasoned.

In Braddock he had a man with a mission—one of the truly bright missions in life. And it was not directly concerned with championships and honors, just for championships and honors themselves. In Braddock, Johnston saw a man who would be certain to struggle desperately for those whom he loved and whom he had to provide with food and shelter.

* * *

BAER looked for a fight with a winner of an elimination tournament. Perhaps even Schmeling again would have appealed more strongly to Max of the Golden West. You see, Baer had beaten the Uhlan. Perhaps another fight with Carnera would have been more satisfactory to Baer. You see, Baer had knocked out the Brobdingnagian Italian. In a Schmeling fight, in a Carnera bout, Baer would have gone back into charted waters, certain of his lines of defense and attack, and familiar with opposition tactics.

In the Braddock fight, Baer faced something new, and the fact that he had everything to lose and nothing to gain except the financial return. In a Braddock fight, Baer also faced the underdog, who was expected to do little. The mental burden was thrown on Baer as soon as the Braddock match was made.

True, Baer is the type that seems best able to cope with the mental hazard. But even that type of devil-may-care pugilistic quality cannot escape the psychological backwash of the situation as it developed with the making of the match, and the expressed doubt as to Braddock's qualifications.

Baer would have liked a loud fanfare of trumpets and the blowing of bugles. He would have liked the excitement of a national interest, which the Braddock match did not, at once, develop. In fact, boxing officials went out of their way around the country to throw Johnston and the Garden on the hamburger griddle, and say mean things about "foisting" Braddock on the boxing clientele.

In short, the Braddock match left Baer with the certainty of getting just one satisfaction out of it, and that was entirely financial.

If he stood to beat Braddock, he stood to win no new plaudits from Broadway and Hollywood. If he was to win, that was merely what a champion should do in the circumstances. And when a situation promises only money to Baer, without new adulation, new bellowings in the market places, it is not a happy one for the Lothario from the Golden West.

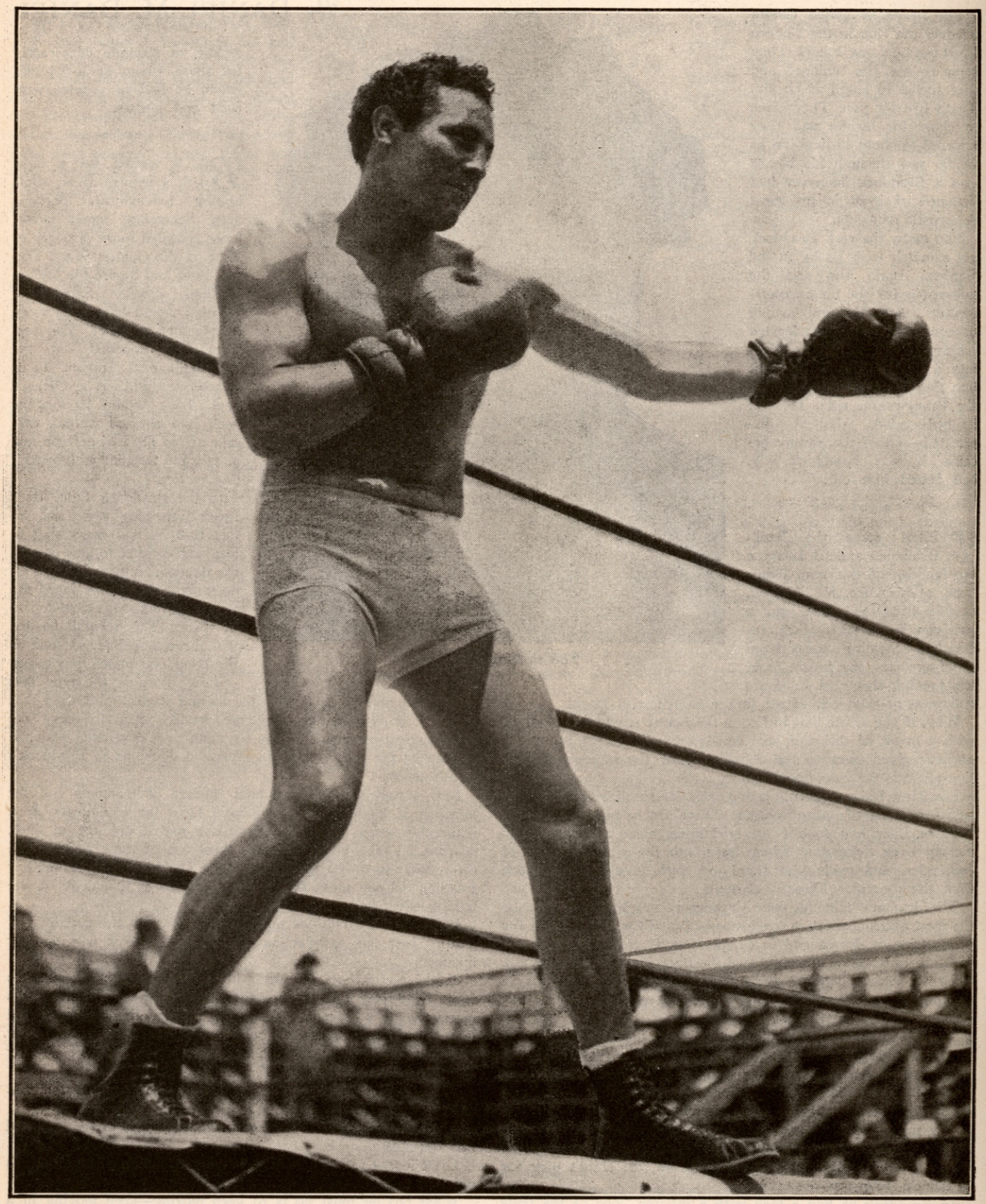
The Baer-Braddock match appealed to me because I felt that a fight was better than no fight at all.

I felt that from then on the game had a chance to advance, and not retrogress.

I felt it was action, and that folks want action of any kind, as opposed to static and lethargy.

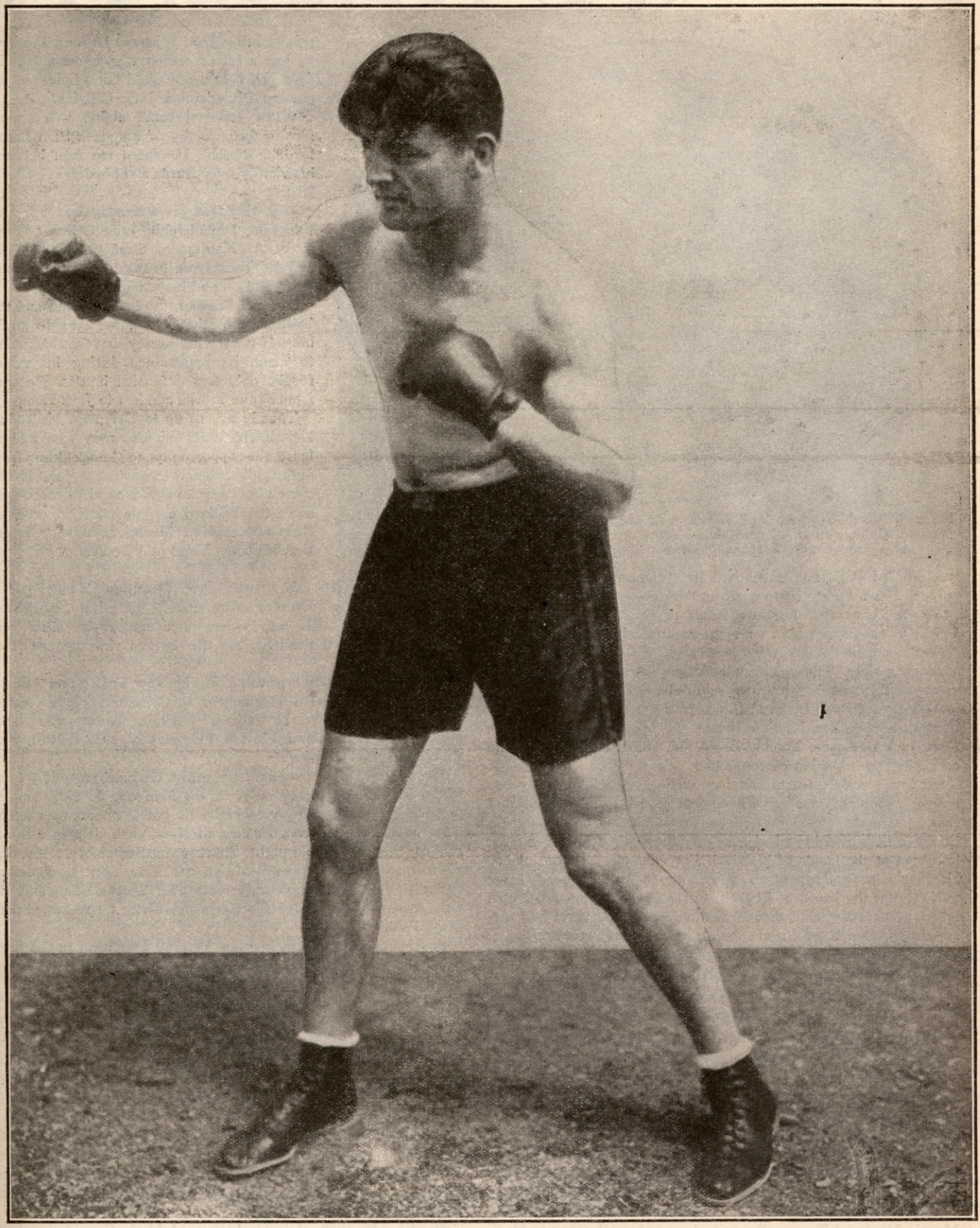
What boxing must do is to keep moving—keep moving in a healthy channel, even if it be a case of motion without the shrieking of sirens. We are now on the right trail. Boxing is in for a healthy revival.

World's Heavyweight Champion



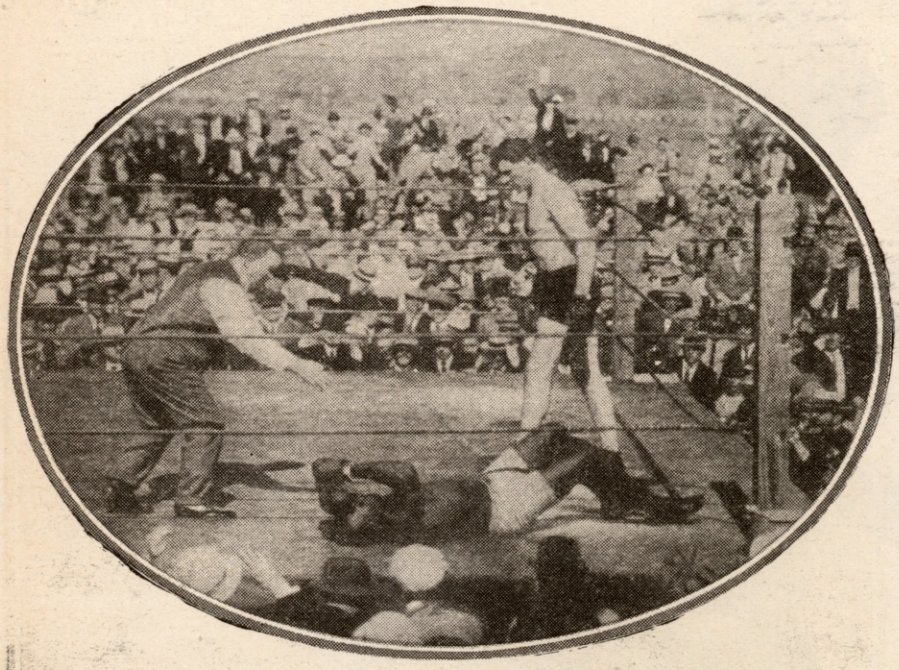
Max Adelbert Baer, born in Omaha, Neb., February 11, 1909. Is a German-Jewish American. Height 6 feet 1 inch. Weight, 208 pounds. Is managed by Ancil Hoffman. Started his fistic career in 1929. Has engaged in 46 contests and numerous exhibitions. Is one of the hardest hitters since Dempsey was in his prime. Started his climb by knocking out Max Schmeling in ten rounds. Won world title by stopping Primo Carnera in Garden Bowl, June 14, 1934, in eleventh round.—THE RING'S *Album of Famous Fighters—No. 3.*

New Jersey's Challenger



James J. Braddock, Irish-American, born in North Bergen, N. J., on December 6, 1905. Height, 6 feet 2 inches; weight, 195 pounds. Is managed by Joe Gould, with whom he has been since he became a pro. Began career as an amateur and won many bouts by knockouts. Is a good hitter. Started professionally in 1926. Fought Tommy Loughran for light-heavyweight title. Gained match with Baer for world heavyweight crown by stopping Corn Griffin in three rounds and beating John Henry Lewis and Art Lasky.—THE RING'S *Album of Famous Fighters—No. 4.*

From SULLIVAN



When Willard dropped Jack Johnson in the twenty-sixth round of their battle at Havana, Cuba, and the Negro decided the sun's rays were too strong while he was taking the count that brought the championship back to the white race.

SINCE John L. Sullivan lifted the crown from the head of Paddy Ryan back in 1882, the heavyweight laurels have rested on the heads of thirteen ring warriors, some of whom were the undisputed world titleholders while others were generally recognized as American champions only. Throughout this long stretch, a period of upwards of fifty years, the heavyweight championship has been defended close to one hundred times, if we are to include in our listing the special exhibitions which the Mighty Boston Strong Man, Jack Dempsey, Tommy Burns and others engaged in while occupying the top rung of the ladder.

Contrary to the general belief of boxing commissioners, every time a champion went into the ring to pit his hitting power and skill against an opponent even in an exhibition, he risked his title, for he would have had a mighty tough time laughing off a knockout at the hands of his rival. For example, Sullivan placed his crown in jeopardy twenty-four times before his reign came to an end at the hands of Corbett. Corbett was the twenty-fourth opponent to trade punches with Sullivan after the latter had disposed of Paddy Ryan to win the American heavyweight title.

Jim Corbett entered the ring only five times after he had gained the throne. His opponents, in order, were Charley Mitchell, Peter Courtney, Tom Sharley, Jim McVey and Bob Fitzsimmons.

* * *

FITZ was one of the most unfortunate of champions. In his very first legitimate defence of the title he was inveigled into the ring against Jim Jeffries, and his reign ended then and there. The latter was a real fighting champion, and his ten bouts as titleholder included everybody of his time worth fighting. He lambasted Tom Sharkey, Corbett (twice), Gus Ruhlin and Jack Monroe. He filled in by beating Jack Finnegan, Hank Griffin and Joe Kennedy, and then Jack Johnson put the final quietus on any claim Jeff had to titular recognition.

Before Johnson clinched his claim by belting Jeff, however, Marvin Hart and Tommy Burns had a crack at the crown. Hart, like Fitz, lost his first battle in defence of his synthetic mitre.

Tommy Burns, basing his claim to the title on his defeat of Hart, who benefited by Jeff's generosity, entered the ring as the more or less recognized champion twelve times, his twelfth opponent being Jack Johnson. In the meantime, he met a lot of ordinary specimens. He did fight and beat a few good ones, however, including Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

When Johnson came along, there were few foemen worthy of his steel. Sam Langford he ducked. He faced ten men between his victory over Burns and his defeat by Willard.

Jack displayed his wares against Vic McLaughlin, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross, Al Kaufmann, Stanley Ketchel, Jim Jeffries, Jim Flynn, Frank Moran, Al Sproul, Jim Johnson and his conqueror, Willard.

The tall Kansan, too lazy to train and too indifferent to the fight game even to strain himself for the big money that was beginning to make its appearance during his reign, fought only two defensive battles. He won from Frank Moran and lost to Jack Dempsey.

That brings us up to Dempsey. He staked his all six times against men who had at least the opportunity to knock him from under his crown. Opportunity and ability must in no way be confused. The contenders since the Willard episode were, in order of their appearance: Miske, Brennan, Carpentier, Gibbons, Firpo and Tunney.

* * *

FOLLOWING his victory over Dempsey, Tunney relinquished the crown to retire undefeated, after he had defended the title only twice—once against the man from whom he had won the title, and the second time against Tom Heeney.

After Tunney's retirement in 1928, the New York State Athletic Commission ordered a tournament to determine his successor. Jack Sharkey and W. L. "Young" Stribling became the standouts. They met in Miami, Florida, February 27, 1929, and Sharkey won a 10-round decision.

Meanwhile Max Schmeling, a youthful German, stopped Johnny Risko in 9 rounds in New York, on February 1, 1929, and on June 27, 1929, Schmeling rose higher in public esteem by winning a 15-round decision from Paulino in New York. It was then arranged that he should fight Sharkey in September, 1929, but Schmeling got into difficulties with the New York Commission, owing to refusal to go through with Phil Scott of England. He was suspended and sailed for Germany, where he remained until May, 1930.

Sharkey, who had knocked out Tommy Loughran in the third round in New York on September 26, 1929, clearly established his right to the American championship.

Schmeling was reinstated and fought Sharkey on June 12, 1930, in New York. The bout, which drew a gross of $749,935 and attendance of 79,222 (a record for a contest in which no actual world's champion was involved), wound up in wild disorder, with Schmeling gaining the decision because of a foul delivered in the fourth round. Schmeling was the first to win the title on a foul.

The punch landed after 2 minutes and 55 seconds of the fourth round had been fought. Referee Crowley and Charles Mathison, one of the judges, did not see the punch land. Harold Barnes, the other judge, declared he saw it and, upon his statement, Crowley disqualified Sharkey.

On June 18, 1930, New York State Athletic Commission, by a vote of 2 to 1 "elected" Max Schmeling as heavyweight champion of the world. Commissioners Farley and Phelan favored giving Schmeling the honor; Commissioner Muldoon voted against it, taking the attitude that Schmeling did not prove by his victory,

to BAER

How the Heavyweight Champions, American and World, Have Fared in the Defense of Their Title Over a Stretch of Fifty Years. Historic Knockdown in Titular Contest

By

PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN

(Retired, undefeated world light-heavyweight title-holder, who fought most of the leading heavies in his prime)

on foul, that he was the best of the heavyweights. Previous to New York's action, the National Boxing Association, representing about thirty states, acknowledged Schmeling as champion.

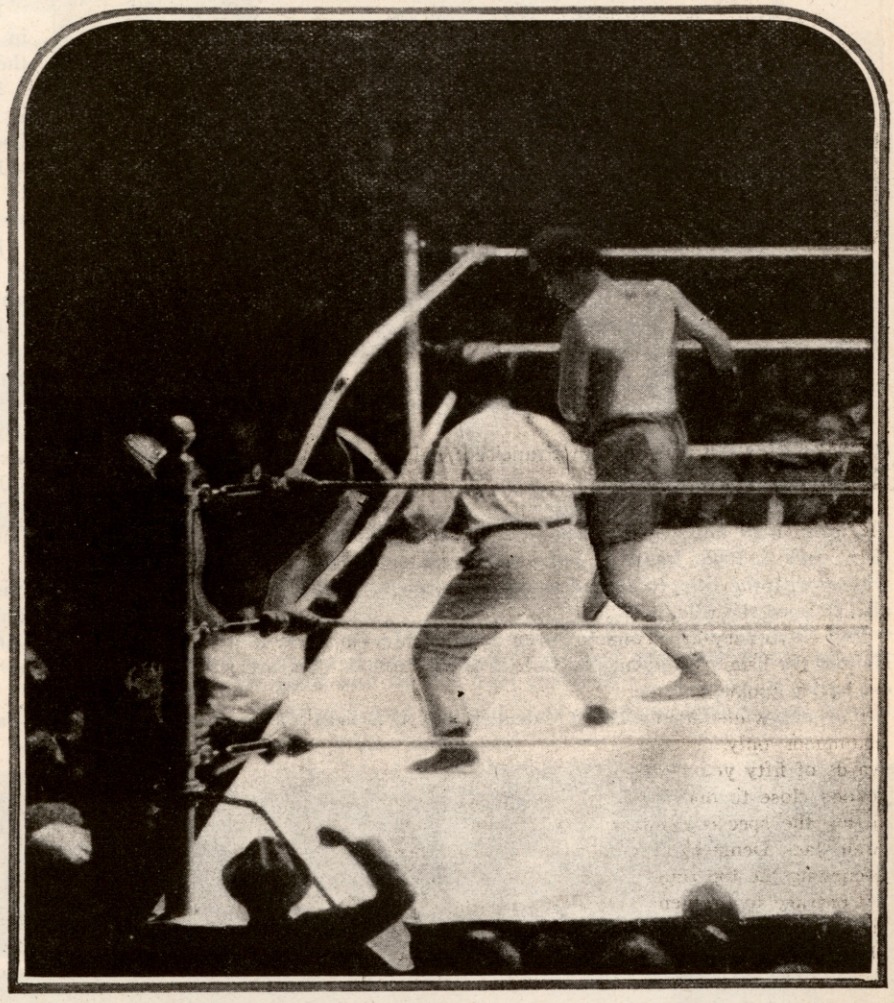
On January 7, 1931, the New York State Athletic Commission dethroned Schmeling and suspended him in the Empire State when he refused to sign up for a match with Jack Sharkey.

Barred from New York, Schmeling then made a match with Stribling. The battleground was Cleveland. Schmeling defeated Stribling on a technical knockout in the fifteenth round of the scheduled fifteen-round battle, July 3, 1931. Referee George Blake stopped the fight with only fourteen seconds to go, Stribling had been down once in the fifteenth, was in bad way and might be personally injured if Schmeling could continue his attack.

The gross attendance was 37,396; net 30,990. Gross receipts, including tax on complimentary tickets, $349,415; net $265,345. Schmeling received $106,138.36 (40 per cent), Stribling $33,168.24 (12½ per cent). The government assessed Schmeling $17,546 and Stribling $3,116, as income tax. Blake, the referee, was paid $2,500. The net loss to the promoters was placed "around $50,000."

Schmeling's victory over Stribling did not cause the New York Commission to elevate him again to the throne. He remained suspended through 1931, although the National Boxing Association and European International Boxing Union recognized him as champion.

* * *



The most-talked-of knockdown in modern pugilism—when Dempsey was hurled through the ropes by Luis Firpo and almost lost the world crown to the South American.

THE New York Commission meanwhile had voted Sharkey its champion, and a bout between Sharkey and Schmeling was arranged for the Garden Bowl, in which Sharkey gained the decision and, with it, the right to be called world title-holder. That bout drew a gross of $475,000, with the German drawing down the lion's share, $182,750.

Sharkey didn't hold the crown long, primarily because he didn't care for fighting and was eager to retire. He entered the ring a hot favorite over the over-rated Carnera, yet was knocked out in the sixth round. Thus a foreigner again came to the front as the heavyweight division's standard-bearer.

Carnera successfully defended his laurels against Loughran, then lost them to Baer by the knockout route in one of the most hectic contests seen since the Dempsey-Willard and Dempsey-Firpo bouts. The chronological history of the heavyweight division, from Sullivan to Baer, follows:

1889—July 8—John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain, seventy-five rounds, Richburg, Miss. (last championship fight bare knuckles)—John Fitzpatrick, referee.

*1892—September 7—James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan, twenty-one rounds, New Orleans (used big gloves)—John Duffy, referee.

1894—January 25—James J. Corbett beat Charley Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville, Fla.—Honest John Kelly, referee.

*1897—March 17—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated James J. Corbett, fourteen rounds, Carson City, Nev.—George Siler, referee.

1899—June 9—James J. Jeffries beat Bob Fitzsimmons, eleven rounds, Coney Island, N. Y.—George Siler, referee.

*1899—November 2—James J. Jeffries defeated Thomas J. Sharkey, challenger for the title, at Coney Island, N. Y., twenty-five rounds (decision)—George Siler, referee.

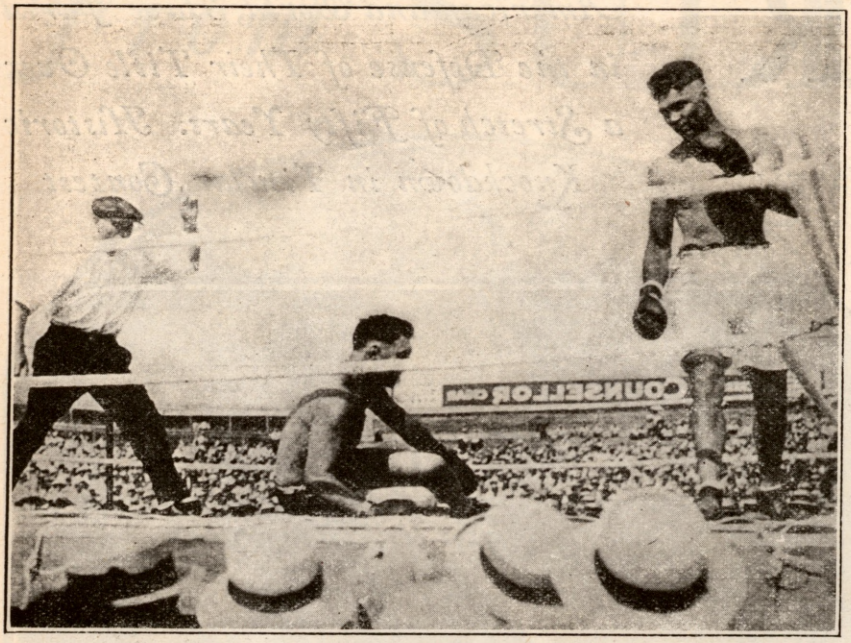
1900—May 11—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, at Coney Island, twenty-three rounds—Charley White, referee.

1901—November 16—James J. Jeffries knocked out Gus Ruhlin, at San Francisco, Cal., in five rounds—Harry Corbett, referee.

1902—July 25—James J. Jeffries knocked out Robert Fitzsimmons, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., eight rounds—Ed Graney, referee.

1903—August 14—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in ten rounds—Ed Graney, referee.

1904—August 26—James J. Jeffries knocked out Jack Munroe,



One of the seven knockdowns which Jess Willard suffered at the hands of Jack Dempsey at Toledo.

challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in two rounds—Ed Graney, referee.

1905—James J. Jeffries retired.

Marvin Hart knocked out Jack Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev., July 3, 1905. James J. Jeffries refereed and presented the winner with the title, to defend against all comers. Jack O'Brien also claimed the title.

1906—February 23—Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart, who claimed the title, at Los Angeles, Cal., in twenty rounds (decision)—Charley Eyton, referee.

1907—May 7—Tommy Burns defeated Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, Cal., twenty rounds—Charley Eyton, referee.

1907—July 4—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires, one round, Colma, Cal.—Jim Jeffries, referee.

1907—December 9—Tommy Burns knocked out Gunner Moir in London, Eng., ten rounds—A. E. Bettinson, referee.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Jack Palmer in England, in the fourth round, with a right hook.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Jem Roche in Dublin, Ireland, in one round, with a right to the chin.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Jewey Smith in Paris, France, in the fifth round, with a right hook to the jaw.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in Paris, France, in the eighth round, with a right to the chin.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in the thirteenth round in Sydney, Australia, with a right and left to the jaw.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Lange in Melbourne, Australia, in the sixth round with a right to the chin.

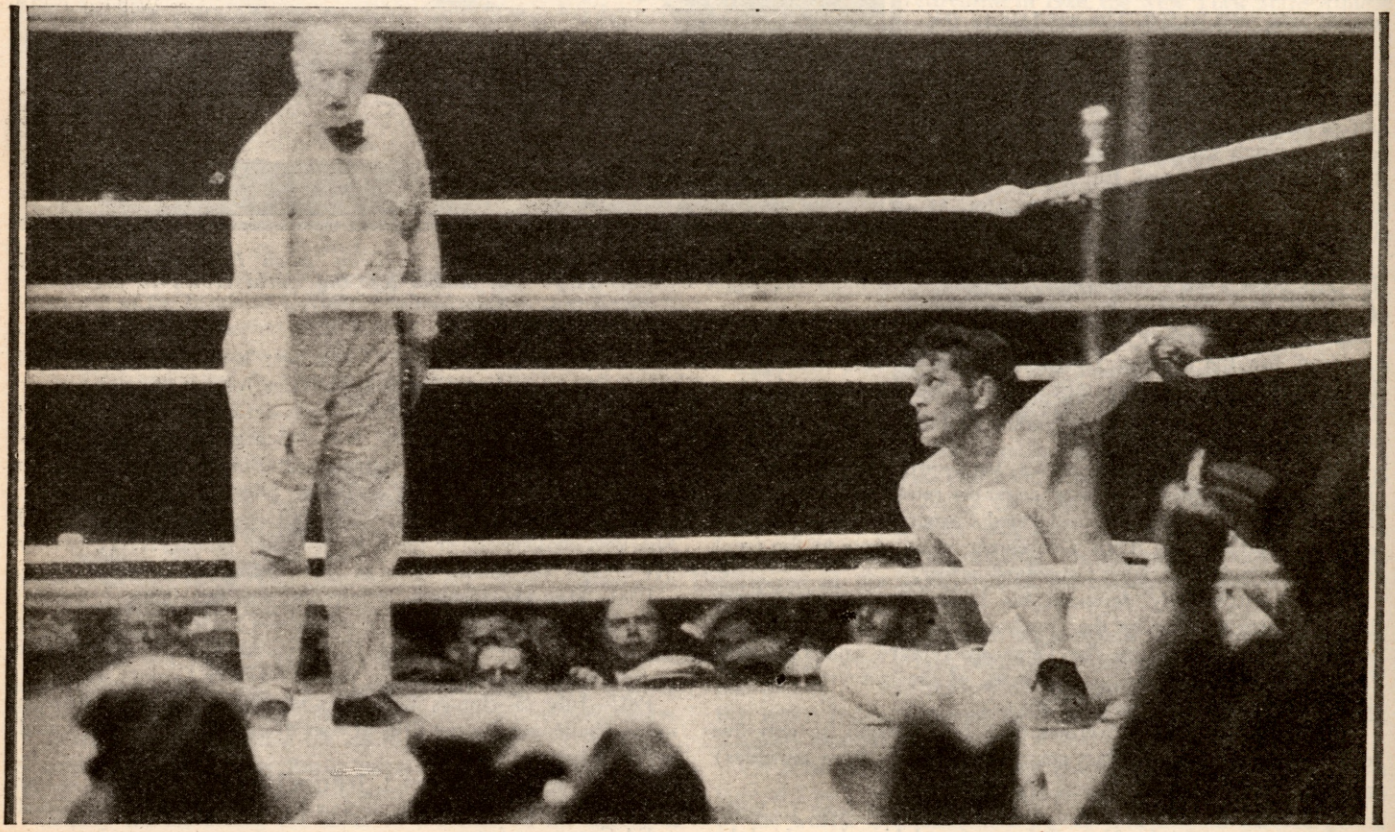
*1908—December 25—Jack Johnson (colored) won decision from Tommy Burns in fourteen there from America because of the big purse of $35,000, of which Burns received $30,000. Police stopped contest.—Hugh McIntosh, referee.

1908—Jack Johnson beat Victor MacLaglen, Vancouver, B. C., ten rounds.

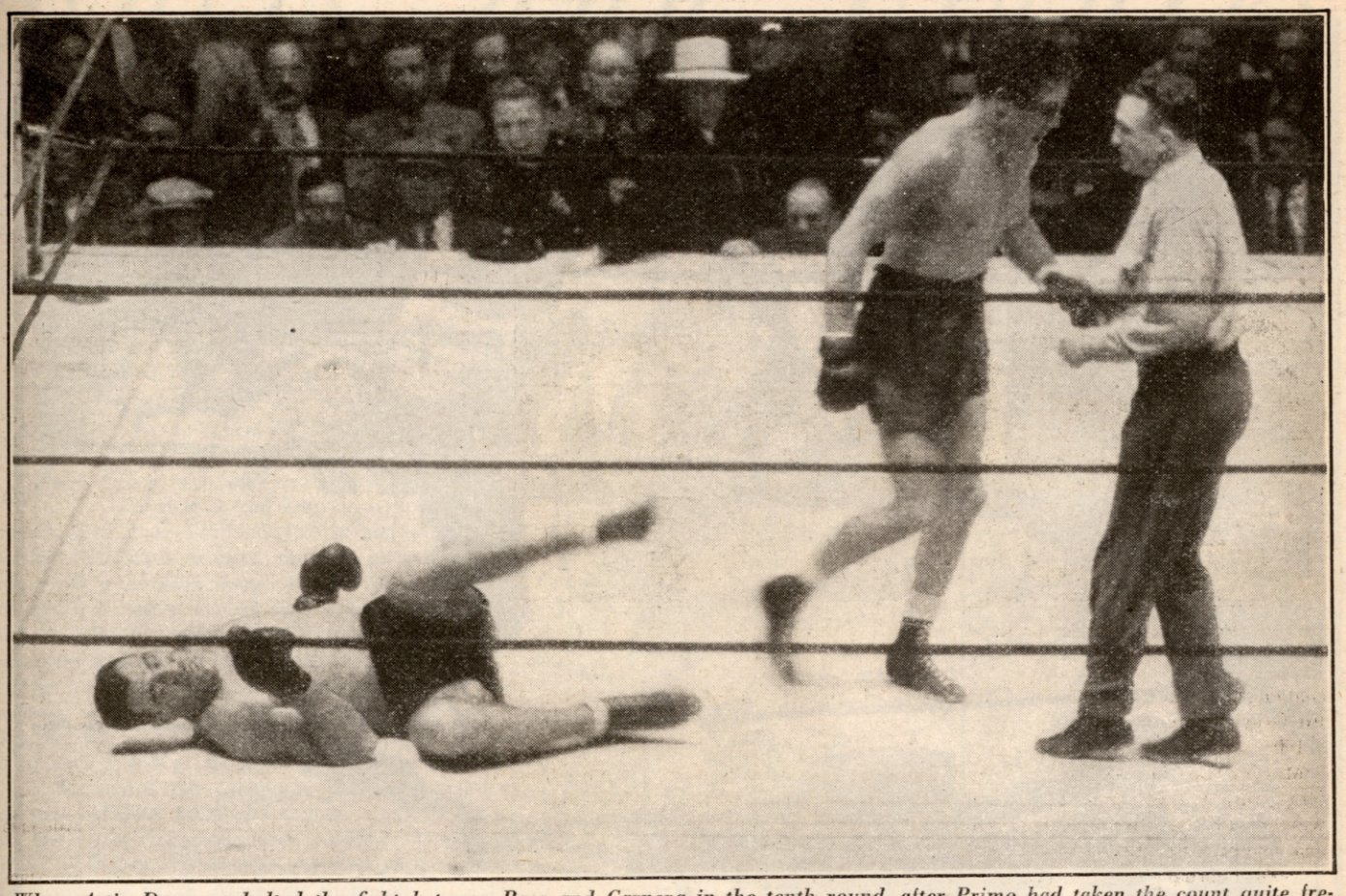
1908—Jack Johnson fought no-decision bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman.

1909—October 16—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out Stanley Ketchell in twelve rounds, Colma, Cal.—Billy Roche, referee.

1910—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out James J.



The historic knockdown of Gene Tunney at Chicago. Here we see Gene as he regained his senses after the referee had penalized Dempsey for failure to go to his corner. This knockdown has became famous as the "Fourteen Count knockdown."



When Artie Donovan halted the fight between Baer and Carnera in the tenth round, after Primo had taken the count quite frequently, and then the referee changed his mind and let the boys continue.

Jeffries in fifteen rounds, Reno, Nev., for the world's title—Tex Rickard, referee.

1912—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) won on points from Jim Flynn, nine rounds, Las Vegas, N. M., for title. Contest stopped by police. Referee, Ed. Smith awarded decision to Johnson.

1913—Jack Johnson's government trouble during the latter part of 1912 brought about his practical elimination, and a tourney was held for the white heavyweights in Los Angeles, Cal. Luther McCarthy, after defeating Al Kaufman, Jim Flynn and Al Palzer, was proclaimed champion white heavyweight of America. On May 24, 1913, at Calgary, Can., McCarthy fought Arthur Pelkey, the latter knocking McCarthy out in the first round. McCarthy collapsed in the ring and died from what the coroner's jury termed a hemorrhage of the brain, caused by a probable previous injury.

1914—January 1—Gunboat Smith won white heavyweight title, knocking out Arthur Pelkey in fifteen rounds at San Francisco, Cal.—Ed Smith, referee.

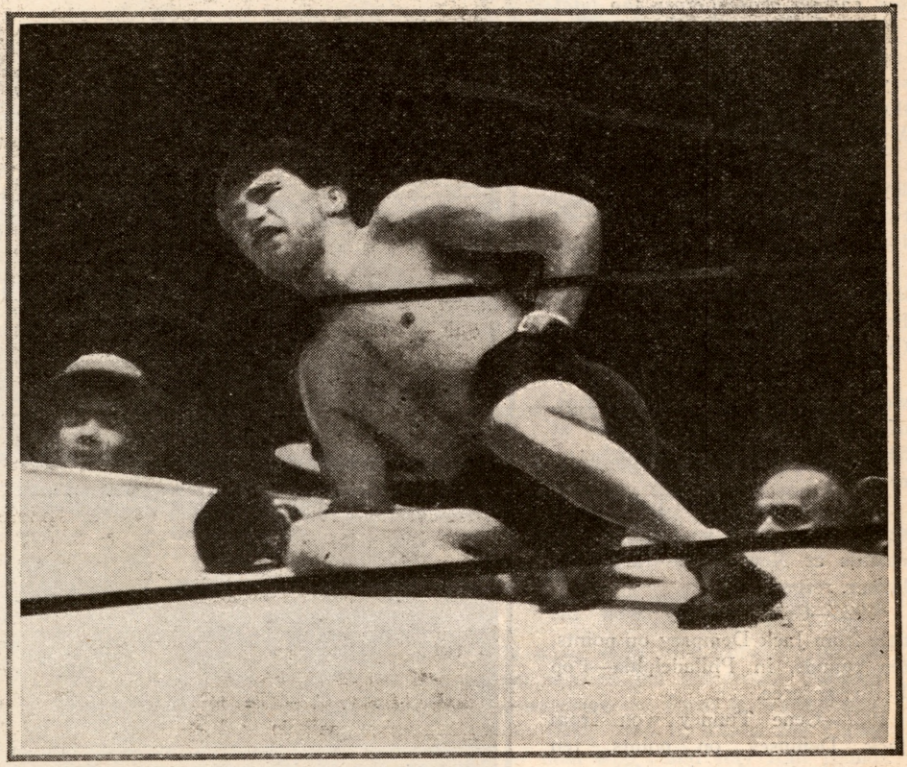
1914—June 27—Jack Johnson (colored) won twenty-round point decision over Frank Moran of Pittsburgh, in Paris, France—Georges Carpentier, referee.

1914—July 16—Georges Carpentier won white title from Gunboat Smith on a foul in six rounds, London, Eng.—Eugene Corri, referee.

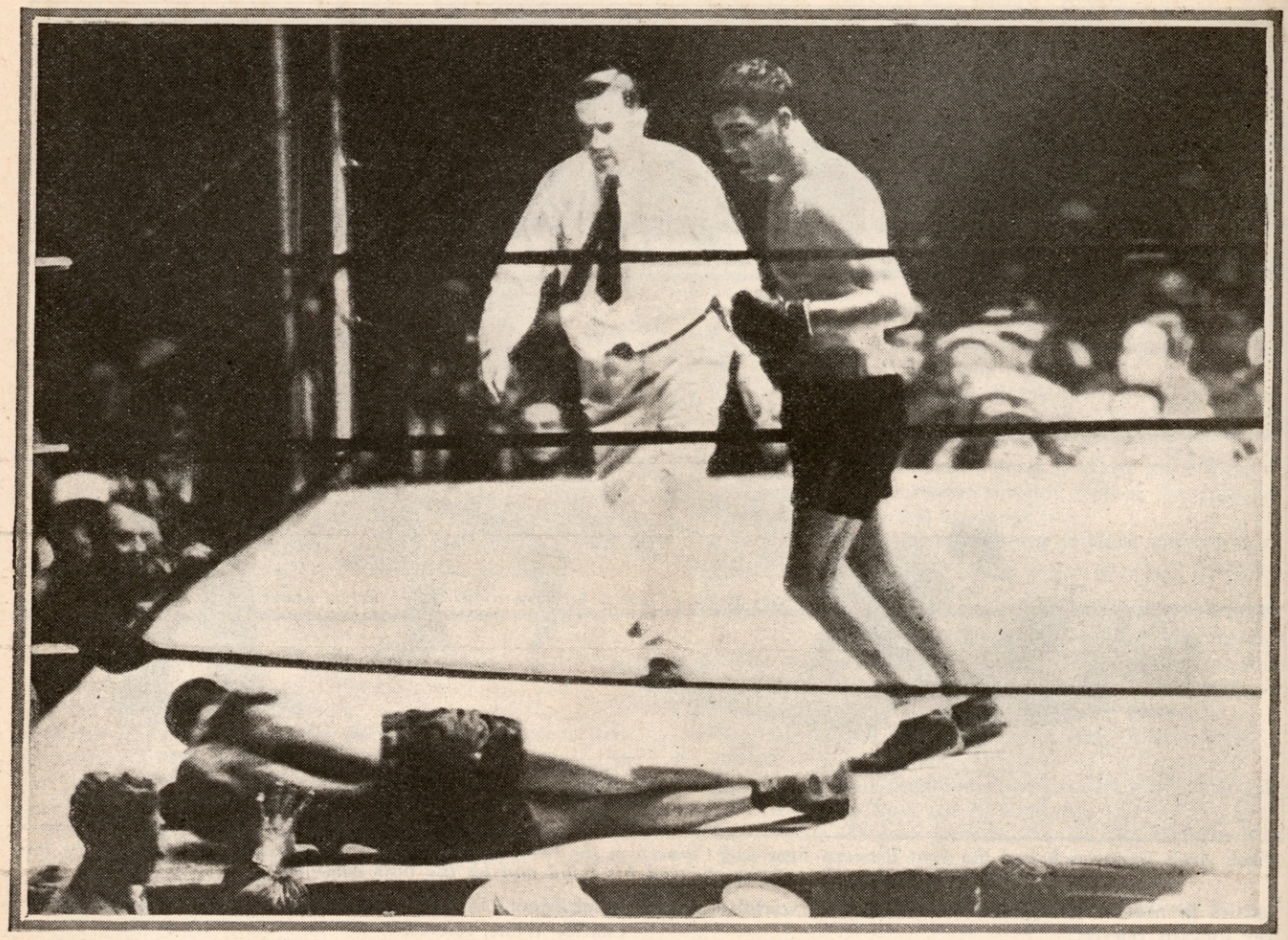
*1915—April 5—Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson, twenty-six rounds, Havana, Cuba—J. Welsh, referee.

1916—March 25—Jess Willard defeated Frank Moran by popular verdict in New York (no decision)—Charley White, referee.

*1919—July 4—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in three rounds at Toledo, Ohio—Ollie Pecord, referee.



The cry of foul was raised by Max Schmeling in his first fight with Jack Sharkey and the German became the first fighter to win a world crown on a foul.



Just before Referee George Blake stopped the fight between Stribling and Schmeling, the Southerner was floored in his own corner but gamely arose before the fatal count.

1920—September 6—Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske in three rounds at Benton Harbor, Mich.—Jack Dougherty, referee.

1920—December 14—Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan in twelve rounds at New York—H. Haukaup, referee.

1921—July 2—Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier, of France, in four rounds at Jersey City, N. J.—Harry Ertle, referee.

1923—July 4—Jack Dempsey won on points from Tom Gibbons, of St. Paul, in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Mont.—Jack Dougherty, referee.

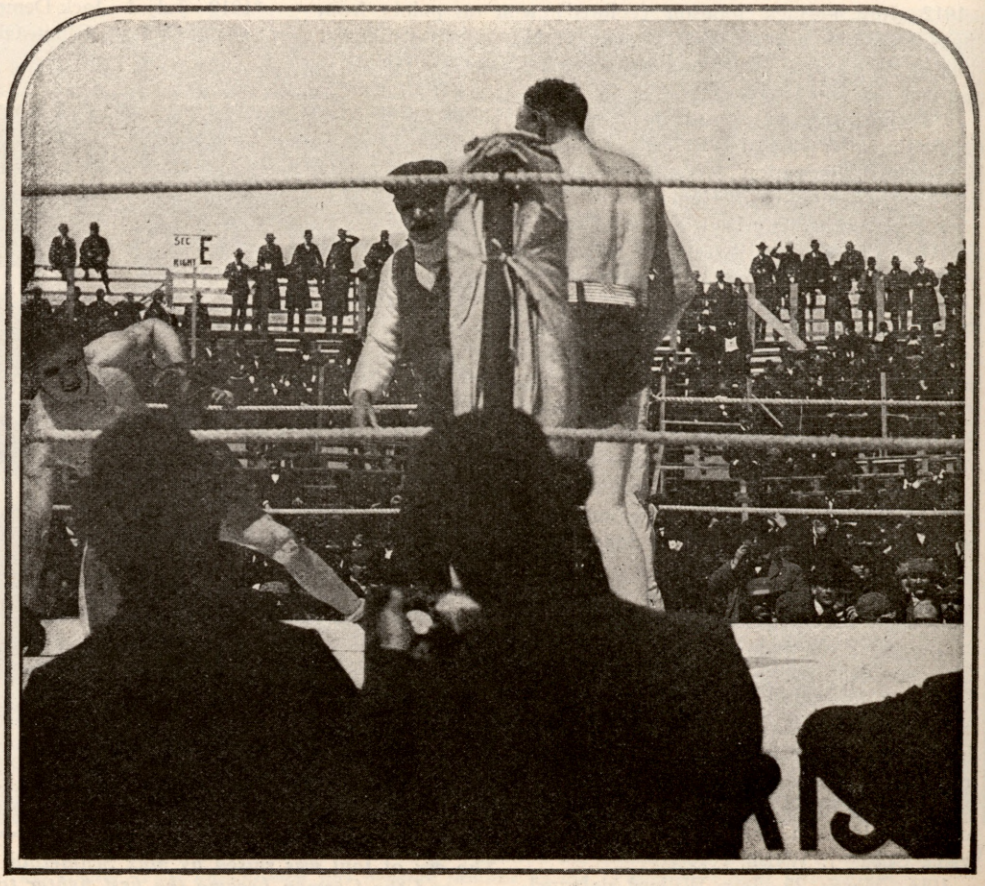
1923—September 14—Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in two rounds at New York—Jack Gallagher, referee.

*1926—Gene Tunney won the title from Jack Dempsey on points, ten rounds, in Philadelphia—Pop Reilly, referee.

1927—Gene Tunney won from Jack Dempsey on points, ten

(Continued on page 43)

*Title changed hands.

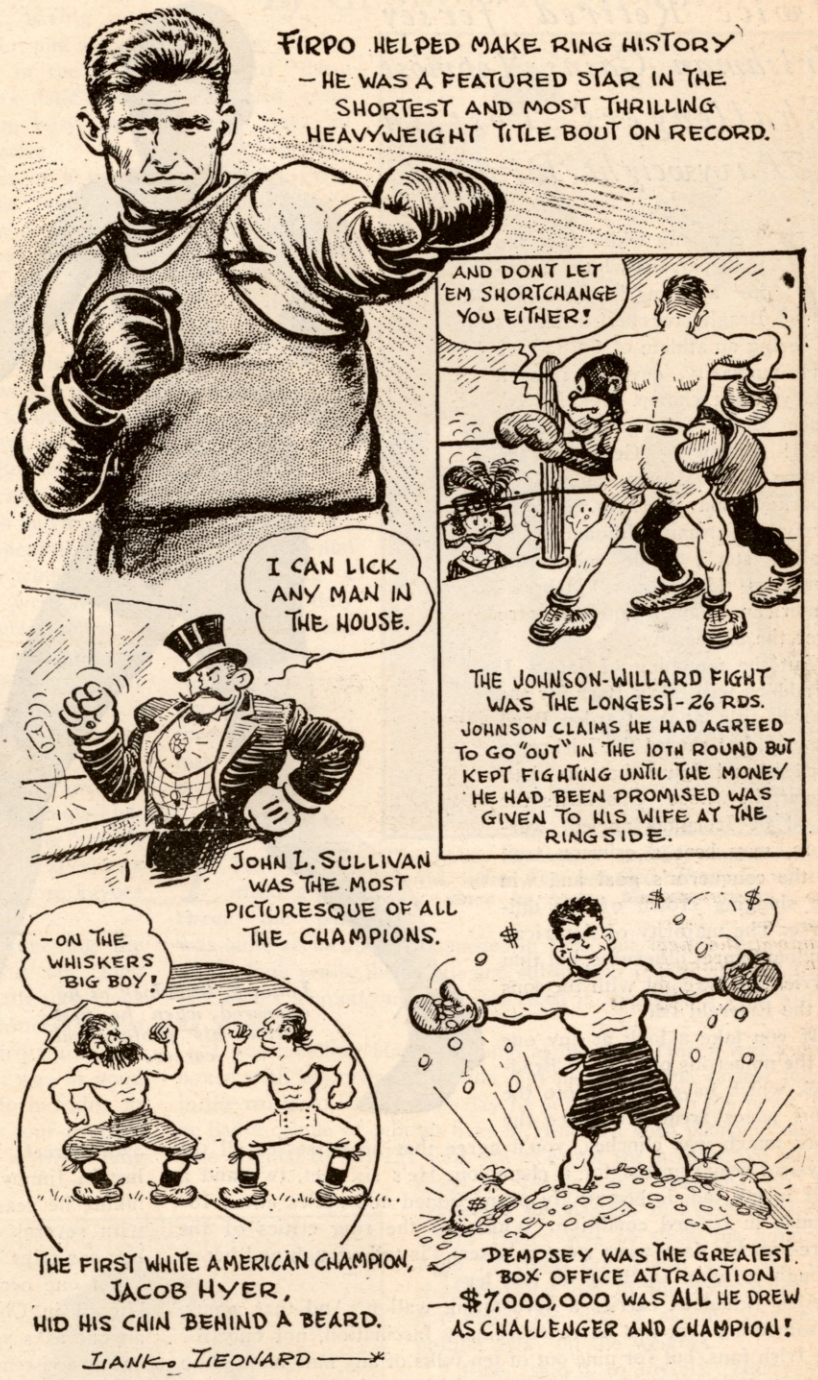


The birth of the solar-plexus punch. Corbett gets it and Fitz wins the world championship.

Facts and Figures

Interesting Data Concerning the Heavyweight Championship Battles from Paddy Ryan to Max Baer

By LANK LEONARD



FISTIC facts and figures are now in order. When the atmosphere is full of fight talk, the average fan likes to have argumentative matter dished out to him so that he can keep up with the Jones family. The Baer-Braddock battle and the Louis-Carnera tilt have aroused unusual interest in the heavyweight division, hence to aid those who like to turn back the pages of ring history and discuss the championship fights of the past, let's dig in a bit ourselves and review items worth while.

The first American heavyweight champion was a negro slave—Tom Molyneaux . . . . He went to England in 1810 to fight Tom Cribb, the British champion, and was beaten in thirty-three rounds. . . . . He met Cribb again one year later, but lost on that occasion in eleven rounds, Cribb breaking his jaw . . . . Molyneaux died in Galway, Ireland, in 1818 . . . . Jacob Hyer was the first white man to be recognized as an American champion . . . . He claimed the title after beating Tom Beasley in 1816. . . .

His son, Tom, followed in his footsteps and also won the American title . . . . Tom, like his father, retired undefeated, hanging up his ring togs in 1849 . . . . From that time on until the rise of John L. Sullivan, the title was tossed back and forth between England and America. . . .

John Morrissey, John Heenan, Joe Coburn, Mike McToole, Tom Allen, Jem Mace, Johnny Dwyer, Joe Goss, and Paddy Ryan successively claimed the crown. . . . It was after Ryan had beaten Goss, who claimed the English title, that Sullivan came to the front by defeating Ryan. . . . And with the coming of Sullivan came the modern era of boxing.

This fight between Schmeling and Sharkey was the second one in which a champion was proclaimed without having defeated a champion. . . . Marvin Hart was the first to claim the honor in that manner, Jeffries, then retired, naming Hart as his successor in 1905. . . . The fight in which Carnera won the title was the seventh in which a foreign boxer fought for the title on American soil since Sullivan lost the crown. . . . Charley Mitchell, Tommy Burns, Carpentier, Firpo, Heeney and Max Schmeling were the others. . . . Only three of that group successfully scaled the heights . . . . Burns, Schmeling and Carnera. Fitz was an Englishman by birth but had been raised in Australia and was a naturalized American when he fought for the title. . . . Burns was born in Canada, and his real name was Noah Brusso.

* * *

THE longest modern heavyweight contest was between Johnson and Willard, 26 rounds. . . . The shortest was between Dempsey and Firpo, two rounds. . . .

Heavyweight title bouts since the passing of the bare-knuckle era have been staged in New Orleans, Jacksonville, Carson City, Coney Island, San Francisco, Reno, Los Angeles, Colma, Las Vegas, Toledo, Benton Harbor, New York, Jersey City, Shelby, Philadelphia, and Chicago. . . .

Four were fought outside the United States, one at Sydney, Australia; one at Paris, one at Havana and one at Rome. . . . The greatest throng to ever witness a title match was jammed into the Soldiers' Field stadium at Chicago . . . . 150,000. . . . And they paid a record sum at the gate . . . . $2,685,600. . . .

Looking over the records of American and world heavyweight champions, you'll find that John L. Sullivan took part in more fights after whipping Paddy Ryan with bare knuckles for the American title in 1882 than any of his successors. Sullivan fought thirteen times before knocking out Ryan in seven rounds . . . . During nine months in 1883, John L. toured the United States, offering $1,000 to any man who could stay four rounds with him, and proceeded to knock out *(Continued on page 43)*

Dame Fortune Smiles

Twice Retired Jersey Irishman Gains Topmost Challengers' Post in Heavyweight Division

IT'S a long while since the fight patrons whose favorite anthem is Erin-Go-Bragh have cherished hopes of seeing an athlete of Celtic race and pugnacity develop into a heavyweight champ. Not, indeed, since Gene Tunney retired in 1928! Following Gene on the throne came Messrs. Schmeling, Sharkey and Carnera, respectively of German, Lithuanian and Italian stock, while today the gorgeous Max Baer, Hebrew-American, sways a potent sceptre over the big fellows.

But the matching of James J. Braddock with Max Baer for the world's title, at the Garden Bowl June 13, has caused the Irishry to perk up and figure that the challenger, in whose veins flows the blood of Ireland's ancient warriors, may beat a crimson trail to the conqueror's goal and win the slugging crown of the universe. The majority of American fandom figures otherwise, but that carries little weight with the sons of the Emerald Isle.

James J. Braddock as he appeared when he first started his professional career.

If you take a look at any one of the numerous pictures of Braddock which have broken into the sport pages frequently since the Baer match was clinched, you'll agree that he possesses all the physical requirements for a champion. He's six feet, two and a half inches tall, is beautifully proportioned and scales about 189 pounds in trained condition. Which, as the ring critics of the bare-knuckle days were wont to assert, "is tall enough and heavy enough to whip anything on two legs!"

Also Braddock carries a devastating wallop. And that, gents, is something that has an extraordinary fascination, not only for the Irish fans, but for nine out of ten folks of any nationality who love to gather outside the ropes and cheer rival gladiators on to the perpetration of a cold knockout.

* * *

THE sensational assault, the ability to shock an opponent into unconsciousness with a lethal punch—those were the fighting attributes that endeared John L. Sullivan to his constituents and gained lasting fame for Bob Fitzsimmons and the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey.

Jim Jeffries could hit with terrific force, but there was little of the tiger-spirit in his deliberate attack, as he moved ponderously into action.

Jim Corbett wore men down with lightning jabs and crosses, but was shy on kayo execution.

Gene Tunney pulverized antagonists with an effective, two-handed delivery, but the sudden, short knockout was not included in his fistic repertoire. Which explains why the last-named trio, topnotchers though they were, never quite reached the highest altitude of mob-popularity.

Braddock was born on December 6, 1905, at 451 West 49th Street, New York City, which is only a couple of blocks away from Madison Square Garden. His dad emigrated to this country about thirty-one years ago, from Manchester, England. While on the voyage, romance beckoned in the person of a pretty girl of Irish ancestry, like himself, with the result that Braddock senior was married to the choice of his heart as soon as he reached American soil. Of this union, seven children were born, five boys and two girls, James J., ranking next to the youngest.

A few years after Jimmy's birth, the family moved to West New York, N. J., where he attended St. Joseph's Parochial School. The boys of St. Joseph were sturdy chaps, with the usual penchant of American youth for scrapping on the outside of the educational domicile, and Jimmy's natural pugilistic proclivities bloomed early in such an inviting atmosphere. The Irish in him was a constant stimulant to frequent combat, and, to this day, he treasures the memory of a street battle in which he scored a two-minute kayo over a schoolmate named Furlong.

His school days ended at the age of thirteen, when he went to work carrying copy for the Federal Printing Company of West 39th Street, New York. There was something of the wanderlust in Jimmy, however, and after a little over a year of copy-hiking he ceased his labors in favor of expeditions via railroad with several other youngsters who were accustomed to make box-car trips of adventure.

On one occasion, James J. adventured so far that he found himself in Chicago, which is a tough burg to be broke in, if anyone asks you. But some way, somehow, Jim managed to eke out an existence in Chi for a few weeks. At the end of that time he decided that eating regular wasn't a thing to be sneezed at, after all, and set his face determinedly toward the far East again. He got there, too, via freight trains, but reached the conclusion that he had had enough of the hobo racket by that time.

* * *

SO back he went to honest toil, but of a more strenuous kind than he had tackled before. He was sixteen, tall for his age, very thin, but wiry, equipped with plenty of hard muscle, and able to do a hard day's work with any man. Moreover, there was better money to be made at longshore hustling, and he found a job for himself as stevedore on the Weehawken docks.

Pushing a truck and toying with heavy weights helped to develop him physically, and it was around the docks that the strength in his back muscles developed that was eventually to make him a punching terror.

on BRADDOCK

By GEORGE T. TICKELL

IT was his brother Joe who started him off pugilistically. Joe was something of a scrapper himself, having cut a big swath in the amateur ranks as a welter, and afterwards winning twenty out of twenty-two battles in the professional field. But times were bad just then, Joe's fistic pilot couldn't get him engagements enough to keep him busy, and he had to turn his attention to something more lucrative.

But brother Joe believed there was the makings of a good scrapper in young Jim, and one night, when the two were watching some amateurs go through their paces in Astoria, he learned from the management that the program was short one heavyweight who had failed to show up. Joe saw an excellent chance here of putting theory into practice, and immediately offered Jim as a substitute for the missing performer.

Jim was nothing loath. He scaled around 162 pounds at the time, and the man he was pitted against had a big weight advantage, but weight had never cut any figure with him in the rough-and-ready school of scrapping in which he had grown up. So he faced a boxer known to local fame as the "Astoria Butcher Boy," and during the four rounds did some rugged butchering.

Inexperience, of course, was a handicap to the novice, but nevertheless he made the pace so hot for his opponent that the judges ordered an extra round in order to decide a winner. The verdict went against Jimmy, but the spectators were wildly enthusiastic over his showing against a seasoned performer who outweighed him by 27 pounds. He was therefore well pleased with the results of his début and, like Alexander of old, "sighed for more worlds to conquer!"

* * *

PRESENTLY, he was making his name known as an amateur of unusual promise, who could put over a regular mule-kick kayo. After that initial amateur battle, he began flooring 'em all like ninepins. His record for that early hectic period shows twenty-three victims of the full count—and five of those kayoes were administered within eight days.

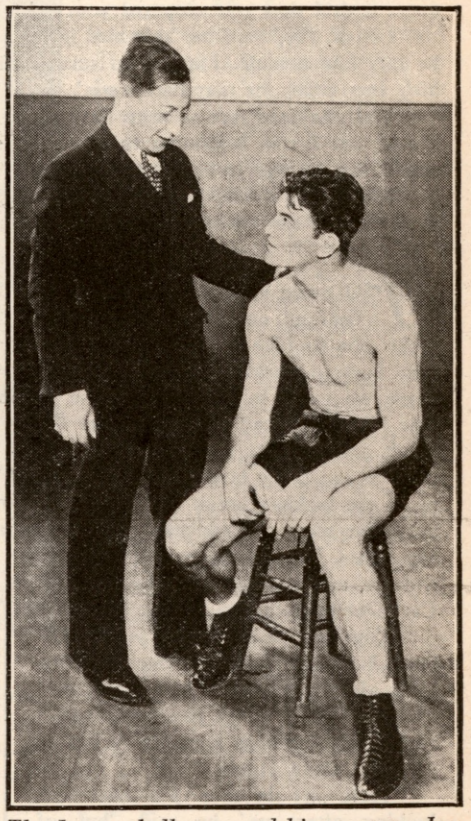
He wound up his amateur campaign by first annexing the Jersey light-heavyweight title, and then knocking out Jack Morrisey to win the heavyweight crown. The last battle took place at the National Turner's Athletic Club of Newark, Morrisey, who weighed 209 pounds, going down and out in the third frame.

This last feat convinced brother Joe that Jimmy was in good enough fettle to desert the amateur game and begin hawking at the professionals. He was accordingly matched for a four-rounder with Al Settle, which resulted in a draw, and for which Jimmy received the magnificent sum of ten bucks. Incidentally, he was obliged to sell fifty dollars' worth of tickets for the promoter in order to secure the match.

Braddock weighed 165 pounds when he went against Carl Deschner at Ridgefield Park in his second professional essay. The bout was listed for six rounds, but in the second, the now justly celebrated Braddock right auctioneer found its mark and Deschner went out.

It was shortly after the Deschner engagement that Jimmy entered into one of the off-the-reel sort, which, trivial as it may have seemed to him at the time, was nevertheless destined to exercise a far-reaching effect upon his future ring activities. For it brought about his acquaintance with Joe Gould, and his enlistment under the latter's managerial wing, a combination that has lasted through ill luck and good, up to the present day.

The sentimental angle plays a large part in the Gould-Braddock connection, quite strangely so indeed, for these hard-boiled commercial days in realm of professional sport. From the start of their business union it was a case of loyal friendship between the two, rather than the usual matter-of-fact relations existing between pilot and scrapper. The fighter was destined to experience some curious ups and downs during a career as oddly romantic as that of a Frank Merriwell fiction hero, but, rain or shine, the manager never lost faith in his protégé and pal.



The Jersey challenger and his manager, Joe Gould, who has handled Jimmy's affairs since he began his pro career.

* * *

THE first meeting between the pair was quite accidental. It happened in 1926, but, despite the passage of the long years, the details and subsequent results are still fresh in Gould's memory and best described in the latter's own words, as follows:

"I was handling Harry Galfund at the time. Harry was a good boxer with a wonderful wallop, but he wasn't the easiest fellow in the world to handle. One day he popped up with the news that he had a couple of fellows over in Hoboken with plenty of sugar, who wanted to buy his contract. We met the prospective buyers over in Jersey, and marched on Joe Jeanette's gymnasium in West Hoboken, where Harry was to show his admirers what he could do. There was only one chap working out in the gym when we got there. He was a skinny youngster, pulling away on the weights.

"'Fine,' said I to myself. 'Harry will topple this kid in a hurry, if I can persuade him to box, and then everything will be hunky-dory!'

"So I asked the youngster if he was willing to spar a couple of rounds, and he said he would. I didn't tell him who Harry was, for Galfund had just got through knocking out Sammy Baker, and I was afraid the kid would back down if he heard who he was going in with. But he never asked me who Harry was, and I didn't ask him who he was either.

"Well, they got in the ring and this skinny lad began to murder Galfund. He had a long, stinging left, and he kept poking it in Harry's mug, and socking

The mother of the challenger.

him in the stomach with a right like a sledge-hammer. When Galfund came back to his corner after the first round, which, incidentally, I cut short, I ripped into him.

"'Why in hell don't you let this kid have it on the chin?' I queried. 'What are you stalling around for? Are you trying to queer a deal that you proposed yourself?'

"'Listen, Joe,' said he, 'this bird is tough, I'm telling you, and he hits like a mule. I'm not so sure about flattening him. If I ain't very cagey, he may flatten me.'

"'Well, he does sure seem to have a gift in that socking right,' I said, for I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Harry, now that I saw he was in earnest.

"'A gift, hey?' said Galfund, twisting his split lips into a sour grin. 'It ain't no ordinary gift, bo, it's a whole Christmas tree!'

* * *

"TO make a long story short, they went three rounds and Gulfund not only took an awful hiding, but was dead lucky not to take a full count. The kid said not a word, but went back to working on the pulley weights, just as he was doing when we came in. Of course, the proposed bargain was off. The birds who had wanted to buy Galfund gave me the horse-laugh and beat it.

"You can fancy how peeved I was, but, at that, it turned out to be the luckiest break of my life. I went over to the kid and asked his name. 'Braddock!' was all he said. I asked if he had any fights. He told me two—one in which Al Settle held him to a draw, and another when he flattened Carl Deschner.

"'You need a manager, young fellow,' I said, 'a full-time one that can look after you right. And that's me! I'm Joe Gould, and I can make you a real fighter, perhaps a champ. What do you say about signing up?'

"'Well, my brother Joe has been looking after me,' he said, 'but of course I know Joe ain't on to the job like you are, and he has to work steady and can't spare the time he'd like to on my affairs. It's quite all right with me, if it's okay with Joe. I know about you from reading what you've done with fighters, in the papers.'

"We chatted a little more, then looked up Joe, and I finally wound up by getting him signed to a regular contract. He was under age, so his mother had to sign it too. Just about that time, Charlie Dosserick was made matchmaker at Boyle's Acres for some popular-priced shows. I buzzed Charlie for a fight for my lad. Charlie was willing. Said he knew about Braddock from his record as an amateur and would give him a six-rounder.

"I accepted. Charlie picked a boy named Leo Dobson for Braddock, and that was fair enough with me, as I had never heard of Dobson. They were to weigh under 175. But the day of the fight, Braddock scaled in at 164 pounds at three o'clock. Dobson didn't show up to weigh until just before the scrap. He tipped the old beam at 189.

"A fellow tipped me off that my boy would be murdered.

"'That Dobson is a hellion,' he said. 'He's knocked out nine guys in a straight row, and he's being handled by Jim Savage, who believes he's got a sure champ in him.'

* * *

"WHAT a nice wallop that was! Here I had got my new fighter right in a bad spot at the start! I felt he was in for a trimming, sure, and made a bee-line for Dosserick. I told him I wanted to pull out on account of the unfair difference in weights. But Braddock overheard me squawking to Charlie, and queered my play pronto!

"'What you scared of Joe?' pipes the kid. 'I'm not worrying if he weighs a ton. Haven't I flattened bigger guys than Dobson in the amateurs? Let the fight go as it lays.'

"Nothing I could say would change Braddock's mind, and the fight went on as scheduled. Not exactly according to schedule, either, for Jimmy flattened him in the first frame with a right jaw-sock that you could hear the biff of clear across the whole crowd.

"I knew from then on that I had a real fighter in tow, and that it was only a question of handling him right. And I guessed okay, for here he is signed up to meet Max Baer, and I'm betting that the next world's champ will be a Jersey Irishman!"

The Dobson bout, which was billed as a six-round preliminary to the battle between the late Tiger Flowers and young Bob Fitzsimmons, was the first business deal put over by the newly organized firm of Gould and Braddock, and netted the partners $75. Two weeks later, Jimmy kayoed Walter Westman in the same arena. The indefatigable Gould had no trouble keeping his new find busy now. Following the Westman victory Jimmy appeared in eighteen battles around Jersey City and not a single opponent in the whole eighteen was able to remain with him beyond the three-round limit.

* * *

BRADDOCK'S initial bow to a New York crowd was made at the old Pioneer Club, with Lou Barba as his opponent. It was for six rounds. La Barba, an experienced campaigner, gave Jimmy a hard battle, but was clearly outclassed and the newcomer was awarded the verdict as well as a purse of $150.

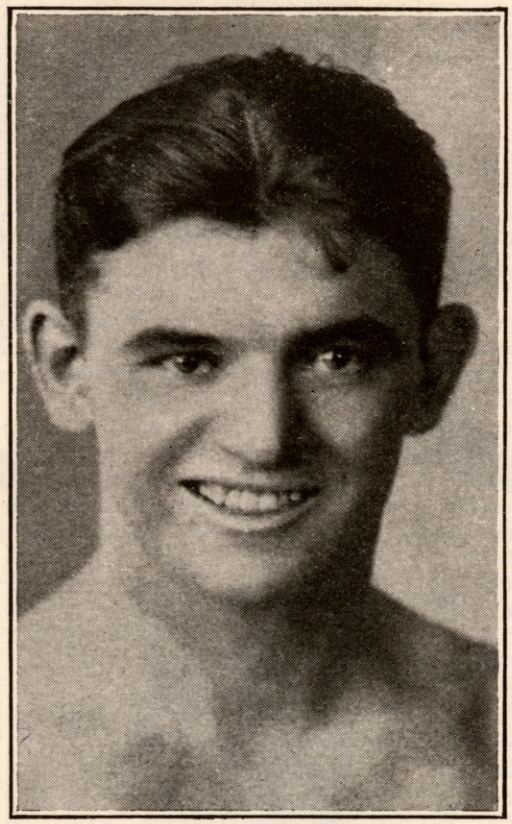
His next encounter was with Johnny Alberts at Wilkes Barre and the Braddock right sent Alberts down and out in the third. The price of his services was going steadily upward, and for outing Alberts he received $200.

It always had been Jimmy's ambition, as it has been that of every youngster engaged in the mitt-mauling game, to show his wares at Madison Square Garden. So you might mark it down as a red-letter day in the Jersey boxer's life when Joe Gould informed him that he was listed for a prelim to the Mike McTigue-Paul Berlenbach contest in the big arena at 50th Street and Eighth Avenue. That was in 1927, and Jimmy signalized his entry upon the battle-ground of his dreams by stowing away George La Rocco, Mount Vernon heavyweight, in less than a round.

He returned to Wilkes Barre, where he was now a great attraction, for two more bouts, stopping Johnny Risko's sparring partner, Tom Lennon, in three sessions, and Willy Daly in one. Joe Gould was now satisfied that Jimmy was past the preliminary stage, and signed him up for his first ten-rounder, with Paul Cavalier, at Arcola Park, New Jersey. The bout lasted the scheduled limit, with Braddock having the best of the argument, but as it was fought under the no-decision rules, Jimmy had to rest content with the knowledge that the newspaper scribes declared him victor.

* * *

AT any rate, the big men of fistiana were beginning to talk about him now. The late William Muldoon, after witnessing a six-round battle between Braddock and George La Rocco



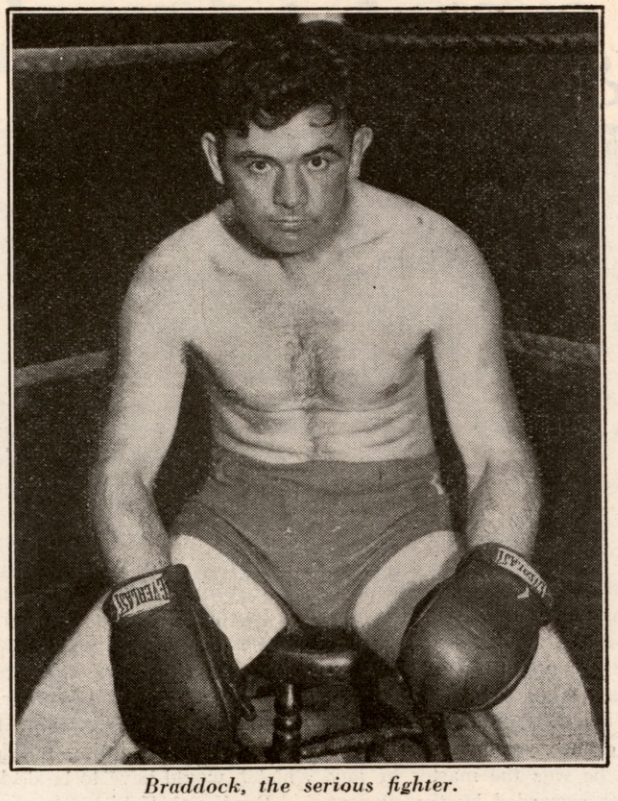
Jimmy as he looked when he fought Loughran for light-heavyweight crown.

at the Yankee Stadium, a semi-final to the Sharkey-Maloney fight, sent for Gould and declared his belief in the New Jersey youth as a future champion.

"If you handle this boy right," said Muldoon, "he'll climb high. Right now he could make lots of trouble for any of the leaders in his class, and you're a lucky fellow to have him in your stable."

In which opinion Gould thoroughly agreed, and subsequent events proved there was a lot of truth in the Muldoon prophecy. And yet it wasn't to be all plain, easy sailing for Joe and Jimmy. Quite the contrary, for in between spectacular performances that earned him money and fame, Braddock had more bad-luck streaks sandwiched than any other fighter contending for the heavyweight title in Queensberry days.

One of these disasters resulted when he fought Joe Monte at the Garden. Monte was Jack Sharkey's stablemate, and considered a sure comer. Braddock hammered Monte to a fare-you-well and dropped him in the sixth round for a nine-count. The punch nearly put Monte away, but it also slowed down Jimmy, for his good right hand was broken in the delivery. All hope of scoring a kayo departed right then and there, yet Braddock came on valiantly to win anyway, although reduced to absolute dependence on his left for aggressive work.



Braddock, the serious fighter.

The shattered mitt was in pretty bad shape, and an operation on it did not improve things any, for the bones were improperly set and the healing of the wound still left the hand in a semi-crippled condition. A second operation was necessary, but funds were extremely low, and there was no telling where the sum for a second operation was to come from. While the firm had been active enough, it must be remembered that Braddock had not cut into the big money as yet, and the small purses he garnered were barely enough to keep him and his manager alive.

"Desperate conditions require desperate remedies" asserts the old adage, and the Gould-Braddock cure for a sickly bank account was sufficiently drastic, to say the least. Bad hand and all, Jimmy insisted that he keep on fighting, until he secured something of a stake, and Joe, with much misgiving, accepted a match with Paul Swiderski. The latter will be remembered as a Western product that gave Mickey Walker and other prominent light-heavies terrific fights.

* * *

BUT there was no easier game in sight, Swiderski it had to be, and Braddock faced him with his most effective weapon out of gear. Yet despite the serious handicap he was under Jimmy scored a decisive win, being accorded an eight-round decision over Paul. It is characteristic of Braddock's disposition to take short-cut heroic ways out of difficulties, and one need not then be surprised at hearing that he banged away with the injured hand at intervals and piled up points with it. He afterwards said that he was in hopes that it would break again, and save the necessity of an operation, but it didn't work out that way.

The second operation was a major one, the splintered bones were in awful shape, and for a time it looked as though the owner's ring days were ended. However, a five-months' rest after the surgery was completed put Jimmy back again on the firing line. And none too soon, either, for altogether the injury had involved over nine months of idleness.

Jimmy was responsible for one pugilistic upset in 1928 that not only flabbergasted the fight critics, but turned the plans of the then master-promoter, Tex Rickard, completely topsy-turvy. That was when he kayoed Tuffy Griffiths in less than two flaming rounds of cyclonic action.

Griffiths hailed from Chicago. Out West he had registered a string of fifty-five straight victories, mostly via the kayo route. The Windy City sports swore by him as a second edition of Jack Dempsey. He was fast, he could box—and how he could punch! That was the Western ballyhoo—and much of it seemed justified.

On the other hand, Rickard did not share William Muldoon's good opinion of Braddock. Tex admitted that Braddock could sock, but the promoter believed that the Jerseyite was too short on speed to make the first grade. Still, Braddock's name was good around both New York and Jersey, and every ring fan in Gotham and across the Hudson was agog with curiosity to see the widely publicized Griffiths at work, much as local ring patrons are now eagerly awaiting the eastern advent of Joe Louis, the colored crack.

So Tex brought Braddock and Griffiths together, with the dire result as chronicled above. And not long before that, Jimmy had broken Pete Latzo's jaw with a right clout, in a fight before a Newark club that Braddock was selected for, because Latzo's manager figured him as a sure victim.

* * *

IT will be observed that Braddock's career, starting with Joe Gould's first selection of him as a trial-horse for Harry Galfund, has been rather thickly studded with humorous instances where Jimmy was picked as a fall-guy. Humorous, that is, from the Braddock standpoint only! For example, when Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, once the boxing pride of that city, and temporarily in eclipse, staged a comeback in his home town with Braddock as the other party to the slugfest. Braddock obliged him, but instead of Slattery chalking up a triumph, Jimmy stopped him in nine rounds.

As a result of the Slattery victory, Braddock was given a shot at the light-heavyweight title then held by Tommy Loughran. He trained at Tom Luther's place at Saratoga Lake, worked himself into splendid shape, and was backed heavily by his admirers to win. But Fortune left the Gould entry, as Loughran clearly outpointed Jimmy and won by a large margin.

This was not altogether surprising, for Loughran was then at the top of his form, as elusive as a ghost, and remarkable for his ability to keep a slugger at long range and peck him to pieces. And Braddock never did appear at his best against the light-tapping, shifty ones of the game. Like Jack Dempsey, a clever boxer bothered him far more than a slam-bang fighter.

The Loughran battle took place in 1929 and the years succeeding, up to the end of 1933, were decidedly dreary ones for Jimmy. He dropped several decisions to men whom ordinarily he should have beaten with comparative ease, he met with financial disasters when investments, made with his hard-earned ring purses, went blooey.

The only wonder is that he had the heart to continue fighting, and, in fact, for a time Fortune buffeted him so roughly that he returned to his old job of hustling freight around the Hoboken docks. For when a man has a charming wife and three lovely kids to look after, the wolf must be kept from the door some way, and Jim Braddock was not ashamed to exchange the rôle of fistic celebrity to that of honest laborer for the nonce.

Temporarily, only, however! Because *(Continued on page 46)*

Boxing's Tide Turned

John L. Sullivan's Victory Over Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City Paved Way for the International Popularity of the Sport

FIFTY-THREE years ago last February was the turning point in American pugilism, for, on that day, John L. Sullivan, the Jack Dempsey of his day, defeated Paddy Ryan, the heavyweight titleholder for the American championship under London Prize Ring rules at Mississippi City, La., and thereby paved the way for the popularity of boxing as we know it today. In that historic contest there were nine rounds fought for a total of only eleven minutes, and when the battle was over the great Boston Strong Boy was acclaimed the new champion, and with that victory started a wave of pugilistic enthusiasm that has grown yearly until today fisticuffs is the most popular international sport of any in the field of athletics.

When Sullivan turned the trick, little was he known except in New England, where I was living. Among the Connecticut Yankees and the Boston Irish, John L. was a young hero, but in other parts of this land he was just another fighter until he demonstrated his fistic prowess by knocking out the champion. In making the match with Ryan, Sullivan had to go begging for a backer. Few would concede him a chance, yet inwardly he and his friends, I among them, felt that he was the master of any man and his perseverance finally was rewarded by the support of Jim Keenan, the man who previously had backed him against Flood. It was Keenan who came to the rescue with an additional $1000 to enable Sullivan to complete the side bet of $2500, the other portion of which was put up by the Cribb Club of Boston, the pioneer boxing club of America. For some unknown reason, the club refused to advance the final money to complete the stakes, some enmity between Sullivan and one of the members being given as the reason.

* * *

IN fact had it not been for the sportsmanship shown by Ryan the chances are that the match as then arranged would have fallen through. Richard K. Fox, backer of Ryan, wanted the contest for $5,000 a side, a sum Sullivan never could have covered, for his ability under London rules was absolutely unknown, while that of Ryan had been established by his defeat of Goss at Collier's station, W. Va., on June 21, 1880, when Ryan won after a battle lasting 1 hour and 24 minutes, in which 87 rounds were fought.

This fight, by the way, was the first bare-knuckle affair that Sullivan had ever seen. He had gone there as the guest of Tom Early of Boston, after the Canadian authorities had prevented Goss and Ryan from meeting just across the border from Buffalo. But it was at this first gathering of ring followers that attention was drawn to Sullivan and led directly to his battle with John Donaldson at Cincinnati.

Sullivan never cared for London rules, but after the Donaldson fight and the glove contest with Goss at Boston the admirers of Sullivan and Ryan began making comparisons of the two men against Goss. It had taken Sullivan but five minutes to defeat Goss, while Ryan required over an hour to turn the trick with bare knuckles. Like a pebble dropped into a quiet pool, the circle of discussion widened and soon became almost the sole topic wherever fistic followers gathered. This made it only a question of time when the men would be forced to meet in the ring to settle the question.

John L. wanted to face Ryan with the gloves for $1,000 a side—The amount of the stakes was not considered enough to interest the Ryan end, and it was suggested that a bare-knuckle championship affair be arranged for $5,000 a side. Later Ryan personally requested that this amount be cut in half, as he was anxious to settle matters with the Boston lad. Fox agreed to this. Mike McDonald of Chicago on behalf of Sullivan offered to furnish this amount for John, but a hitch arose over the stake-holder and McDonald refused to proceed any farther. It looked then as if the match was definitely off.

* * *

SEVERAL members of the aristocratic Cribb Club then offered to back Sullivan to the extent of $2,500. Of this, $1,500 was posted, but when the final payments came due there was another hitch and the balance was not forthcoming. Billy Madden, manager of Sullivan, however, induced Jim Keenan to put up the extra money, which he did in spite of his differences with Sullivan following the Flood contest. With the posting of the final deposit, both Sullivan and Ryan went into training, Sullivan at Bay St. Louis and Ryan at a New Orleans suburb.

In the choice of battleground, Ryan had won the toss and named "within a radius of a hundred miles of New Orleans," there being no law against pugilism of any kind in Louisiana. When the men had been training three weeks, and within two weeks of the date of the battle, a statute was hurriedly enacted making prize fighting a felony, and again it looked as if the match would have to be declared off.

Ryan and Sullivan were rushed secretly from their training quarters for a conference at the St. James Hotel in the Crescent City. At this meeting, Ryan declared his readiness to fight the next day or any time, anywhere the affair could be held without interference. Here Paddy displayed the same sportsmanship that he had in the earlier negotiations, so that on the assurance of several powerful politicians that the contest could be held before the law became effective the men agreed to go ahead.

Sullivan completed his training at Carrollton, while Ryan trained at another suburb of the Crescent City.

Barnes Hotel at Mississippi City was chosen as the battleground, and there, on a beautiful springlike morning on a vast lawn overlooking the bay, the ring was pitched. Special trains brought great crowds from New Orleans and other places. Every vantage point was filled, but it was on the immense piazzas of the hotel that the élite gathered, among them many ladies.

When the men were about to enter the ring another hitch arose, this time over the question of referee. It was finally agreed that two officials act, one being Alex Brewster and the other Jack Hardy of Vicksburg.

* * *

WHEN everything had been satisfactorily arranged, Sullivan "shied his castor" into the ring at 11:40 o'clock. There was a delay of some twenty-nine minutes before Ryan appeared and tossed his cap into the ring. In the toss for corners Ryan won and chose the southwest, thus making Sullivan face the sun.

The fight, judged by today's standards, was not a great one to look at. In fact, in all but the seventh round, it was a one-sided affair, with all the advantage in favor of Sullivan. In that round, however, Sullivan was as near to defeat as he ever was. Ryan had landed heavily on John's chin with the right as the latter rushed in. The punch dazed Sullivan to such an extent that he dropped his hands to his sides and he looked in a bewildered way at his opponent. So far gone did he appear that the reporters flashed that Ryan had won.

The crowd was in a frenzy and yelled for Ryan to finish the job. Paddy was so exhausted, however, that he could not follow up the advantage and Sullivan's youth asserted itself. He fought with terrific fury and battered Ryan all over the ring. It was in one of these drives that Ryan's truss slipped and he battled through to the finish, suffering greatly, but declining to permit his second to throw up the sponge.

The end came a few minutes later, when Sullivan's youth again

53 Years Ago

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(Octogenarian sports writer who has seen heavyweight championship fights since 1874)

A scene in the Sullivan-Ryan battle at Mississippi City, on February 7, 1882. Ryan is seen on the left.

prevailed and he battered Ryan with rights and lefts until Paddy went down and his seconds finally acknowledged defeat.

During the progress of the battle, newspaper rows in both New York and Boston were packed with persons eager to learn the result. The news came through during dinner hour and in front of the *Daily News,* then on the site of the bridge entrance in front of the *Sun* office.

When it was announced that Ryan had won, a tremendous shout had gone up, only to be drowned out a moment later when the correction was flashed. But still later it was reported that Ryan had died from the injuries he had sustained.

As a result of Ryan's gameness and sportsmanship, Sullivan always had a warm spot in his heart for the former champion, and whenever possible helped Ryan. In their glove matches later on, Sullivan saw that Ryan got an extra good cut out of the gate, while in the meeting at Frisco, when Sully landed the knockout punch in the third round, he caught Ryan as he was falling and helped carry him to his corner.

"I'm sorry, Paddy, that I had to do it, but it's part of our game," said Sullivan, sympathetically.

* * *

SULLIVAN'S success against Ryan suggested the famous transcontinental knockout trip that made boxing so popular, although in many states at the time there were laws against pugilism that were being enforced. Sullivan's personal popularity, coupled with the desire to see him in action, however, made officials tolerant, and except in very few cases was there any real interference. New York, in fact, appeared to be hardest on the "Big Fellow," where Alex Williams, then a captain, was very active and invariably stopped proceedings the instant a heavy blow was struck.

It was following the arrest of Sullivan and Alf Greenfield of England that the first judicial decision of which there is any record was made in which it was pointed out that sparring or boxing was not prize fighting within the meaning of the statute. This followed the meeting between Greenfield and Sullivan in that old train shed of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and replaced later by the historic Madison Square Garden, then known as Gilmore's Garden. Under this decision, boxing was tolerated and continued at the sufferance of local officials in the North and East until the passage of the Horton law, later the Frawley law and the present Walker law.

On the Pacific Coast, glove fights to a finish before members of various clubs were permitted for many years. Then Tom McCarey at Los Angeles and Jimmy Coffroth at San Francisco opened the shows to the public under local permits until reformers had a prohibitory law passed.

* * *

PRIOR to this, Louisiana had legalized boxing in the early nineties and made possible some great battles, among them being the series of September, 1892, in which Jack McAuliffe beat Billy Myer, the "Streator Cyclone," for the lightweight title; George Dixon retained his featherweight championship against Jack Skelly, and Jim Corbett wrested the crown from Sullivan.

Florida had no adverse laws, and Corbett and Mitchell battled at Jacksonville. Dan Stuart forced the passage of the law in Nevada so that he could pull off the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. Under this law Tex Rickard made his first bid for fame as a fistic promoter when he promoted the contest between Gans and Nelson at Goldfield.

Today practically every state in the Union has laws governing boxing under commissions, while those which have no such statutes permit boxing under certain restrictions, so that there is hardly a place in the country *(Continued on page* 43)

From DIRT RINGS to

New York Leads the Field in Staging of Heavyweight Championship Battles — Historic New Orleans Battles Between Sullivan and Corbett Recalled

NEW YORK, which on June 13, will be the scene of the world's heavyweight championship bout between Max Baer and Jimmy Braddock, shares with San Francisco in staging the greatest number of championship mills. The battle for the heavyweight crown has shifted over a wide area. The demand for such a plum comes to a promoter from practically every big city in the country, so eager are municipalities to gain the millions of dollars of publicity and the millions of dollars that incidentally are spent by the fight fans of the country in the city where such a bout is staged.

In 1927, when Tex Rickard announced that he would take the fight between Tunney and Dempsey to Chicago, the first time such a titular contest ever was held in the Windy City, almost every hotel proprietor of Chicago offered him a floor free if he would make that hostelry his headquarters. Yet within ten days after he had arrived in Chicago, there wasn't a hotel in that burg that could have given him half a floor, so filled was each and so big the demand from visitors. That's what a championship fight means.

Chicago was initiated in the staging of a world's heavyweight championship then, and Philadelphia received its baptismal fire the year before when Tunney won the crown from Dempsey in the Sesqui Stadium.

* * *

CURIOUSLY enough, from the time that the Marquis of Queensberry rules were adopted to govern the heavyweight class, to the present day, not a heavyweight championship bout has been fought in England, where many of the most famous of the bare-knuckle fights were held.

In the olden days, Coney Island was the scene of title bouts held in New York. That was in the days before the ball parks built their stadiums or a Garden Bowl existed. Among the championships held at Coney Island was the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons match, in which the Boilermaker defeated Ruby Robert in eleven rounds. Jeff also defended his title against Tom Sharkey on the Island.

Jack Dempsey, most colorful of modern heavyweights, successfully defended his crown against Bill Brennan in the old Garden and later knocked out Luis Firpo at the Polo Grounds. The Metropolitan area got a treat in another championship at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, where Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier.

San Francisco received the Jeffries-Corbett, Jeffries-Fitzsimmons, Corbett-Sharkey and Jeffries-Munroe fights.

* * *

THE first of the glove contests for the crown was fought at New Orleans, where Jim Corbett relieved the popular John L. Sullivan of the crown in the twenty-first round. Then Corbett stopped Charley Mitchell, England's representative, in three rounds at Jacksonville on January 25, 1894. Nevada next was honored when Fitz stopped Corbett and won the title in 1897. Nevada also got the Jeffries-Johnson fight, July 4, 1910, Reno being the locality.

Australia was the scene of the Tommy Burns-Jack Johnson battle, in which the Negro gave the little white man a terrific beating until the police stepped in and halted the uneven contest in the fourteenth round, and Havana got the plum when Jess Willard relieved Jack Johnson of the crown in the twenty-sixth round.

When Tom Heeney tried to get the crown from Tunney, they fought in New York City, and after Gene's retirement the Schmeling-Sharkey battle to decide Tunney's successor was fought in New York City, but when the time came that Schmeling was to defend his title for the first time, he went to Cleveland to halt Young Stribling.

But back to New York the heavyweight champion came to drop the title to Jack Sharkey who, in turn, in the first defense of his laurels against Primo Carnera, also fought in New York to lose the championship to Primo Carnera. Primo, for the first time in many years, went abroad to give Paulino a chance at the crown, the bout resulting in a victory for the Italian in Rome, over the fifteen-round route.

Then, just to add another locality to the long list where championships have been staged, Carnera went to Miami to fight Tommy Loughran and came back with a triumph, but in the next defense of his title against Max Baer he dropped the precious crown in New York. And now again a heavyweight championship will be fought in New York when Baer clashes with Braddock. Thus New York takes the lead in the location of heavyweight championship mills fought within its territory.

* * *

POPULAR demand is the ruling factor in determining a location. Tex Rickard, explaining the wide movement, once said:

"Officials from many cities usually get in touch with me as soon as I announce I am about to clinch a championship bout, and oft-times I have a hard time turning down lucrative offers to go to a certain city. I always study a location thoroughly, study it as to its nearness to other big centers, its hotel accommodations, its interest in boxing, and after I am thoroughly satisfied I make my choice. It is a bad policy to bring a championship fight to one city too often. New York may be good one year, but another city may be far better the next."

Only five gates hit the million-dollar mark, and only two were above the $500,000 figure.

The record receipts follow:

Sept. 22, 1927	Tunney vs. Dempsey at Chicago	$2,658,660
Sept. 23, 1926	Tunney vs. Dempsey at Philadelphia	1,895,733
July 2, 1921	Dempsey vs. Carpentier at Jersey City	1,789,238
Sept. 14, 1923	Dempsey vs. Firpo at New York	1,188,603
July 21, 1927	Dempsey vs. Sharkey at New York	1,083,529
June 12, 1930	Schmeling vs. Sharkey at New York	778,000
Sept. 11, 1924	Wills vs. Firpo at Jersey City	700,000
June 21, 1932	Sharkey vs. Schmeling at Long Island	474,000
July 23, 1923	Leonard vs. Tendler at New York	452,648
July 4, 1919	Dempsey vs. Willard at Toledo	452,224
June 14, 1934	Carnera vs. Baer at New York	428,000
Feb. 26, 1929	Sharkey vs. Stribling at Miami	400,000
July 12, 1923	Firpo vs. Willard at Jersey City	390,837
June 26, 1929	Schmeling vs. Paulino at New York	383,000
July 3, 1931	Schmeling vs. Stribling at Cleveland	349,415
June 26, 1924	Italian Hospital Fund Show at New York	250,000
July 4, 1923	Dempsey vs. Gibbons at Shelby	201,485
June 22, 1931	Sharkey vs. Walker at Brooklyn	240,000
June 8, 1933	Baer vs. Schmeling at New York	200,000
June 29, 1933	Carnera vs. Sharkey at New York	198,289
Dec. 14, 1920	Dempsey vs. Brennan at New York	180,000

Big Gates in the Old Days

Jeffries vs. Johnson at Reno, Nev.	$270,775
Jack Johnson vs. Tommy Burns	131,000
Jeffries vs. Tom Sharkey	60,300
Jeffries vs. Corbett	63,340
Jeffries vs. Fitzsimmons	31,800
Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons	22,170

GIGANTIC STADIUMS

By
NAT
FLEISCHER

Now for the betting odds when the title changed hands:

John L. Sullivan was the favorite over Jim Corbett, 4 to 1, and Corbett was returned the winner.

Jim Corbett was favorite over Bob Fitzsimmons, 5 to 3, and Fitz won.

Fitzsimmons was favorite over Jim Jeffries, 2 to 1, and Jeff was the winner.

Jeffries was favorite over Jack Johnson, 10 to 7, but Johnson won.

Johnson was favorite over Jess Willard, 3 to 1, and Willard won.

Willard was favorite over Jack Dempsey, 6 to 5, and Dempsey won.

Dempsey was favorite over Gene Tunney, 14 to 5, but Tunney was returned the victor.

Jack Sharkey was favorite over Max Schmeling, 6 to 5, but Schmeling won on a foul.

Schmeling was favorite over Sharkey, 6 to 5, and Sharkey won.

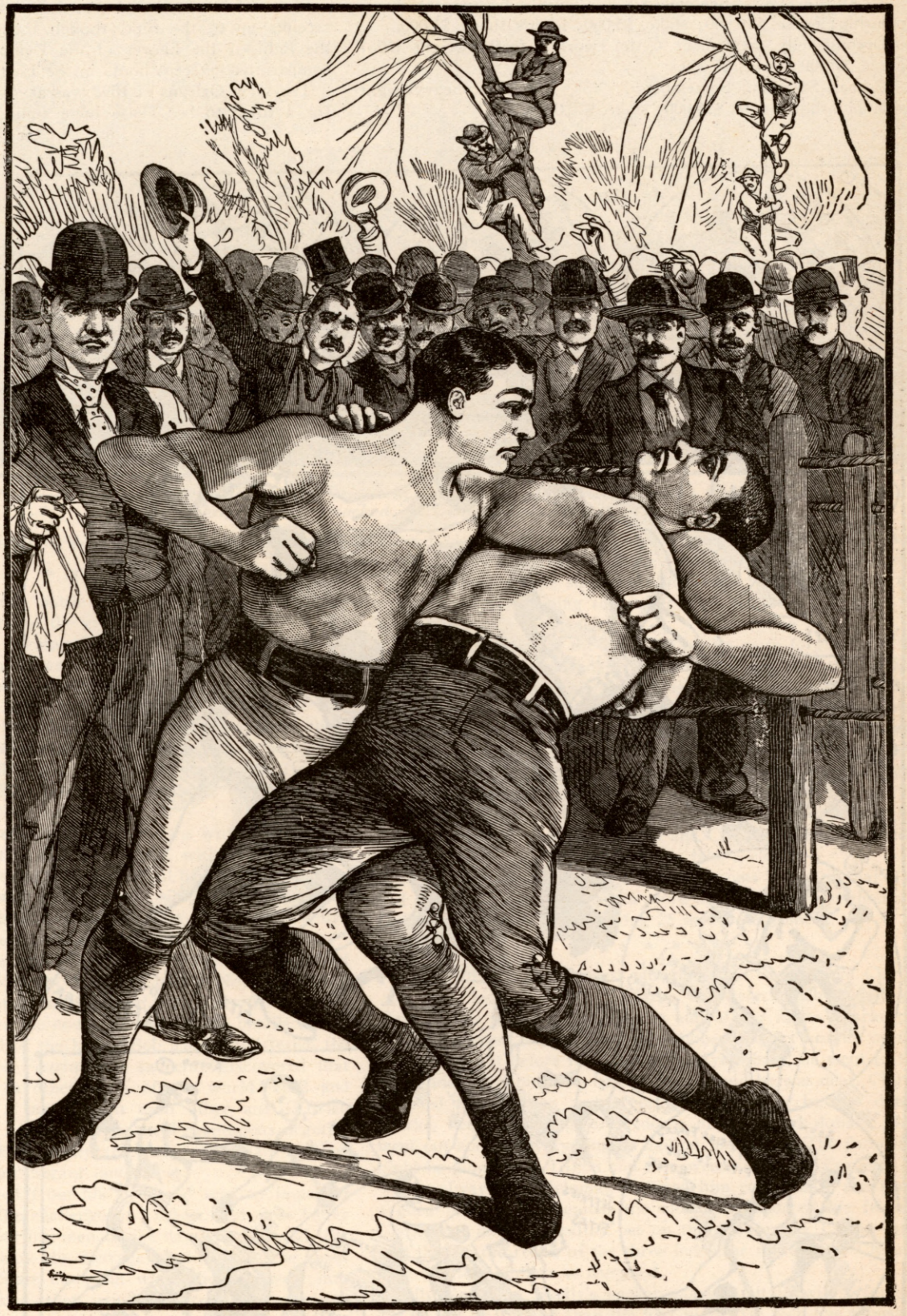
Sharkey was favorite over Primo Carnera, 8 to 5, but Jack was knocked out.

Thus it will be seen that every favorite lost his crown.

* * *

THE center of boxing activity, as I have already said, is perpetually shifting about the United States. At the moment it happens to be New York, but the metropolis never achieved the importance to the pugilistic world that New Orleans once held.

One world's title bout causes a flurry today in this area of seven or eight million souls. Consider, therefore, the excitement which attended the three championship battles staged in the Louisiana city of less than two hundred thousand persons on the nights of September 5, 6, and 7, 1892.



The finishing punch in the famous fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain on the turf at Richburg, Mississippi, July 8, 1889. This was the last bare-knuckle heavyweight championship fight. Sullivan retained his crown by scoring a knockout in the seventy-fifth round.

This fistic carnival, which was staged at the old Olympic Club, stands as the greatest boxing enterprise of record. Here are the facts, which show the magnitude of the treat provided for the fans of that Southern city:

McAuliffe-Myers, September 5, for world's lightweight championship: purse, $10,000; stake, $5,000; loser's share, $1,000.

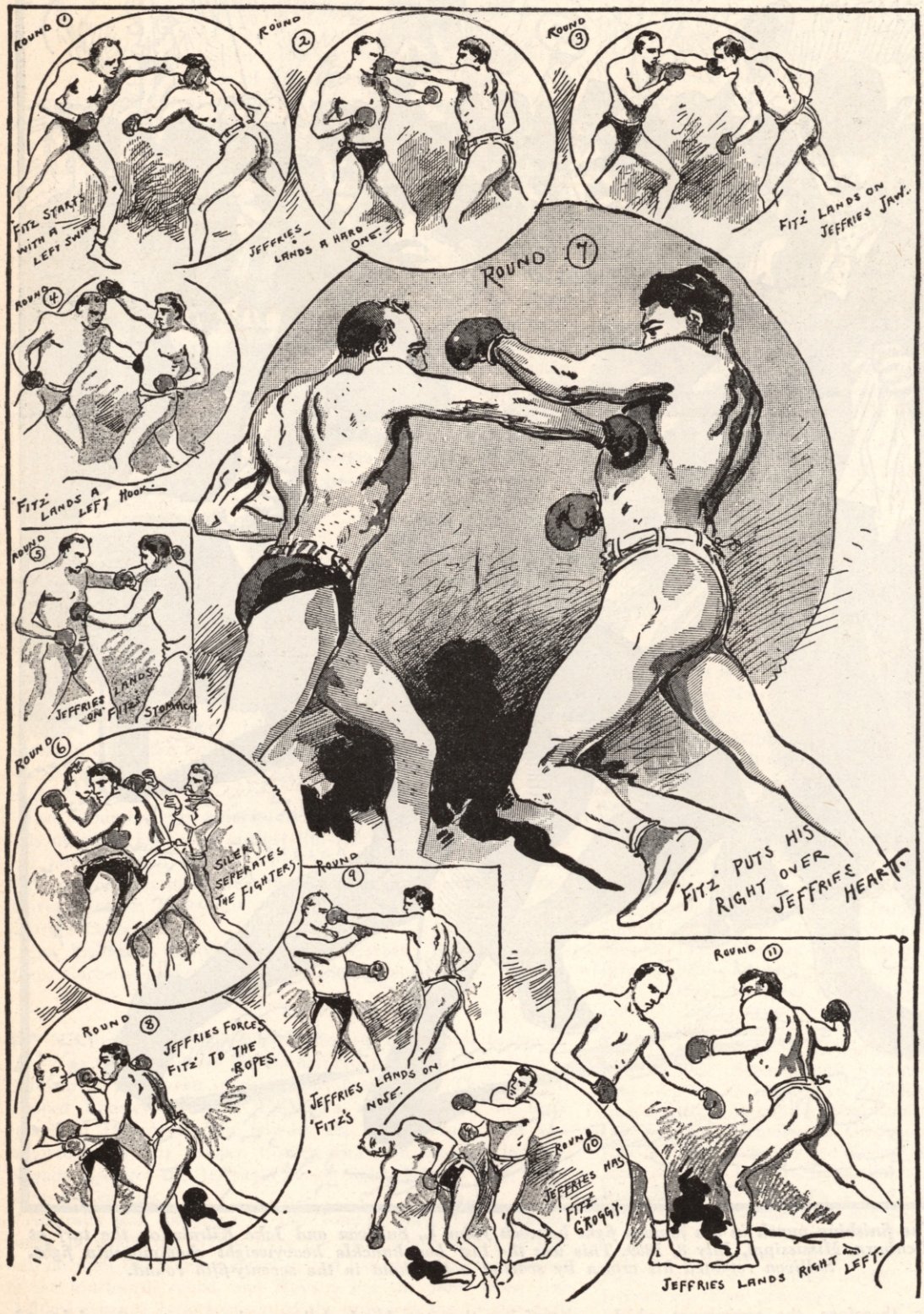
Dixon-Skelly, September 6, for world's featherweight title: purse, $7,500; stake, $5,000.

Corbett-Sullivan, September 7, for American heavyweight championship: purse, $25,000; stake, $10,000.

Receipts—First night, $25,186; second night, $16,053; third night, $60,318. Total receipts, $101,557. Club profits, $42,649. Estimated money bet on the three bouts in New Orleans alone, $475,000.

It must be remembered that these were unheard-of purses and receipts up to the time, though they today appear trifling in the light of the figures of the Dempsey-Carpentier and other comparatively recent bouts in the East.

The New Orleans of 1892 was as "wide open" as it is possible for a town to be. These huge sums, however, astonished and rather shocked some of the more conservative inhabitants. Gambling houses flourished openly, but even in the days of the great horse races there was nothing to compare with the feverish betting which came of this boxing carnival.



An artist's illustrations from the ringside at the second fight between Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons at San Francisco, Cal., July 25, 1902, in which Fitz was knocked out in the ninth round.

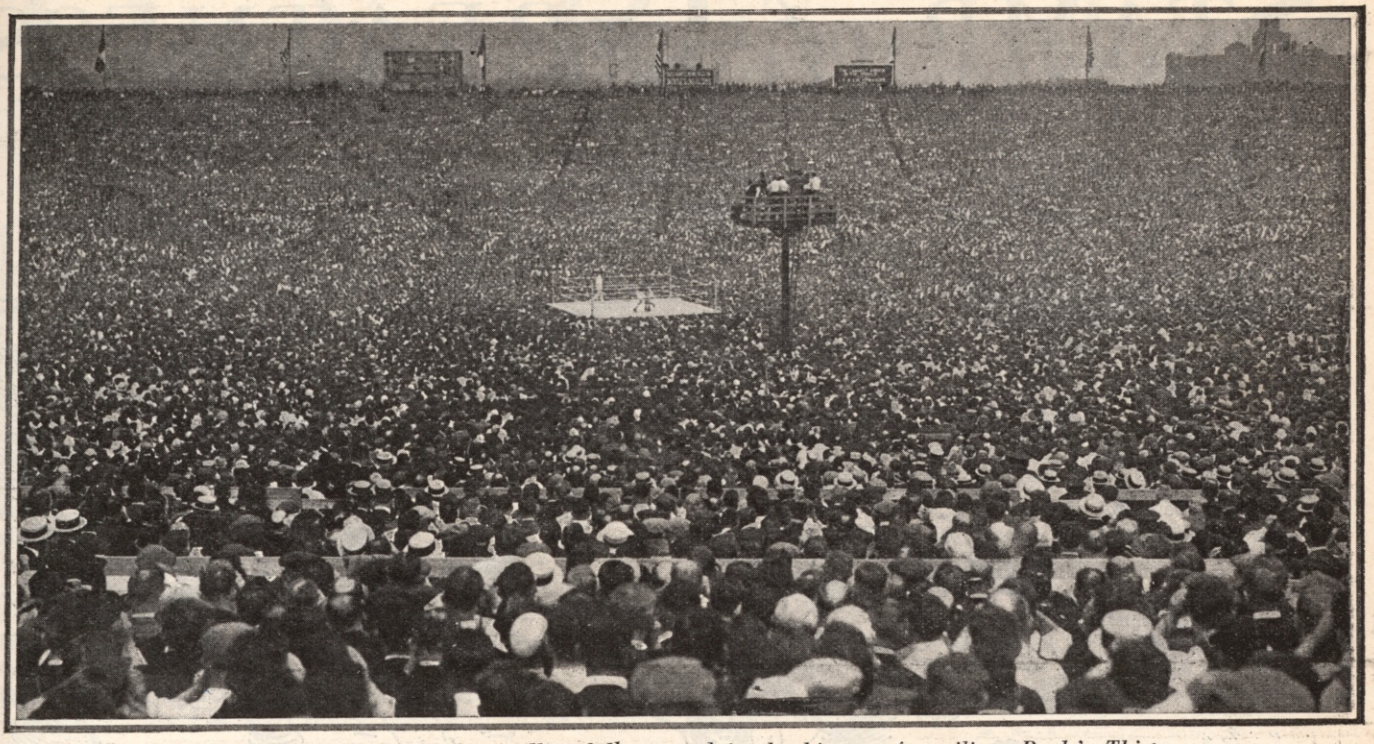
* * *

LATER at the Gans-Nelson battle at Goldfield and the Jeffries-Johnson affair at Reno, followers of the ring sport became accustomed to the posting of huge wagers, but before this New Orleans tournament, bets of more than one thousand dollars were spoken of in awed tones.

On the night of the first fight, that between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myers, the excitement in the saloons, gambling houses and other sporting centers was intense and virtually everyone with a drop of sporting blood had at least a small wager up on the impending battle.

McAuliffe was champion and in those days, as Willie Ritchie later did, the titleholder set the weights to suit himself. Jack chose 138 pounds. He could just as well have made 133, but training was distasteful to him. Myers grumbled and threatened, but to no effect. McAuliffe won by a knockout in the fifteenth round and thus settled a long-standing feud between these two leading battlers.

The first bout just whetted the appetite of the New Orleans throng for more and virtually the same crowd returned for the second bout, that between the great Negro battler, George Dixon, and the New Yorker, Jack Skelly, who later became



Bird's-eye view of the first million-dollar crowd in the history of pugilism. Boyle's Thirty Acres, where Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier.

wealthy as a cafe proprietor in Yonkers. Dixon won by a knock-out in the eighth round.

* * *

THEN came the first "battle of the century," the fight between Jim Corbett and the grand old John L. Sullivan.

The decision of the Olympic officials to stage a great fistic carnival came on the day after Bob Fitzsimmons defeated Peter Maher. Charley Mitchell and Frank Slavin were loud in their challenges. Jim Corbett made the modest statement that he was ready to "try out" the American champion. Between the three they had just about smoked out the old battler and he decided of the three the young Californian was the less dangerous. He, like McAuliffe, did not dislike fighting, but training was poison to him.

Myers, having defeated Carroll and drawn with Bowen, was demanding another match with McAuliffe, with whom he had battled to a sixty-four-round draw. Jim Hall had come over from Australia with the boast that he had whipped Fitzsimmons. William H. Reynolds of Brooklyn had just offered to bet five thousand dollars that Skelly, the amateur, could defeat Dixon.

So here were matches which could be counted on to attract the attention of the boxing world, and Charley Noel, president, and Frank Williams, matchmaker, hopped to it. They first planned to sign up Fitz, but after the country had read the details of the Maher bout and learned of the lacing Bob had administered, the numerous challengers of Fitzsimmons suddenly discovered that they had engagements in other parts of the world. Hall and Pritchard rushed into a match with each other and O'Brien became suddenly ill. As a consequence, the Fitzsimmons negotiations were called off. He, incidentally, later met Hall in New Orleans and gave him an elegant lambasting.

Then Sullivan emerged from his shell and sent an impudent letter of acceptance to the challenge of Corbett. This was better still. There were few sporting men of the day who believed that the western lad would have the courage to climb into the ropes with the veteran Bay State man, but when the two went into training they decided that Corbett would be forced to go through with the matter.

* * *

THE fans began to rally in New Orleans two weeks before the date set for the big fight. Corbett was already on the scene, he having completed his training in the Louisiana city in order to get acclimated. Several weeks before the battle Corbett proved himself already a master strategist. He began to issue statements to the press, outlining just how he proposed to whip his antagonist. These statements infuriated Sullivan and he did the most of his training thereafter with his tongue, lashing the upstart at every opportunity.

Even a week before the fight the ponies were forgotten in the poolrooms. Daily hundreds of fight fans would visit the Corbett camp and have him demonstrate just how he was going to turn the trick. Then these hundreds, with hundreds of others, would toddle over to the Sullivan *menage*, where the champion was told all about what Jim had said and how he had demonstrated his punches. Sullivan heard so much about Corbett that he began to believe he might even lose.

Sullivan was the favorite over Corbett, 2 to 5, but several big gamblers came in from New York and Chicago and, after watching the "youngster," they decided to take a chance.

The night before the battle the poolrooms reported that they had on that day alone taken in more than one hundred thousand dollars. They were then offering 25 to 100 on John L.

* * *

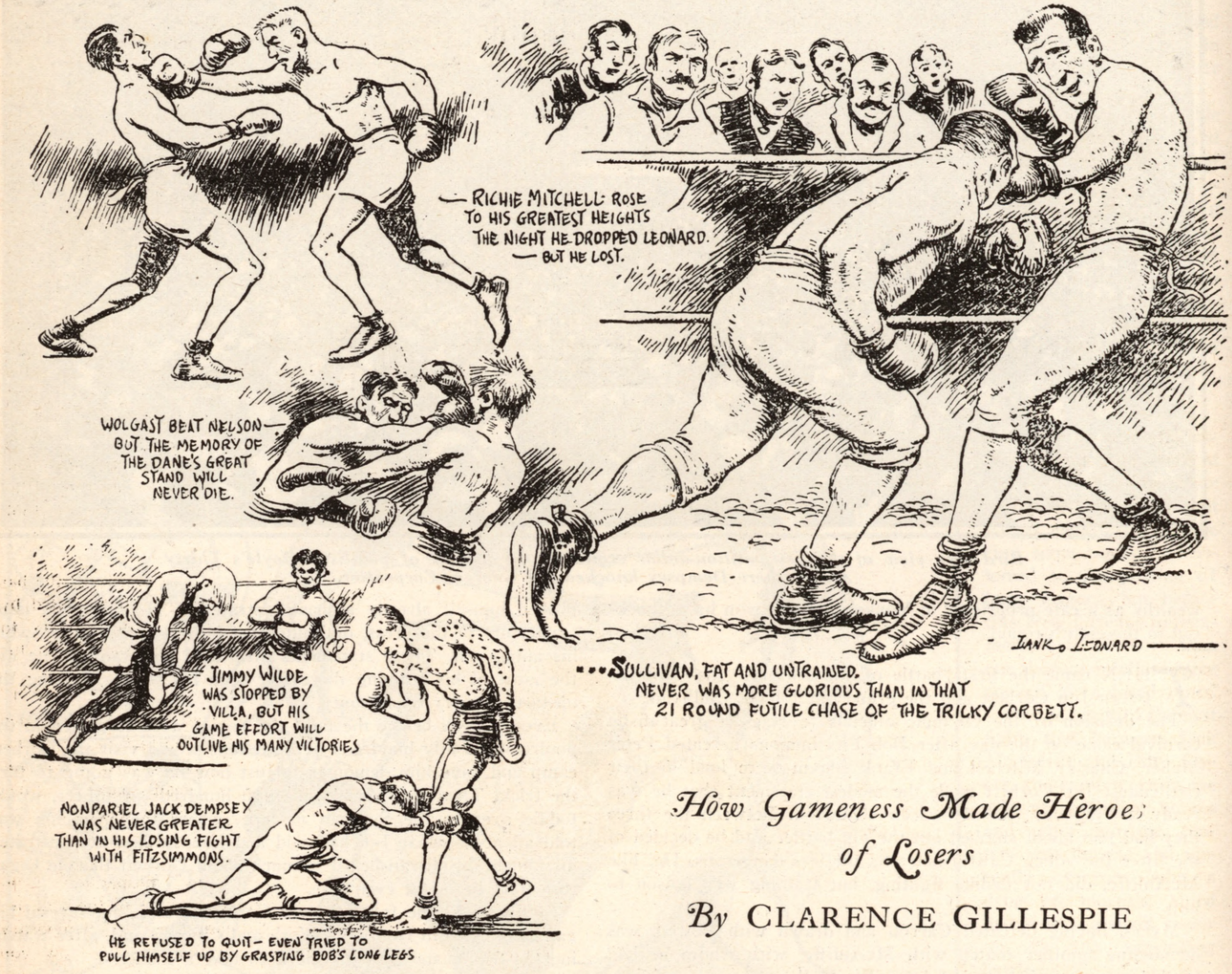
PROBABLY the luckiest plunger of all was George Clarke, the Chicago gambler. Clarke had won much money on Fitzsimmons in the Jack Dempsey and Maher fights. Clarke put up one thousand dollars of Myers' money and bet heavily on the side. The night before the McAuliffe-Myers bout, he went to the latter and asked him how he felt. Myers said he was deaf. Clarke repeated the question and Myers answered that he was dumb. Clarke, deeply insulted, drew down his thousand dollars, then went out and bet everything he had on McAuliffe. The following night he plunged on Dixon and then went out to see Corbett.

Jim, always the diplomat, received him courteously and made a good impression. Against the violent protests of his friends, Clarke put down a healthy bet on the Californian. Clarke later said that as the result of the three fights, he returned to Chicago fifty thousand dollars to the good.

Billy Reynolds, Skelly's backer, started out to win a fortune but he got no further than the first night. He won five thousand dollars on McAuliffe and the next night dropped twelve thousand on his protégé.

The largest crowd which had ever attended a boxing match assembled for the Corbett-Sullivan bout. Sullivan received a tremendous welcome, while Corbett *(Continued on page 44)*

STAMP *of* GREATNESS



How Gameness Made Heroes of Losers

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

TO gain lasting fame in the prize ring, one must be great in defeat.

Look over our ring heroes and you will find that those whose names are handed down from generation to generation and spoken lovingly of wherever and whenever the clans gather are those who have lost gloriously as well as won grandly.

For what fight is John L. Sullivan most remembered?

Was it his great battle with Paddy Ryan, the Trojan giant, amid the oleanders and magnolias on the lawn in front of the Barnes Hotel, Mississippi, with the blue waters of the Gulf lapping the shores less than a hundred feet away?

What a fight and what a setting! But we did not make John L. a hero for that.

When we mention John L. Sullivan's name neither do we instantly recall his gruelling seventy-five round victory over Jake Kilrain in Richburg—the last of the great bare-knuckle goes.

The thing that endears John L. Sullivan in our memories in his heroic stand against James J. Corbett.

Sullivan, fourteen years in the ring, most of which were spent in riotous dissipation, a bloated effigy of himself, chasing the fastest, trickiest, most scientific heavyweght that ever breathed for twenty-one rounds in a ring ankle deep in river sand and in a stuffy New Orleans hall on a hot, murky September evening.

Keeping going for twenty-one rounds against Corbett. That doesn't mean much to the unthinking fan. But to those who know, Sullivan's feat was one of the most remarkable in the annals of the prize ring. John L. had nothing left but his fighting heart at the time.

But what a fighting heart it was to enable him to meet his Waterloo as he did!

And his manner of losing! No squawks! No squeals! No alibis!

Battered, bruised, beaten, he pulled himself up on the ring ropes and raising his mighty right arm wearily called—

"Gentlemen, I was beaten by a better man. I am glad the championship remains in America."

* * *

JIM CORBETT—do we remember him chiefly for his victory over John L. Sullivan? Perhaps. Yet we call him a great fighter, not so much because of his triumph over John L. Sullivan, as to his losing stand against James J. Jeffries.

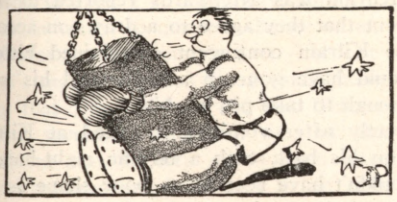
An old man of the ring at the time and three years out of the game, three years proprietor of a resort in the Tenderloin, Corbett came back that memorable night at Coney Island, and for twenty-one rounds made a punching bag of the champion. For twenty-one rounds, such was the necromancy of his art, Corbett was the master and Jeffries, the champion, but a tyro. Corbett never was so great as in his defeat.

Was Tom Sharkey ever greater than in his defeat at the hands of Jeffries at Coney Island? Willie Ritchie's greatest fight was his losing one against Benny Leonard. *(Continued on page 43)*

Do *You* Remember?

By BUD RIDLEY

Former Star Pacific Coast Featherweight



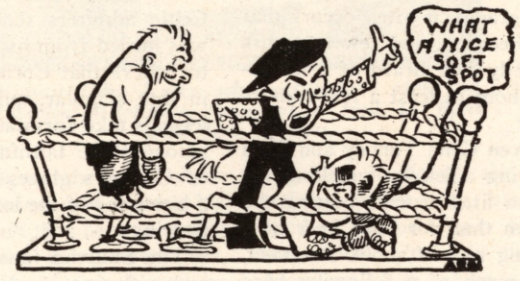
REMEMBER—The gymnasium you opened after you had hung up the padded mittens; and the gang of palookas who flattered you into becoming their manager, then immediately panhandled you for money to pay the room rent and to put much-needed nourishment into their stomachs?

* * *

Remember—How you looked into the future with happy anticipation when you found yourself the manager of a stable of boxers representing every division in the book? How you figured by treating the boys with kindness and generosity, and by training and schooling them diligently, you would soon be handling several main-eventers—even though, you admitted to yourself, they had few potential attributes?

* * *

Remember—To prove that you were not in the game just for the sake of chiseling out a sock full of gold, you allowed any boy who called you manager to go through his training stunts in your gym free of charge, and, though it hurt, you divided, among the members of your stable, your personal training and fighting gear—the gear that you had stored away in the old trunk with your treasured scrap books, and which you had planned to display in pride to your grandchildren—if you ever had any?



* * *

Remember—You crawled out of the warm blankets early every morning to take your kids on the road and sparred with each member in the gym in the afternoons; and spent sixty-six and two thirds of every night trying to get them to bed? Then, when you figured that they were all in wonderful fighting condition, you set out to line them up some fistic engagements?

* * *

Remember—How, with ambition steaming to the breaking point, and fairly bursting with confidence, you went to the local promoter with a list of your various prospects and their previous accomplishments, expecting to supply at least one half of the next boxing card?

* * *

Remember—How the promoter soberly read over the list, listened respectfully to your story of recommendations and guarantees which you had mentally rehearsed for several days, then burst out laughing, telling you that he was endeavoring to build up the game, not kill it?

* * *

Remember—Finally, after weeks of desperate angling you managed to slide two of your boys into preliminary spots (as substitutes) and how both boys put up such terrible exhibitions that the promoter threatened to bar them indefinitely on account of lack of ability, and refused to pay you for their services until you had pleaded with him for an hour?

Remember—How, when you paid off your boys minus your percentage, they begged, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed to keep their entire purse this time. "The old folks at home were destitute! The kids needed shoes!" and your heart was touched, and you said, "Sure!" and you're still waiting for your cut?

* * *

Remember—The only kid in your stable who could fight a lick suddenly placed himself under the direction of another manager? When you abruptly cut down on the distribution of nickels and dimes among your fighters, how they disappeared one by one, taking with them your towels, bag gloves and various other training articles of your gymnasium equipment?

* * *

Remember—Then you presented your training establishment to a guy whom you didn't like very well, and you sold to him the remainder of your athletic paraphernalia for five bucks, and took out a referee's license?

* * *

Remember—Your début as a third man? How, right off the bat a kid was floored, and, being somewhat nervous and excited by your responsibilities, you forgot to count but helped him tenderly to his feet?

* * *

Remember—How the mob howled when you counted too fast the next time the kid hit the canvas, then, when you slowed down to a snail's pace, how they moaned and groaned in disgust?

* * *

Remember—How desperately you tried to please the fans by prying the battlers out of the clinches promptly? How you became so enthusiastic over your temporary success that you started to break them too quickly. How you wished that it wasn't against the law for you to leap out of that ring and batter into a pulp some of the wise-crackers out there who were hurling degrading insults in your direction?

* * *

Remember—the time you scrambled forward to blast the maulers out of a prolonged huddle, how, just as you arrived at their sides, one of them closed his eyes, turned loose with a terrific right, missed his opponent by many inches, and the blow plunged into your neck with a sickening crunch—nearly rendering you into a state of grogginess? Then, for the first time that evening, you heard the fans laugh and cheer in merriment?

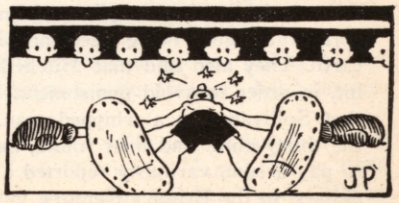
* * *

Remember—When the last bell clanged, how you distinctly heard several of the ringsiders yell, "Draw!" and when you agreed with them, they heaved cushions, peanuts and pop bottles into the ring at you?

* * *

Remember—Then you decided that you were not cut out for a referee — you'd go back home, where you were loved and respected. You'd be a promoter?

(Cont. on page 44)



STORMY

George Siler, who was the referee in several championship contests that ended in controversies.

Heavyweight Championship Bouts are Invariably Followed by Allegations of Unfair Deeds, Poisoned Water and Sell Outs

WHAT is there about a heavyweight championship battle that invariably leads to an aftermath of stormy controversy and allegations of unfair deals by adherents of the loser? The same thing sometimes happens with regard to fights between members of the smaller classes, but not always. In the minor grades, it often occurs that a champion gets the short end of the decision, and few murmurs are heard from his admirers. But nobody ever heard of a heavyweight title battle being pulled off without at least a few rumors of scandal hovering in its wake.

Except, perhaps, the encounter between Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney, when the former made his ring adieu by wrecking the human target before him. Gene had so little trouble beating the over-matched, though game, Australian that, for once in a way, the loser's friends couldn't find anything to beef about. But then, Heeney was a foreigner, and hadn't much of a following here anyway.

But consider all the other big-title shots, from the reign of John L. Sullivan down to the present day. Even in the bare-knuckle era when John L. became champion by beating Paddy Ryan, the latter's backers sought to gloss over Ryan's Waterloo by charging that the referee overlooked several fouls committed by Sullivan, any one of which should have caused the disqualification of the Boston Strong Boy. Nobody paid any attention to these charges, some of which appeared in print, they were so clearly absurd.

For everyone knew Sullivan was an essentially clean fighter and, as a matter of fact, when he was in his fighting prime and bowling over challengers in his magnificently cyclonic manner, there was no inducement for him to commit a foul. The contenders were blasted into temporary oblivion by punches that required no illegal aids.

* * *

HIS battle with Charlie Mitchell under London Prize Ring rules, which took place in 1888 at Chantilly, France, on the turf, and resulted in a draw by mutual consent after three hours and eleven minutes of battling, provoked outcries of crooked work from both sides of the fence. The Sullivanites urged that Mitchell almost crippled John by slashing the big fellow's leg with the spikes of one of his fighting shoes, that sort of footgear being necessary in combats staged on mother earth. They also said that Mitchell fell repeatedly without being hit, in order to avoid punishment. The Mitchell faction retorted that Sullivan was a whipped man, on the verge of collapse in the thirty-ninth and final round, and that his backers were glad to pay a sum, variously reported as from three to five thousand dollars, to the Briton's mentors, in order to secure a draw.

In the forty-fourth round of his battle with Jake Kilrain, Sullivan's stomach went back on him and he vomited freely. It was at this juncture that Kilrain was afterwards reported to have suggested to his opponent that they agree to a draw, on account of John being ill. The Kilrain contingent complained bitterly thereafter that Jake could have gone in and finished his man, had he not been fool enough to take pity on him.

But as Sullivan, directly after vomiting, charged at Kilrain and knocked him flat on his back with a terrific right-hander, one suspects that he couldn't have been in as poor shape as the critics of the Big Fellow tried to make out. Another post-mortem manifesto by the Kilrain backers was to the effect that Sullivan deliberately stamped on Jake after flooring him in the forty-fifth session, but the referee swore that this was absolutely false.

Still, there you are! Even Sullivan's popularity, great as it was, didn't save him from slurs on his victories.

* * *

JIM CORBETT'S defeat of Sullivan in the twenty-first round at New Orleans in 1892 was so clean-cut and one-sided an affair that it would seem an impossibility to frame up any kind of an accusation which might reflect unfavorably on the victor. Even the men most devoted to the ex-champion, many of whom bet their last cent on him, admitted that John L. was licked fairly and squarely.

However, there were thousands upon thousands of Sullivan's Celtic admirers that hadn't seen the fight in which their idol was hurled from his pedestal, who resolutely refused for a decade to believe that Corbett could have beaten him on the level. And in that singular, quite unaccountable fashion in which such idle legends take form and are bruited abroad, the tale was circulated among these faithful-unto-death partisans of John L. that each of Corbett's gloves contained a lump of lead, placed therein by a bitter foe of the loser, who had bet a fortune on the Californian to win.

The Sullivan fanatics swallowed this monstrous yarn greedily and with fine appetites. It was a salve for their wounded pride, and, of course, thoroughly explained John L.'s undeserved disaster. To their minds, it was no small feat for Corbett to have accomplished, even with such aids as lead-weighted mitts. They could have understood it better had Jim used an axe!

Corbett, defending his crown for the first time at Jacksonville, Florida, two years later, knocked out Charlie Mitchell in the third round. Mitchell, much older and lighter of heft than Corbett, was floored in the second frame. As Mitchell started to get up, Corbett, fiery and impatient, cut loose with a punch that glanced off Charley's head, before the latter's two knees were off the floor. A loud cry of foul went up from Mitchell's corner, but was not allowed by the referee.

Technically, it was a foul, but as the punch was a light one, half-checked in delivery by Corbett as he realized his mistake, it had no effect on the fortunes of the fight, for Mitchell was already a badly whipped man. Moreover, Honest John Kelly, third man in the ring, knew very well that had he ventured to be ultra-technical and awarded that fight to Mitchell on a foul, there would not only have been a gorgeous riot at the ringside, but one of the many gun-toting gents present might have punctured Honest John's hide so effectively with leaden messengers of ill-will, that his refereeing days would have ended for good, then and there.

But the incident served Mitchell's countrymen as an illustration of American foul play and a tangible excuse for their champion's ill-luck. Believing what they really want to believe is a great comfort for most of Adam's descendants.

When Corbett and Fitzsimmons fought at Carson City, Nevada, in 1897, there was genuine hostility between them, and the fight was a real grudge affair from first to last. Jim was put out very completely by Bob's torrid belly-wallop, that was afterwards

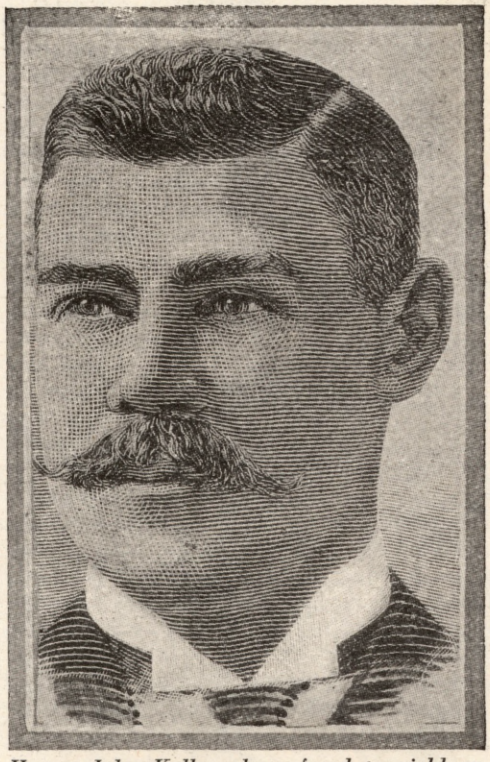
CONTROVERSIES

By
SAM AUSTIN

newly christened the solar plexus punch. You wouldn't think a loophole could be found in such a straightaway, sure victory in which to insert a charge of unfairness on the winner's part. Yet Corbett's manager yelled for a foul, claiming that Jim had been hit low. Referee Siler wouldn't stand for it, but the incident was eagerly seized upon later by Fitzsimmons' detractors as an alibi for Corbett's defeat.

Scandal was rife immediately after Jeffries won the world's crown by knocking out Fitzsimmons. It was rumored that Fitz had neglected his training and drank heavily during the period when he was supposed to be getting into condition to meet the big Californian. The gambling element, said Dame Rumor, engineered the whole thing, and with Fitz a heavy betting favorite, cleaned up nicely on the surprising result.

Now the only basis for these exaggerated reports was that Fitzsimmons had underestimated his opponent. Jeffries, in his eyes, was only a huge, clumsy youth, who had failed dismally in his New York début some time before, by falling down on a double assignment, when he contracted to beat Bob Armstrong, the colored heavy, and Steve O'Donnell of Australia, in ten rounds each, on the same night.



Honest John Kelly, who refused to yield on Charlie Mitchell's claim of a foul in fight with Jim Corbett.

Jeffries outpointed but didn't stop Armstrong, and injured his right hand so badly on the Negro's hard skull that he was unable to take on O'Donnell. The newspaper critics didn't spare him, Jeff was roasted a great deal more than he deserved, and he returned to the Coast with his manager, Billy Delaney, bitterly disappointed.

No doubt these newspaper estimates of Jeffries influenced Bob to no small degree in his judgment of the California boxer. At any rate, it is a fact that Fitz trained in a very perfunctory fashion, and the night before the fight is said to have been host to a party of friends, where lighthearted revel was kept up to the wee, small hours.

But the added statement by the rumor-mongers that Fitzsimmons was not only a party to the gamblers' plot, but received the lion's share of the purse as a reward for lying down, was a canard of the most vicious description. Ever since his arrival in the United States, Fitzsimmons had given the public his best, and had never been connected with anything shady. But of course, if mud enough is thrown, some of it is sure to hit and stick to the target, and the reputations of both Jeff and Bob suffered for a while in consequence of the fake accusation.

* * *

LATER, Jeffries fought what was probably the hardest twenty-five rounds of his career with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island on November 3, 1899. He won, but by a narrow margin, and Referee George Siler declared him the winner. The thing was so close that newspaper opinions as to the justice of the verdict were divided, with a small majority favoring the notion that Sharkey had been given a raw deal. Siler was even accused by some disgruntled sports of having "sold out" to the Jeffries contingent.

There wasn't a vestige of truth in this, but the scandal persisted, as such scandals will, all the more so because the gamblers, who had backed Sharkey heavily, boosted the knock along. These gents, in revenge, wanted Siler barred from New York rings for the future, and, being backed by the corrupt politicians who then controlled the boxing game, they succeeded. Yet Siler was as square a referee as the game knew, and at that time certainly one of the most efficient.

Fitz wasn't accused of flopping when Jeffries kayoed him in their second meeting, which took place in San Francisco, July 26, 1902. But after Bob had been knocked out in the eighth round, a story started to the effect that Fitzsimmons had plaster-of-paris inside the bandages on his hands, which, when dipped into a water bucket just before the mitts were donned, immediately became as hard as iron. To hit a man with such concealed weapons would be almost tantamount to soaking him with knuckle-dusters.

There wasn't a shred of foundation for the statement, but the gossips gave it wide circulation, and the Chicago Inter Ocean actually published a full page in its Sunday supplement, with drawings of Fitz's freckled fists, the offending bandages, the water bucket, and a section of Jim Jeffries' broad mug, showing a cut eyebrow, cheekbone, etc. Neither the principals nor promoters took any notice of this frank libel. Probably they figured it as part of the strange American credo, which seems to hold that if there isn't anything really wrong with a heavyweight champion bout, it becomes necessary to invent some slander for a follow-up yarn.

* * *

JEFFRIES was certainly cut up in awful shape. Both of his eyebrows were sliced through, and in the seventh round a loose fragment of skin hung over his left lamp like the broken wing of a sick crow. Both cheekbones had gaping wounds that resembled extra mouths, and his under lip was split clean to the gums.

A worse-battered-up champ never heard a referee proclaim him victor. Had Fitzsimmons lasted through the fateful eighth round, he must have won, for Jeffries couldn't have seen him in another frame. Jeff went so blind, immediately after he landed the kayo, which consisted of a right to the heart and left to the jaw, that Billy Delaney had to lead him to his dressing room.

It did seem strange that ordinary gloves could inflict such ripping damage, and hence arose the tale of the doctored bandages. But the fact was that the gloves, five-ouncers, were twisted and broken before the fuss began, the padding in each shoved partly toward the top of the mitt, and partly down so that only the leather covered the knuckles of the wearer.

This was a common proceeding at the time, with neither principals nor managers in such cases protesting. They evidently argued that "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander." Fitzsimmons shared with Kid McCoy a curious ability to cut up an opponent, whereas Jeffries, a solid puncher, didn't possess the knack.

Stanley Ketchel's face was messed up in similar fashion during his fight with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in New York, in 1909. The gloves on that occasion were also "broken," and O'Brien

a graduate of the McCoy school, displayed fiendish cleverness in the fine art of converting his opponent's countenance into the semblance of a Hamburg steak.

* * *

SCANDAL in plenty followed the knockout of Jeffries by Jack Johnson at Reno in 1910, but the real "inside" story of that famous encounter has never been printed in full detail. Certain it is that Jeff was a 10 to 7 favorite until the night prior to the engagement, when the tip was wired East by intimate friends of Big Tim Sullivan, the stake holder, that Johnson was a "sure" thing.

Popular rumor had it that Jeffries was assured by the promoters that Johnson would do a flop act, and was thus induced to sign for a battle he knew very well he could not win on the level. Anyway, he was a physical and nervous wreck when he entered the ring, and the wretched showing he made is a matter of official record.

As an apology for their one-time fistic idol, some of Jeff's friends circulated a yarn to the effect that he was doped, but that was all pure hooey. A significant fact in connection with the widely ballyhooed contest is that Johnson sold his picture rights a couple of weeks before the affair for only fifty grand.

With a colored victor, the value of those films approached the zero mark. They weren't exhibited anywhere south of the Mason-Dixon line, nor did they prove much of a box-office attraction anywhere else, as the U. S. Government promptly laid an embargo on their shipment from State to State. Had Jeffries won, the fight pictures would have been a gold mine for all who owned shares in them.

An evil odor also surrounded the staging of the Havana battle in which big Jess Willard restored the heavyweight crown to the white race by scoring a kayo over Johnson in twenty-six rounds. That was in 1915. Subsequently Johnson published a story over his signature in which he stated that he laid down to Willard for a "consideration." The original signed confession is in possession of Nat Fleischer, Editor of The Ring. He has it in his office files.

Many folks believed Johnson. Their convictions were strengthened by the pictures of the fight. In the final round, the film showed Johnson lying prone on his back, taking the final count. His right arm is thrown across his face, apparently to shield his eyes from the glare of the sun rays, which blazed down upon the open-air space where the bout took place in the afternoon.

Those who upheld the Johnson confession, claimed that a man kayoed on the square would be in no condition to worry over such a trivial matter as the exposure of his eyes to an annoyingly vivid light. And that particular angle to the Havana proceedings remains a bone of contention for the fight fans to pick over, even to the present day.

* * *

HOT arguments also took place over the knockout of Willard by Jack Dempsey at Toledo in 1919. Willard was floored seven times during the first three minutes of one-sided milling, during which he absorbed terrific punishment. The official timekeeper blundered, with the result that the bell saved Jess from being counted out. After the third round Willard's seconds jerked a towel into the ring, just as the bell rang for the fourth frame.

In the battle of recriminations which followed, Dempsey was charged with committing a foul by leaving the ring during the first round, when he thought Willard had been counted out. As Jess was badly cut up, the gossips also insisted that Jack had availed himself of the paris-plaster bandages racket which dated back to the second Fitzsimmons-Jeffries engagement. Mere twaddle, of course, but it didn't help the game any!

Georges Carpentier, who had suffered defeat by two American middleweights, Billy Papke and Frank Klaus, in France, in 1912, was brought over by Tex Rickard to meet Dempsey. They fought at Jersey City in 1921. It was a poor match from the strictly sporting standpoint, as Georges was too small for Dempsey, and had nothing in his record to mark him as a fit opponent for the Manassa Mauler.

But from the ballyhoo side, it was a peach! Carpentier had a fine war record, an aura of romance surrounded the handsome young Frenchman, he was a hero on the other side of the water, and the hard-working newspaper men, at the behest of their generous friend, Tex, soon made him an outstanding hero over here. Even that high-and-mighty czar of high-brow literature, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who had condescended to a certain degree of palship with Carpentier, endorsed the latter as a sure winner over Dempsey in a widely published article written in his own inimitable style.

* * *

PEOPLE remembered that Mr. Shaw had once put forth a novel entitled *Byron Cashel's Profession*, with a prizefighter for its hero, and some of them agreed that this entitled the author to rank as an expert in the world of slugdom. If they played this hunch by betting on Georges, they had keen cause to regret it.

For Carpentier proved an awful fizzle, just as the wise boys said he would be. He took the cold knock in the fourth round, being perfectly helpless before Dempsey's onsets. The gossips chortled gleefully that Jack pulled his punches in the three opening frames, having been requested by Rickard to "take it easy for a while" for the sake of the moving pictures of the fray, and this time the gossips were probably correct.

* * *

THE usual cry of "something doing" arose again in 1923, when Dempsey, instead of stopping Tom Gibbons, a much smaller and lighter man than the champ, only took a fifteen-round decision over him at Shelby, Montana. But that bout was on the up-and-up beyond a doubt. Quick-moving, scientific boxers always gave Dempsey heaps of trouble in comparison with Jack's exploits where big fellows of deliberate execution were concerned, and Gibbons was an exceptionally fine specimen of the scientist and ring-general type.

The gossips had more definite foundation for complaint with regard to the Dempsey-Firpo affair, which took place the same year as the Gibbons fight and resulted in a knockout victory for the champion in the second round.

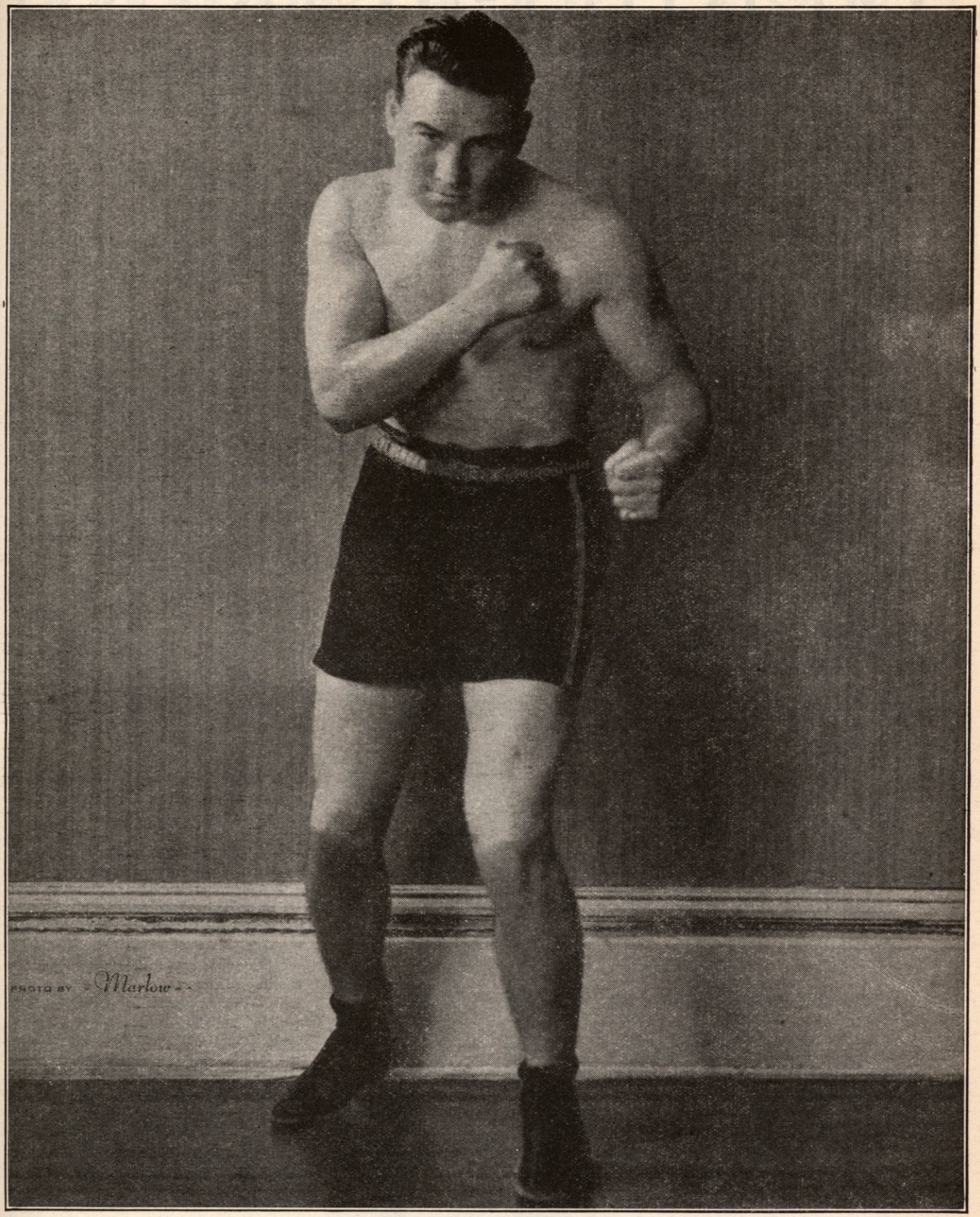
A right to the jaw sent Dempsey hurtling through the ropes in the opening session. It was argued that he was out of the ring more than ten seconds, was helped back in violation of all established rules, and fouled the South American not only by hitting him before Firpo was legally on his feet, but repeatedly stood almost over him, after Luis had been floored, instead of retiring to a proper distance from his fallen opponent.

However, Dempsey won, and when the fight films were shown the supposed fouls were not in evidence to any alarming extent. That, said the disgruntled ones, was entirely due to the producers, who, looking forward to Dempsey as a possible future source of income in picture-land, edited the films with loving care, eliminating any portions thereof which might have dimmed the popularity of the fistic idol of the day with the movie-going masses.

* * *

THE first Tunney-Dempsey encounter, in which Jack lost his title, staged at Philadelphia in 1926, gave rise to some queer talk in sport circles. Before the fight Boo Boo Hoff, Abe Attell, and the late Arnold Rothstein figured in several discussions which resulted in heavy betting on Tunney. Dempsey was badly beaten by the ex-marine, and, as might have been expected following such an unlooked for fistic upset, rumors were rife that the loser was doped. But the only dope utilized in that memorable engagement came *(Continued on page 45)*

THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN



Jimmy McLarnin, born near Belfast, Ireland, December 19, 1906. Height 5 feet 6 in., weight 145¾. One of a family of eleven children. Came to America at age of four. Home of parents, Vancouver, B.C. Schooled in boxing by Pop Foster, veteran of British rings who brought him through an amateur to the world's welterweight championship. Made pro debut in 1923. Has an impressive k.o. record. Knocked out Sid Terris, one round; Al Singer, 3; Ruby Goldstein, 2. Was k.o.'ed by Ray Miller, in 8. Knocked out Young Corbett in one round, Los Angeles, Cal., May 30, 1933, to win welter crown. Lost title to Barney Ross, N. Y., May 28, 1934, 15 rounds decision. Regained title from Ross, 15 rounds, September 17, 1934, in N. Y. Stopped Benny Leonard's comeback with 7-round k.o.—(The Ring's Album of Famous Fighters—No. 5.)

WEIGHT-MAKING

MEMBERS of the fistic division where Max Baer reigns as monarch have one advantage over the lesser sluggers—they don't have to worry about making weight. To those uninitiated in the inner mysteries of pugilism, this might appear of scant importance, but try telling that to some boxer who has to keep a watchful eye on increasing avoirdupois lest he should become an official outcast from the class where he has fought himself into prominence.

There are some lucky individuals whom Nature permits to grow to a certain poundage, and establishes them at that notch. They know to a pound or two just how much exercise is needed to enable them to scale in at their class-limit, and remain serenely comfortable in the knowledge that, so long as they are professionally active, they will never be haunted by the fear of unwanted flesh piling up on them.

On the other hand, there are many fighters who have to stick to a rigorous diet, even when out of training, and sweat their very souls out in strenuous road and gym work in order to keep their class-rating. It is, of course, mostly the youngsters who have trouble scaling in. Once an athlete reaches full physical maturity, he knows his limitations in the matter of making weight.

But a growing fighter may pass from one class to another by leaps and bounds, with unexpected speed, finding himself compelled to relinquish titles won by hard scrapping, because of increasing weight. It's no joke when a champ has to shed his crown and do the job all over again in a struggle to annex a new diadem.

* * *

A HISTORIC instance of a battler who began milling as a bantam and ended up as a heavyweight champion was Georges Carpentier, but such examples are comparatively rare. Usually a crack bantam who starts class-jumping doesn't get any further up than the welter mark, as was the case with Jimmy McLarnin, now king of that grade.

Barney Ross, who vacated his lightweight throne the other day, and is now matched for a third shot at McLarnin's title, didn't surprise the boxing critics any when he announced that he had outgrown the 135-pound division. It was an open secret that he had to work like a Trojan to make the weight in defense of his lightweight title.

When Ross stepped out of his class to take the welter laurels away from McLarnin in their first engagement, and when he lost on points to Jimmy in a second essay, Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, commented on each occasion that increasing poundage would inevitably force Barney into the ranks of the 145-pound boys, sooner or later. Later, this opinion, scouted at first by some of Barney's enthusiastic followers, who hoped to see him lightweight boss for many years, proved to be correct.

Ross would probably have preferred to remain as he was. The lightweight class has always been superior to the welter as a commercial proposition, although it would be difficult to explain why this should be the case. But when Barney tried to reach the 135-pound mark for Frankie Klick at Miami, just to satisfy himself that he could do so and retain his full strength, he failed. And again, when trained for Henry Woods in Chicago, he was still 136½ pounds. He could have made the 135 mark, but only at the risk of depreciated fighting power.

Being wise in his generation, Ross realized that the jig was up, so far as hanging on to that 135-pound crown was concerned, and so declared himself. It was the right decision to make. Far better than if Ross wore himself down attempting the impossible, and perhaps finally making an exit from the lightweight class via the kayo route, his strength gone and vitality sapped beyond redemption.

* * *

WHEN considering this scaling subject, one naturally thinks of the historic case of Joe Gans paring himself down to 133 (the then lightweight limit) for a contest with Battling Nelson, an imprudence which brought on physical decline which eventually caused the death of the great colored fighter.

But Gans was not the only scrapper to indulge in such damfoolishness. Other glove men have been equally indiscreet at different times, and suffered defeat and loss of prestige, even if they escaped the penalty of an early grave.

Few New York fight patrons will have forgotten that night in 1928 when Sammy Mandell defended his lightweight title against Jimmy McLarnin. The latter was well liked around the big town on account of his spectacular punching powers. He had but recently routed Kid Kaplan, and dropped Sid Terris in less than a round. Consequently Jimmy's admirers here backed him freely, and guffawed at the Chicagoans who had come to witness the bout, and were unanimous in expressing the sentiment that—"McLarnin couldn't hit Sammy with a buggy whip!"

Joe Gans, who killed himself by making weight for Battling Nelson.

But the laugh was all on the other side at the finish. For fifteen rounds Mandell outspeeded, outboxed, outgeneralled Jimmy, giving a superbly scientific exhibition. Sammy won by the proverbial mile. He was as fine a specimen of the athlete and boxing wizard on that occasion as Gotham had ever seen.

A couple of years later Mandell came on here to give Al Singer a chance at his title. In the interval he had developed a tendency toward putting on weight. He was a very busy scrapper, fighting incessantly, but most of the bouts were non-title shots, in which he didn't have to register at the 135-pound notch. However, it was getting to be a tough grind for him to make the lightweight championship limit, and he had been strongly advised to relinquish the crown, *a la* Barney Ross, and turn welter.

Had he done so, he would have made lots of trouble for the 145-pound leaders. But—there was more money to be made as a lightweight king, so he threw down the gauntlet of defiance to Dame Nature, who, despite her sex, has an awkward way of taming the fiercest slugger.

Mandell went into training for the Singer battle. Among the newspaper hacks who gave him the once-over at his camp was the writer and his then boss,

TAKES ITS TOLL

Many Champions Have Given Up the Title When They Found the Task Too Irksome and the Danger to Health Too Great

By GEORGE T. PARDY

Phocion Howard, publisher of the New York *Press*. Mandell had a couple of fever blisters on his lips. He showed no pep in his bouts with sparring partners, he was inclined to be sullen, not to say irritable. His trainer said this mood indicated Sammy was right on edge.

"Well," said Phocion, as we started for home, "they may kid themselves that he's right on edge, but I'm telling you Mr. Mandell is right on the bum. I've seen the inside doings of many training camps in my time, but I've never lamped a champion before that looked like a dry bone scorching in a desert sun. Why, that guy is all burned out! I wouldn't bet Confederate bills on him!"

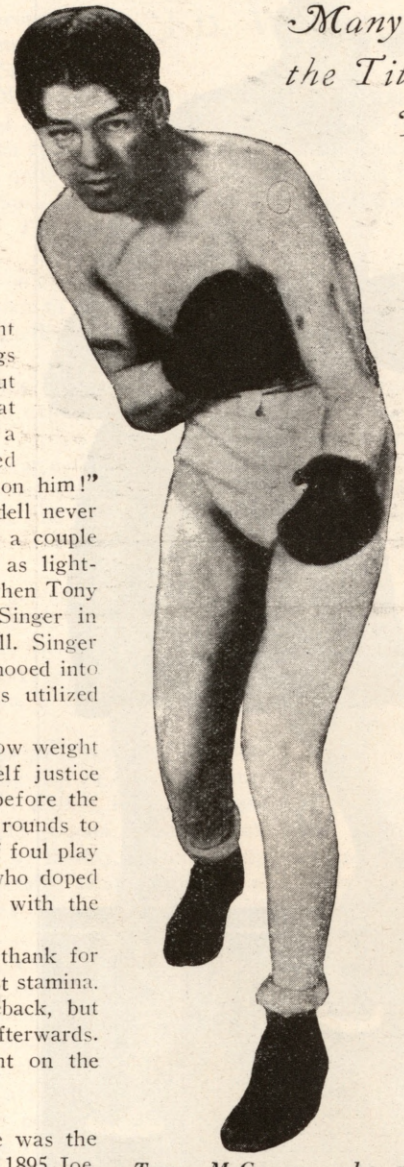
Phocion had the correct angle. Mandell never had a look-in, Singer stopping him in a couple of punches. The latter's short career as lightweight champion ended the same year, when Tony Canzoneri took the title by kayoing Singer in even quicker time than Al did Mandell. Singer was really a very ordinary boxer, ballyhooed into prominence by gross publicity methods utilized to boom him as a box office attraction.

It was his folly in trying to make a low weight at which he could no longer do himself justice that caused Mandell's swift downfall before the New York lad. A story that went the rounds to the effect that Sammy was the victim of foul play on the part of someone in his camp who doped him, got into print, but was received with the derision it deserved.

Mandell had nobody but himself to thank for his defeat, nor did he ever regain his lost stamina. He made several attempts at a comeback, but never amounted to much as a fighter afterwards. Many a good man has "lost his fight on the scales."

* * *

GOING back to the old days, there was the case of Joe Walcott. From 1890 to 1895 Joe, only a light welter, had been knocking out welterweights and middleweights with cheerful abandon and ease. He was such a comparatively little chap that his manager, Tom O'Rourke, conceived the idea that Joe might also prove a world-beater at the then lightweight limit of 133 pounds.



Terry McGovern, who relinquished the bantam crown when he found weight-making too dangerous to his health.

In pursuance of this notion, Tom matched Walcott with Kid Lavigne, who was just getting ready to take over the lightweight title from Jack McAuliffe, on the latter's retirement as an undefeated champ.

The Lavigne-Walcott affair was arranged at the lightweight class limit. In the early stages of the battle, Walcott gave Lavigne an awful drubbing, but Joe's strength ebbed swiftly away as a result of making the low weight. Lavigne, a miracle of endurance, took all the Barbados darky could hand out, and then rushed and battered him all over the ring, winning by a large margin.

Fortunately for Joe, this dangerous experiment in training down did not handicap him in the future. He was one of the few battlers who came through such an ordeal unscathed. But it must be remembered that Walcott in his prime was an abnormal physical specimen, the like of which the ring had never known before, and has never known since. No average man could have safely taken such a chance.

ANOTHER classic instance of overconfidence in ability to make a low weight occurred when Frank Erne, lightweight champ in 1900, entered into handicap match with Terry McGovern, king of the feathers. Erne agreed to make 130 pounds at 2 P. M. on the day of battle. He scaled in at the required mark, after drying out and generally suffering the tortures of hell in order to bring about the necessary reduction.

Only once, in the initial round, did Erne show a flash of his fighting prowess, when he dropped McGovern with a jarring left hook to the jaw. Terry was up quickly and tore in, as was his wont. Erne had shot his bolt in that one effort. He weakened rapidly, was hurled from post to post and rope to rope by the savagely rushing McGovern and finally outed in the third session.

It was the general opinion at the time that Erne never quite recovered from the strain of this ill-advised attempt to scale 130 pounds, so far as his scrapping powers were concerned. Tom Couhig, an ordinary type of fighter, held him to a draw a month later, and in the following year he lost his lightweight title by a one-round kayo at the hands of Joe Gans, nor did he ever regain his former prestige.

* * *

WHEN Johnny Coulon reigned as bantam champion, the former titleholder, Harry Forbes, started a comeback campaign under the management of Howard Carr, better known to the fistic intelligentsia as Kid Howard. In 1910 Forbes won seven out of eight engagements, and faced the champion in a ten-round, no-decision bout at Kenosha, Wis., the following year.

Coulon finished the stronger of the two, but Forbes' showing, taking his long retirement period into consideration, was very creditable to him. During the remainder of the year Harry was victor in eight hard battles. But these were fought at catch weights. In a return match with Coulon for the bantam title, it was necessary to scale at 115 pounds, the then bantam limit.

Forbes trained faithfully, but as the date of combat drew near, it was increasingly evident that he could not get down to the required mark by the employment of the usual methods. He was still five pounds overweight on the afternoon before the battle, and, in sheer desperation, spent the night in the hot-room of a Turkish bath.

That had the desired result as regards thinning him down, and he scaled in according to contract. But the after-effects were just what might be expected. Forbes, a great fighting man in his prime, was weak and listless when he entered the ring, and fell an easy victim to Coulon in the third round as the result of a knockout.

You simply cannot toy with Mother Nature. When forced reduction is made, it is bound to affect the person physically. That's why fighters are cautioned against it.

IT is to the credit of the good sense of a majority of the gladiatorial brotherhood that most of its members have preferred, like Barney Ross, to forsake a championship title and perform in a heavier class rather than run the risk of ruining themselves by taking a fool's trip over the deadly reduction route.

Both George Dixon and Terry McGovern resigned as respective champions of the bantam class, as soon as they found it too much of a grind to make the necessary weight, and tried successfully for the featherweight championship.

Tommy Ryan deserted the lightweight division in the early part of his career because of increasing weight, and fought his way to the head of the welter grade, which at that time called on its representatives to scale 142 pounds. Later Ryan became too heavy for the welters and essayed the middleweight class, where he figured as one of the most brilliant of its champions.

But there Tommy stopped. To the end of his fighting days he had no difficulty in making the middleweight class limit, although he frequently took on and defeated much bigger men at catchweights. No man was ever more careful of his health than Ryan, which is the reason why he remains hale and hearty to-day in his pleasant California home, as was pointed out by that nationally famous sport scribe, Ed Smith, in a recent RING article.

Ryan's greatest rival, the irrepressible Kid McCoy, was the sort of reckless type who would take long chances in life, as regards marital, gambling or fighting circles. But one chance the Kid wouldn't take—and that was sweating flesh off his bones to get inside a class where he didn't properly belong.

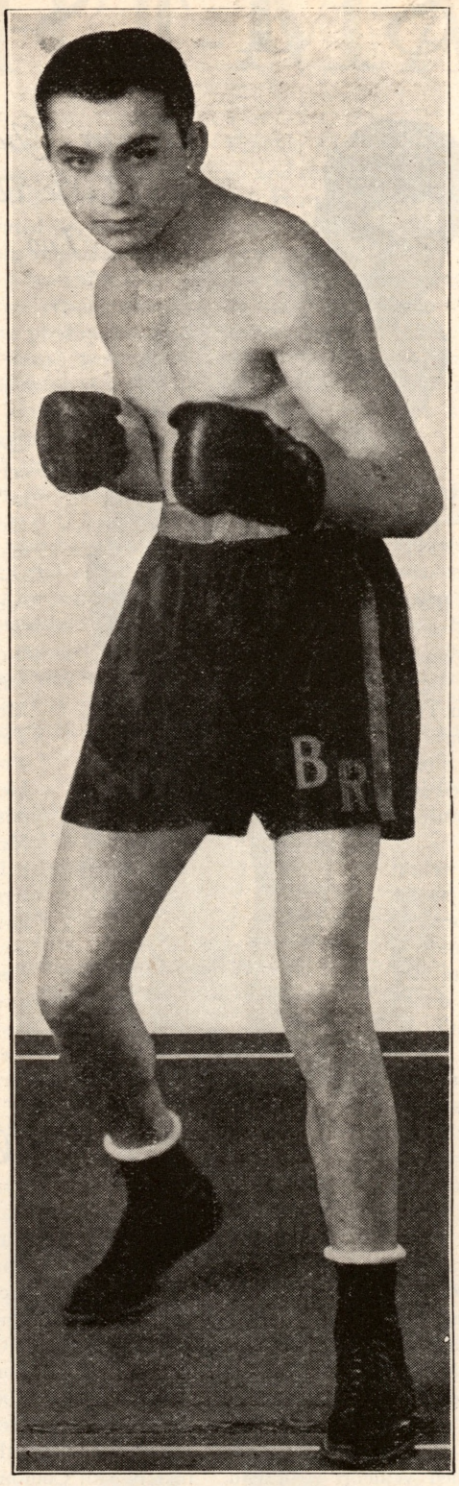
Like Ryan, the Kid graduated from the lightweight to the welter and went from the welter to the middleweight ranks. But, unlike Tommy, he outgrew the middleweights and finally cast his lot in with the heavies for good. Even when he might have still rounded into form as a middleweight by rigorously severe training, with a substantial purse in view, McCoy passed up the opportunity. He liked money all right, but preferred giving away weight in the ring to giving away vitality in the gymnasium.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS won the world's middleweight championship by beating Nonpareil Jack Dempsey at 154 pounds ringside. Those were the days when champions had no boxing commissions to interfere with them, and frequently added on a few pounds to their class-weights and got away with it. Fitz, finding the 154 ringside too low for his physical comfort, announced that he would defend the middleweight title for the future at 158, and the latter standard was universally accepted.

His last middleweight title defense took place September 26, 1894, when he kayoed Dan Creedon in two rounds at New Orleans. From then on to March 17, 1897, when he knocked out Jim Corbett for the world's heavyweight title in fourteen rounds, Fitz was practically a heavyweight. It has been customary for certain writers to refer to him as the man who held the heavyweight and middleweight titles at the same time, but this was not the case.

It is true that he was so billed during his theatrical exhibitions throughout the country after beating Corbett, but that was merely advertising ballyhoo. To the finish of his scrapping days he was nothing more in poundage than what is now known as light-heavyweight. But he was too shrewd an old fox to try any forced fights in the middleweight atmosphere, after once realizing that he couldn't safely do 158 pounds.



Barney Ross, who gave up the lightweight title rather than injure himself physically by making weight.

* * *

IF a man was ever tempted to make strenuous efforts in scaling at a perilously low weight, it must have been Young Corbett, after the latter knocked out featherweight champion Terry McGovern. That match was at catch weights, and while Terry's title was not involved, Corbett's victory led many of his enthusiastic admirers to refer to him as the champion of the feathers.

This was, of course, incorrect, and Corbett himself never tried to claim the title, saying that he was satisfied to be known as "the man who whipped McGovern." He wasn't many pounds over the feather limit, at that, and more than one famous trainer wanted to take him in hand with a view to getting him down to the actual mark.

Corbett, wisely, would have none of this. "Sure, I could make the weight," he said, "but I wouldn't have any punch left. And I'd sooner die decently than go to the morgue as a stiff worn out by trying to melt off fat that rightly belongs on me."

So Corbett went along milling in the lightweight class and shortly afterwards McGovern, having outgrown the featherweight ranks, followed suit.

* * *

ABE ATTELL was one of the fortunate ones who had to make only one weight-jump—out of the bantam into the feather class, where he reigned as king for years, and never had the slightest trouble in scaling at the necessary limit.

Harry Harris, a contemporary of Attell's, who beat Pedlar Palmer before the National Sporting Club of London, England, in 1901 for the world's bantam title, was the tallest of that division, standing five feet, eight inches, and still capable of making 115 pounds through years of campaigning.

In 1902 Harris decided that he had grown too heavy for the bantams and passed into the next higher grade, where he fought successfully for five more years, retiring undefeated as a featherweight. He persistently challenged Attell, but they never met, which was a pity, for both were fistic stylists of a scientific type unmatched in the present age.

In 1910 Mike (Twin) Sullivan, then recognized as welter champ, gave up the title on account of increasing poundage, and it was then claimed by Jimmy Gardner. Jimmy Clabby, another welter title claimant, withdrew from the class when he could no longer scale in at the official limit, and entered the middleweight division. In fact, there was really no welter recognized as legitimate champion from 1911 to 1913, for the good and sufficient reason that every claimant found, after a short trial, he couldn't make the weight as then set down—142 pounds.

Similar fluctuations occurred in the middleweight ranks. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was a *(Continued on page 64)*

Big Hank's Wallop

By ED. W. SMITH

A BIG, heavy-set chap, odorous of the farm and its intimate by-products, walked into Suey Welsh's office in Akron, Ohio, one day about four years ago. Suey was in the business of handling fighting men. He had had some strong odors of his own in his scheme of living.

"I'm a farmer," announced the caller, quite unnecessarily.

"I'm sure of it," replied the suave Suey, who threw open a couple of windows and tried to be polite. The general atmosphere seemed impossible for such.

"And I have a big burly son who won't work on the farm," pursued the stranger. "He don't even want to stay on it or even stick around home. He's a hellion, I'm a'tellin' ya. Whadja think of a boy like that?"

"Just couldn't say, and I don't get the point at all," gasped the staggering Suey. "Just what do you expect me to do about it?"

"You're a fight manager, ain't ya?" came the instant retort. "Well, get him some reg'lar ring matches and see if ya can't get his dam' fool head knocked off'a him, just to teach him some sense!"

* * *

SO Suey came into possession of a contract he craved in no way at all, a contract binding him to handle the business affairs of one Ellsworth Hankison for a period of years. Mind you, Suey had up to the moment never set an eye on Ellsworth Hankison of Lancaster, Ohio, a farm town a short distance from Columbus.

And when Suey first clamped his lamps on Ellsworth Hankison of Lancaster, Ohio, he knew immediately that he was managing considerable of a human being. "Hank" walked in a few days later and his 6 feet 4 of height and 215 pounds of solid meat filled the Welsh eye with a great deal of finality. Surmounting the whole thing was a face of considerable intelligence and a head that looked, surfacely at least, as if it might contain a considerable quantity of gray matter.

Hank's father had heard of Suey because of the numerous exploits of one K. O. Christner, then a rubber puddler who had been doing great things in the ring. Hence Suey just naturally fell heir to the Hankison chap. It happened at the time Jack Dempsey was making a sort of comeback tour of the country. Along in 1931, it was, and Ellsworth, a big, green hulking kid of about twenty—he's only twenty-four now—had a great deal of difficulty finding his way around the ring. Indeed, it is said that the first time he tried to get into one, he walked around looking for a gate!

But, as the old man had said, he liked to fight and took to it natively because he had been battling around country dance halls and picnics, had taken a lot of punching, and craved action.

So when Suey put him in with Primo Carnera for a four-round exhibition, he acquitted himself handsomely and a little later, in a two-rounder with the mighty Dempsey himself, spat out so savagely with his right hand that the once dreaded and dreadful Dempsey dropped to his knees in sheer amazement at the punching force displayed by the handsome young farmer kid. You see, Ellsworth Hankison looked good in the ring even before he knew a single thing about the gloves!

And before going farther with this tale of the Ohio farmer's sprout who just now is cutting a wide swath in the boxing affairs of the Pacific Coast, the family name is just that—Hankison—and not the generally accepted HankINson, as it has been allowed to go out. And the given name of Ellsworth is never used because Suey thought it a bit cumbersome for ring purposes, as it surely is. So the young giant is always known as Hank Hankinson. He's satisfied to let it go at that.

There is some German and some Scandinavian blood there, Swedish, Hank thinks, but all of it is Americanized. The entire family is of heroic size, the father being 6 feet 4¼ inches, which is Hank's exact size at the last measurements of the California commission. And Hank has a couple of brothers, each of whom is around the 6-foot-3 mark. Hank is the one in between. But they haven't the natural pugnacity exhibited by Ellsworth, being peaceable young chaps who study the business of tilling the soil. They hope some day to be rich farmers, despite all reports that there can't be any such animal in these days.

* * *

UNLIKE a lot of the big fellows of the present day, Hank never fought as an amateur. All of his pre-pro experience was had on the town's public campus. He put in a lot of his time licking Big Bill Eck, the town bully, every time he chanced to meet him on the street or elsewhere. Hank regarded that as great fun, and so did the neighbors. Eck could fight pretty well under his own rules, but it is not recorded that he ever decisioned Hank, any kind of rules or none at all.

Now Hank is a good boxer and a terrific puncher. He has an excellent left hook that he snaps over with a short, skilled motion, and he aims well with it. The right is not always swung in stevedore style but is now shortened up with a straight clip and plenty of drive behind it. Hank's so long and reachy that he's a darn formidable foe in any man's league at the present moment.

Hank is unusual only in the matter of size, being a likable, pleasant dispositioned chap in his home life when he has such—just a good-natured kid now that there are no more Big Bill Ecks around. His tastes are entirely normal and quite boyish.

* * *

OUT of the fifty-six fights in which he has engaged and duly recorded in ring history, only two of them went the limit of ten rounds. Both were with Hans Birkie, the big San Francisco German, who is known as one of the best—or worst—"spoilers" in the business. Hans can't lick a good man, but he can, and does, make a champion look bad trying to lick him. Hankison got both decisions against Birkie, both ten-rounders, and that's something pretty fair. Hans at least didn't "spoil" Hank.

Hank has been knocked out three times, each time in the very first round. Jack Scott, Ed Mosebar and Fred Feary were the men who did the dirty work.

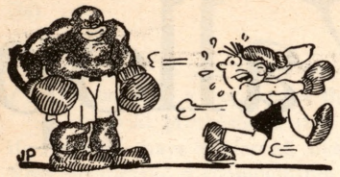
BUT—and this is a tremendous word used right here—Hank took each of them on in return bouts, knocked each of them plumb a'kickin', AND EACH TIME IN THE VERY FIRST ROUND!

This shows one thing quite plainly—Hank hops to the kill right away and it's him or the other feller without any funny business or fancy preamble! Hank sure possesses a monoxide wallop.

Out of the fifty-six fights in Hank's list, he scored fifty-one knockouts for a higher average perhaps than any other heavyweight in the business. Even Charley Retzlaff, whose record is great and against a better grade of competition scored only fifty-eight out of sixty-nine encounters, including his recent turn-up with Hank himself in which the latter scored a clean-cut K.O. in the early part of the second round. This was at Hollywood Legion Stadium in March and one of the season's sensations.

Jack Dempsey was famous for his knockout punch, amazed the world with it. Others have piled up astonishing records with the lethal rip to chin or ribs. Generally these records have been spread over a period of years. The late Young Stribling had 137 flatteners in more than 300 battles, but some of the victims never were heard of before or since.

George Chaney had an astonishing record for a little fellow with 102 of them in twelve years of battling. Stanley Ketchel also was a dreadful man with that finishing wallop but his percentage of K.O.'s was not of such a high percentage as either Hankison's or Retzlaff's.

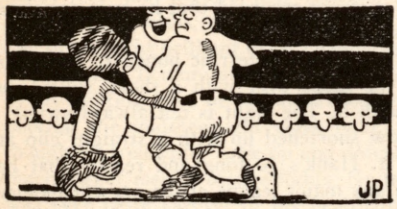


The RING'S

Shoutings and shootings! Pictures from far and near depict the New Deal in Boxing.

HEAVYWEIGHT excitement in the air. Shooting and shouting! Heavyweight fervor from coast to coast. Baer and Braddock. Carnera and Louis. And activity in the lesser divisions, as well. Ross and McLarnin. On top of Canzoneri and Ambers. There is new life in the old game, and THE RING'S Globe Trotter is glad to bring to you the news and the views of the fistic world, served to you a la carte or table d'hote, just as you wish, with or without caper sauce.

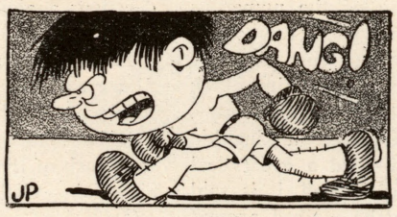
There is fistic shouting in the market places of the big cities, and there is fight talk where it has not been heard since the Rickard heyday. There is boxing conversation on the highways and in the byways, and THE RING'S Globe Trotter is pleased to record this rally of the aggressive spirits. In other words, there is something big doing in boxing at last, and the Globe Trotter is in a position to take you in for the "inside" dope.



And so, my friends, just sit back and relax, and keep your eyes glued on the screen, and your ears eager for the harangue. Ready. Let 'er go, Chumley.

* * *

Paris, France—International Federation Takes Heavyweight Title from Baer. Here we see the International Federation in solemn and august session in the ancient city of Paris. That silver thread you see through the window is the famous Seine. That structure you glimpse through another window is the Eiffel Tower. The birds whom you see in the meeting are anonymous cuckoos who take themselves very seriously and think they are running world boxing.



The International Federation, my friends, always has been the big laugh. The idea of a body in Paris running boxing for the universe is very funny, so we will take time out to snicker vehemently. The Federation is a fancy sounding organization, with a president in frock coat and striped pants, and a secretary in afternoon duds and a high hat. It is very much according to Hoyle, but as you gaze about you in this film, you will notice that the Federation is composed in the main of a lot of blank stares.

Up stands Mons. Volavent. He says, "Messieurs, this homme Americain, Baer, he does not fight our Pierre Charles, who is great fighter, so we will ask that the Federation International take the title from this homme Baer and give it to our so good fran Pierre Charles, and thus breeng back to that glorious France the championnat du monde she lose so disastrously when Carpentier lose to Dempsey."

"Hear, hear," says the member from London. Nobody seems to notice that Carpentier never lost the title to Dempsey because the Orchid Man never owned it to lose. However, the Federation International de Boxe does not intend to quibble about such small matters.

Of a certainty, Pierre Charles is entitled to the championship! It does not seem to bother the gents of the Federation that Baer used to make a bum out of Charles, when the Frenchman was Max's sparring partner. Alors, the Federation, etc., takes the vote, and Mons. Volavent's motion is carried with plenty to spare, thus making a stumble bum by the names of Charles the champion—in the office of Federation International de Boxe. Vive le Federation! Vive le boxe!

* * *

Asbury Park, N. J.—Max Baer is Shot! Turn on the heat, Chumley, because this is a hot film. It depicts the situation and environment at the time and place of the Great Baer Shooting. The film unfolds itself to the soft strains of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." The smoke is coming out of a little pistol with which the great Baer shot himself, or was shot, or half shot, or what have you.

As you all know, Baer was at Asbury Park to begin training, as it were, for the Braddock engagement. Training for Max means nothing that ever before was construed as training. Nowdays, when a heavyweight champion begins to get into shape, as it were, for a defense of the title he trains only as a sideline. The radio, the movies, and shootings come first. If time, training. If then.

Well, the picture shows Baer about to go through a radio broadcast rehearsal. Some day such things will be explained in so far as heavyweight champions in training are concerned. But, anyway, the big Baer is rehearsing and there is a huge pistol loaded with blank cartridges, which is used for sound effect. Of course, the big Baer must engage in hossplay with the pistol. There is a girl in the plot, too. See her in the background? Name is Peg La Centra.

Well, soon La Centra becomes La Centra of confusion, as Baer shoots hisself and La Centra, and the place goes into utter confusion. Ah, here is the ambulance! They rush the stricken champ off to a hospital to shoot him full of tetanus prevention. There is much hullabaloo over this picture. A lotta wise guys in New York say, "Who shot Baer? Which irate sweetie? Which irate husband? Which way to the booby hatch?"

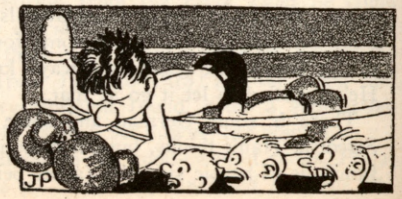
Well, it is a very interesting film, Chumley. Some day the radio folks will get wise and stop using blanks.

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Jack Doyle, the Irish Heavyweight, Marries Judith Allen. Yes, those are wedding bells you hear as this reel opens. It is Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" in bold and titillating strains, reminding many of our customers when they, too, walked the plank and heard those fatal—or rather, those sweet—words of the preacher man.

The film shows the wedding of Jack Doyle, who some time ago came here from Ireland to knock Max Baer all the way into County Sligo. The heavyweight from Dublin is marrying the former wife of Gus Sonnenberg, the erstwhile wrestling champion. The bride has been in films. As you note, she is easy to see, good to look upon.

But, with all of her beauty, with all of the good looks of the bridegroom, 'tis a strange picture we are seeing, m' lads, and 'tis strange moosic we are listening to, whin ye bestir yerself to think that this broth of a bhoy Doyle comes to this country not to get a bride but to get some place in the hivvyweight class.



'Tis the Irish in the house who sit back whin

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

the film is shown and think they see Doyle with the ring mitts on, and expect to hear the savage strains of aggressive moosic. But Doyle in swallow tails, smiling like a tenor in a night club, he is,—all dental, as it were, with his hair slicked down, and the moosic is the "Weddin' March" and not the "Cruishkeen Lawn" or "They'll Be Hanging Paddy In the Marnin'." Wurra, wurra, times has changed and what are we coming to?

It used to be that when an Irish heavyweight came to this country he lost no time in getting into a ring. Sometimes he was a fistic phoney, sometimes he was a coming champ, sometimes he was a fair to middling fighter like Jim Coffey. And when Peter Maher comes here he doesn't go around night clubs with Lillie Langtry. He puts on a pair of gloves and announces he is fighting.

This Doyle bhoy jumps off the boat and starts making the rounds with Peggy Joyce and minny another gal of the gay night, the stage and the cinema.

'Tis a sign of the times, no doubt, as the champion Baer himself is something of a playboy. But the time to play, if you want to play, is after you get the sugar to play with, Johnny bhoy!

'Tis a strange idee I have, that this Doyle is no fighter at all, at all, but a movie guy in disguise, a sort of fistic hoax. Because so far this Doyle does not act like a fighter, but he goes about like an actor. And if actor he is, he has the looks. If fighter he really be, he'd better get busy and prove it, or Dublin gets a black eye among the fistic fans of the N.R.A.

Whist, m'lad, put on the mitts and let us have a go at it. 'Tis Doyle you hear now. "I will prove I am a fighter," he says.

"Ain't he just married and won't he have to prove it?" laughs Paddy.

Nivver a truer word said. Let's get on with it!

* * *

London, England—Wembley Stadium Approved for Baer-Schmeling Fight—Ah, another meeting. This one in London. You will note the historic Thames flowing through the righthand corner of the picture. The bit of a structure you glimpse on the other side is the London Tower. But, na then, let's have a go at it! 'Tis the Board of Control of the Wembley Stadium, seating 120,000 for a fight, which we view in session, approving the idea of a Baer-Schmeling fight in that arena in August.

The gentleman in the foreground is Herr Rothenberg, the German promoter, who is to run the fight if it ever is held. Seems like strange business, indeed, for jolly old Britain—an American battling a German, for a German promoter, and the blooming fight, ye know, held in England!

I wonder what the Home Office thinks of that? What it thinks of foreigners coming in and taking all that ready money out of Merrie England—if ever the fight is held, and there is any ready scratch to be removed.

'Tis strange, indeed, that no English heavyweight is offered for the sacrifice. Where are all the Bombardier Wellses? Where are the Gunner Moirs? Where are the Iron Hagues? Shades of Sayers and Charley Mitchell!

Well, the film goes on to show what you see, a lot of blokes talking about something that seems in the distant future, if there. Jolly, I call it. Adios, Wembley!

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Seek Title Fights on High Seas. This film was done in the offices of Billy Duffy, the suave part-time manager of Carnera. 'Tis a strange idea this Duffy has. He insists he is not talking through his hat, but has something in the fire, or on the frying pan. His idea, as he will expound it to you, is to hold championship fights on big liners away out at sea. Sort of reviving the old bare knuckle days without the old days of the bare knuckles.

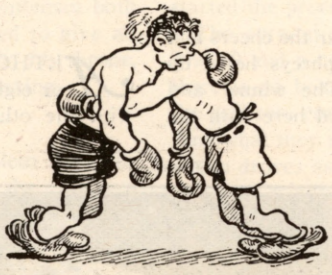
Here you have an ocean liner. Well, she can accommodate say, 5000 folks. Suppose you charged $200 a ticket for the cruise and the fight. Duffy seems to think it is 1925 and not 1935. Well, the boys and the girls go on board and we take them for a ride. They have to eat and drink, especially drink, for a few days to get into the swing of the thing.

Where do they eat and drink? Why, right on this big tub, m'lad, at Mr. Duffy's night club prices. And say, why not a big night club on the floating arena? The Silver Slipper or something, and lotta cash and wine flowing and all that sort of nonsense.

It sounds very alluring and the boxing writers no doubt would welcome the opportunity to report such goings on—a heavyweight fight out at sea, and everybody thumbing his nose at the boxing commissions and everything else. Wouldn't it be funny if everybody got so stiff they forgot to hold the fight?

Some hot music, professor. "A Latin from Manhattan." Or, "Miss Otis Regrets."

* * *



Cleveland, Ohio—Baer gets a big surprise. Here we have some shots of the four round exhibition which Max Baer staged in Cleveland against Eddie Simms. Watch the pictures closely. This is supposed to be a little warmup for the champ, and Simms is supposed to be just a stumble bum as a foil for the great Lothario.

Round One:— Simms rushes from his corner and cops the champ with a left to the jaw, and the champ holds on. The champ looks askance. Simms rushes and lands a left and a right to the whiskers, and Baer gets very funny. He sticks out his jaw and laughs. It is very funny now. Simms cops him with a right to the schnozz and the smile comes off.

Rounds Two and Three:— Same as round one, only Baer does not stick out his jaw again.

Round Four:—Simms lands a left and a right, a left and a right, a left and a right. No, this is not the March of the Wooden Soldiers. Baer is puffing. He is not in shape, m'lads, and he is having the time of his life. He grins and grins, and the folks say, "Well, it is interesting, anyway. This Baer is a great showman. He can put it on."

Well, folks, the picture you have seen is only too true. Baer tries the best he can and he perspires red corpuscles until he hears that welcome gong ending it all. Simms gives this Maxie boy a fight, and no fooling. And the champ gets a sprained thumb.

"I Remember You" on the victrola, professor. "Yes, indeed, I Do."

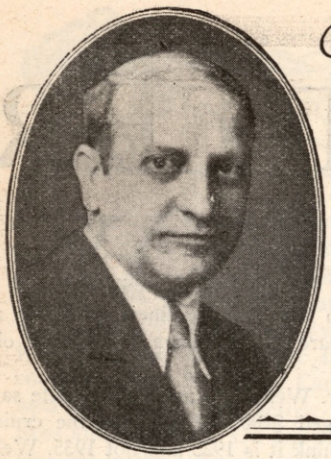
* * *

New York, N. Y.—Ross Challenges Ambers-Canzoneri Winner. Well, folks, there never is a dull moment in this business of boxing. This film shows you Barney Ross, who had the lightweight title and gave it up, challenging the winner of the Ambers-Canzoneri fight, for the lightweight title. Now, Chumley, do you make any sense of all this? If Ross wanted the title, why did he turn it in?

The entire proceedings, the whole film, seems typical of the devious ways of the Persians and the Medes, the fighters and their managers.

You see, Chumley, while Ross is busy explaining how he wants to fight the Canzoneri-Ambers

(Continued on page 42)



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Canzoneri Disproves Old "Comeback" Adage Sets Record by Regaining Lightweight Title McCluskey's Usefulness as Commissioner Gone

"THEY can't come back!" That was the expression generally heard wherever fight fans congregated and discussed the Canzoneri-Ambers battle during their training period. On the day of the fight, the consensus of the fistic experts seemed to agree with the trend of arguments by Johnny Public, for only two writers in New York, Bill Corum and Joe Williams, expressed themselves in favor of Canzoneri as against the youth who was to oppose him to decide which of the two should wear the mantle tossed aside by Barney Ross. Well, folks, it is history by this time that Tony threw the harpoon into the experts by winning as pretty a battle as was ever waged and establishing ring history by being the first lightweight to regain the title he had previously lost.

Three hours before the two gladiators entered the ring to decide the issue, I was booked to discuss that fight for fifteen minutes over Station WNEW of New York, of which I am the fistic commentator, and this is what I said:

"In a few hours after this broadcast you will hear the cheers and the boos as clarion-voiced announcer Joe Humphreys holds up the hand of Tony Canzoneri and proclaims, 'The winner and again champion, Tony Canzoneri.' I go on record here with the statement that Tony will beat Ambers and surprise the critics who have been digging his fistic grave. I fully realize that youth and stamina will count considerably in tonight's battle, and in that Ambers has a huge margin over Tony, but I cannot toss aside the fact that Canzoneri is an extremely clever boxer, and as for socking, there isn't a harder hitter in the lightweight class than Tony. He'll win either by a knockout or by several knockdowns."

And that, folks, is exactly what happened when Tony and Lou met.

* * *

THE old maxim, "They never come back," failed to ring that night because Tony's ten years of ring experience proved too great a handicap to the lad who was so hotly favored. Tony gained a niche in the Fistic Hall of Fame by winning his fourth championship, if we are to accept the junior lightweight title, which at the time he won it, was generally recognized by commissions throughout the country.

As I had predicted, Tony's fists were packed with power. His ring experience enabled him to outmaneuver, outbox and outhit his rival. In fact, he made Lou fight the battle that Tony wanted, and thus Ambers was deprived of much of the ammunition he has displayed in his rapid climb towards the top. Back in 1928, Canzoneri won the featherweight title, and then he annexed the junior lightweight crown and dropped Al Singer with virtually one punch to win the lightweight championship, which he lost later to Barney Ross.

Canzoneri narrowly missed knocking out Ambers in the third round, when he amazed the spectators by spilling Ambers on all fours with a terrific blow, a jarring left hook following a right uppercut. Ambers showed his lack of experience when he failed to remain down for more than a count of two. He jumped right into another right to the chin that spilled him for the second time for the same count. Had the round not been almost over when the second knockdown came, Tony might have ended proceedings then and there, for he had Lou on Uneasy Street.

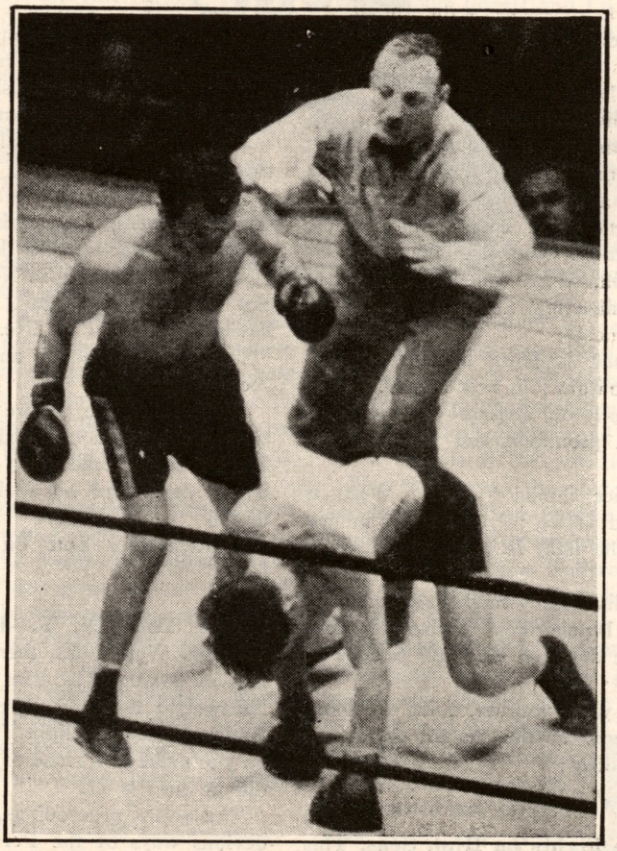
* * *

ALTHOUGH most of the critics gave Tony either seven or eight rounds and handed from four to six for Ambers, with the others even, my scoring showed Canzoneri with ten rounds, two even and three for Ambers, but that does not prove that Ambers didn't give Tony a hot battle. It was one of those mills that kept the spectators on edge from start to finish. Tony was careful not to shoot his bolt because he fully realized that if he tired perceptibly, he would be out of luck.

He took things easy and rested in between flurries of punches to reserve energy. Seldom did he really have to extend himself. At times Canzoneri treated his opponent with the utmost indifference and from the tenth through the fourteenth round, when Ambers showed at his best, Tony was as cool as a cucumber.

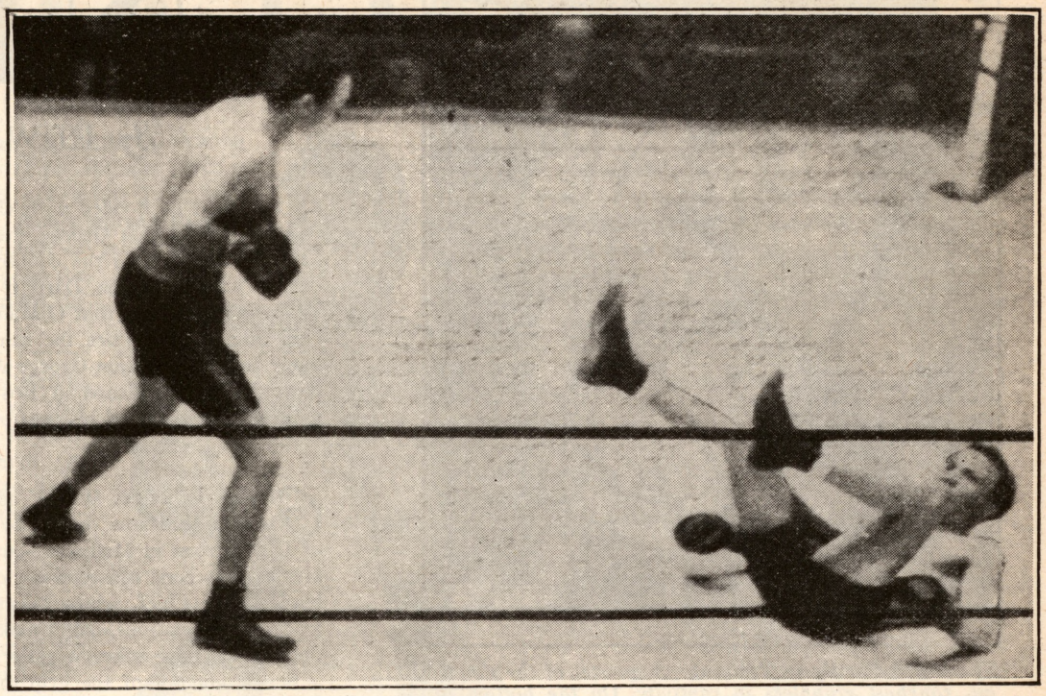
That coolness had a tremendous psychological effect on Lou. He had expected to ruffle Canzoneri and instead, he found an iceberg in front of him. Tony kept in mind at all times that for quite a spell before Ambers blossomed forth as a lightweight menace, Lou had been Tony's sparring mate, and throughout the contest, Canzoneri performed the part of the teacher while Ambers continued to remain the pupil as during the lean days of his career.

It was the story of the master and the pupil, and as is usually



This is the second knockdown in the third round of the Ambers-Canzoneri fight in Madison Square Garden, in which Tony regained the lightweight title.

the case, the master held the upper hand. Ambers proved his courage, but that was insufficient to win the crown. Tony paved the way so that he would not feel the strain and, unlike his usual battle stance, he assumed the flat-footed stance, that made famous by such world-renowned ring warriors as Jack Johnson, Joe Gans and Bob Fitzsimmons. The Herkimer Whirlwind, as Ambers is called, came leaping forward, only to find his opponent all set for the counter. In fact, Ambers was so checked by Tony's stance that he was unable to do much leaping. Just by way of proving he was the master, Tony dropped Lou for the third time in the final session with a terrific right cross.



When Tony Canzoneri's jarring left followed a right uppercut and sent Lou Ambers on his back in the third round. Ambers took a count of two.

The war-worn ring veteran, who has tasted the bitter and the sweet in boxing, and who now enjoys the luxury of the boxer who has saved and wisely invested his earnings, has returned as ruler of the division, and none begrudge him his success. A gentleman both in and out of the ring, a fighter who has never failed to give all that is within him to protect the public, Tony sits on his throne, while the world acclaims him the miracle man of boxing.

* * *

THE defeat of Joe Ghnouly of St. Louis by Cleto Locatelli of Italy in Chicago a few weeks ago, places the Italian a step nearer the top of the contender class in the lightweight division. Cleto is a good fighter and has been improving with regularity since coming to this country. Tony outpointed Locatelli in 1933, but should he meet the foreigner in a return engagement, he will find the going a little tougher.

Although the Illinois Boxing Commission a few weeks ago pronounced Canzoneri No. 1 man among the challengers for Ross' title, and placed Davey Day, stablemate of Barney, as No. 2, and Ambers No. 3, Locatelli No. 4, and Joe Ghnouly No. 6, now that Tony has decisively defeated Ambers and Locatelli has dispensed with Ghnouly, the Illinois board has gone on record as refusing to acknowledge Canzoneri the successor to Ross. Why? Pure politics.

Jealousy is the cause. The board naturally is peeved at one of its boys abdicating the title, and now wants Day to be given a chance to bring back the crown to Chicago.

There can be no doubt about the right of Canzoneri to wear Ross' mantle. He is by far the outstanding lightweight in the world. Let's be fair, Messrs. Illinois Commissioners. Give credit where credit is due.

* * *

A STOCKY little Irishman, Joey Archibald, shared with Canzoneri the honors in the Garden's closing indoor fight. Joey, making his New York debut, gained a place for himself when he knocked out Joe Brown of Syracuse in the second round after gaining the plaudits of the eighteen thousand persons by his flashy performance in the first session. Archibald will be heard from ere long. He is the type of fighter the fans like to see.

Bobby Pacho, the California lightweight who sprang recently into prominence by holding Leonard Del Genio to a draw, likewise gained a place in the hearts of the fans by his fine showing against Jackie Brady of Jersey, whom he battered into submission in the fifth round. In fact, so well a balanced card as the Garden presented for the final indoor show has not been seen at any time in the past two years. It was a humdinger of a card and a splendid final. The Jerry Mazza-Julie Katz bout, a mill full of action, started the proceedings and thereafter there wasn't a let-up.

The turnout of 17,433 paid admissions for a gross gate of $49,000 and a net of $44,000, proves what I have so often said—there is no boxing depression. The poor attendance at fights in the past two years has been brought about by poor cards. Give the fans what they feel will be a good show and you'll have them turn out in droves as they did for the Canzoneri-Ambers tilt.

Before winding up on the Garden fight, I feel that we owe a vote of thanks to the New York Commission for its activity in paving the way for the championship fight. Had the Commission not forced the issue and compelled Ross either to defend his title or to abdicate, we would not have had the Canzoneri-Ambers bout. The Commission likewise should receive a bouquet for having built up two strong contenders in Canzoneri and Ambers to assure a titular bout in the lightweight division.

* * *

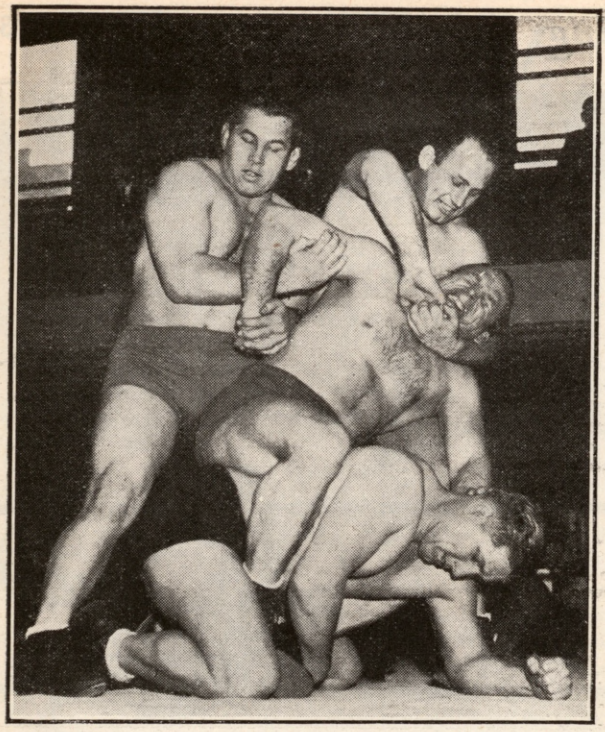
WHEN Eddie McCluskey, who is well known to the old-timers in boxing as a former pugilist who later became mayor of his burg and more recently was named chairman of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, charged several newspapermen with being on the payroll of Ray Fabiani, wrestling promoter, he got himself into a peck of trouble both with the newspapers and the Governor. Governor George H. Earle took cognizance of the charges by suspending the Mayor of Johnstown for a month and ordered McCluskey to make a written apology to each of those whom he had accused.

It seems to me that if Eddie had the goods on any of the scribes who he thought were injuring the sport by accepting bribes, the proper thing for him, as Mayor of Johnstown and Boxing Commissioner, would have been to file official charges with the newspapers which employ these scribes, rather than to attack the character of the men without having any evidence to back his charges. The best thing McCluskey can do for boxing now, if he still feels like helping the sport, is to resign his post. Owing to the suspension and the humiliation which the Governor's act has heaped upon the Commissioner, his value as a boxing legislator is passe. He no longer can hold the respect of those whose duty it is to supervise.

Candidly, I feel that Governor Earle placed himself in as ridiculous a position as has McCluskey. For a governor to publicly chastise his appointee with the *(Continued on page 42)*

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL



The Dusek Family in Training—A quartet of the toughest, roughest grapplers in captivity. On the bottom of the group is Emil and above him is Rudy, the king of the family wrestlers. Joe is trying to strangle Rudy and Ernie is trying to break Rudy's wrist. Some fun!

THE Eastern exodus of top notch wrestlers to the Pacific Coast has begun. The boys who have been flinging each other out of the ring during the winter months in New York, have taken their orders and gone west where among other matches in which they will appear, are those in Lou Daro's "championship" tournament in which the Indian, "Chief Little Wolf" will most likely be crowned king of the Curley-Daro etc. group. And all because Jim Londos, who has held the championship for several years, has outlived his drawing power in New York and won't consent to giving up his crown without being amply rewarded for his generosity nor will he consent to gamble with the Indian unless assured that his title will remain intact.

Thus again, mates, we find those in control of the wrestling sport, making a huge farce out of the game and crowning and uncrowning title holders at will. What a farce this wrestling game has come to, is evident when one takes into consideration the number of so-called champions who are parading the universe.

Before the arrival in this country of Danno O'Mahoney, an ordinary wrestler, who, with gigantic publicity, has packed 'em in wherever Irishmen abound, it was decreed that Londos and Ed Don George would wrestle for the championship in Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund Show in New York City and that win or lose, Londos would receive a handsome sum. It was reported from reliable sources that Jemmy demanded $100,000 to relinquish the title, and that the Curley-Bowser-Fabiabi-Mondt-Daro group that control the sport in this country, ruled against such a fabulous sum.

* * *

THEY balked, primarily, because Londos refused to clash with Chief Little Wolf in California, an Indian who is the best headliner in California and is managed by Mondt. When Londos ran out of the match, Daro, playing politics, induced the California Boxing Commission to suspend Londos, oust him from his high post as champion and to arrange the elimination tournament to select Jemmy's successor. Of course that elimination, as was expected, has been a cut and dried affair, with none permitted to compete unless he was in good standing with those in control of the wrestling sport in this country.

Thus Londos again will lead his own group of matmen as he did before he made peace with Jack Curley last year, and again the field will be flooded with champions. Besides Londos, there still will be Ed Don George, the New Englander, who is recognized in that part of the country and the third title holder will be the winner of the Daro tourney, most likely, Chief Little Wolf. It is probable that O'Mahoney will be crowned New England title holder before the summer is over, for it seems most likely that he and Don George will clash and as O'Mahoney is a powerful drawing card in Boston and other Irish centers, he will relieve George of his part of the world championship.

* * *

CHIEF LITTLE WOLF advanced a step nearer the heavyweight title now owned by Jim Londos, when he disposed of Dick Shikat in Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago for his twenty-second consecutive victory since coming to the Eastern border. The Chief, whose "death grip" is his chief asset, contrary to expectations, didn't make Shikat quit when the hold was obtained as have other wrestlers done.

Shikat got out of the grip three times and finally succumbed to a body hold.

* * *

Danno O'Mahoney made a hit with the California fans a few weeks ago when he engaged in a splendid exhibition with Joe Malcewicz of Utica. Danno may not be a top notcher of the rank of Shikat, Pojello, Sherry, Steinke, Lewis, George and Londos, but he does give the fans a good run for their money and he can give and take. All that Danno needs to make of him a first call grappler, is to have him perfect a few more holds. He lacks science but is aggressive and full of fight. That's all in the Irishman's favor.

Danno's appearance in this country has helped the sport considerably. He and Chief Little Wolf brought about a revival of interest at a time when the game needed new blood badly.

* * *

Mike Mazurki, former star football player of Manhattan College, continues to do his wrestling stunts on the Coast. Mike is getting plenty of work in California.

* * *

JUAN HUMBERTO, the Argentinian who appeared in the East for a time, is one of the large group of California invaders. On the Coast everything is allowed, and that's why the boys find it easier to please the spectators than in the East. Only in Boston, where the boxing commission has no say in wrestling, is the game rougher than in Sunny California. Incidentally, we often wonder why the legislature of Massachusetts doesn't place wrestling under commission rule as in New York. When one considers that wrestling in Boston outdraws boxing four to one or more, we cannot conceive the legislature and the citizens of the Bay State letting the taxes from licenses, promotion etc. get away from them. The sport should be under commission control, the same as is boxing.

* * *

Jim Londos doesn't mind being ostracized by the group which brought him back into the fold a year ago only to kick him out again when he wouldn't play ball with the master minds. He continues to ply his trade throughout the country and is making more money than any other man in the business. Jemmy is a wealthy man and doesn't have to take his orders from any dictatorship. Only a few weeks ago, the popular Greek wrestled in Minneapolis and 11,100 fans packed the hall. It was the biggest gathering seen in that part of the country for a wrestling match. Londos downed Ray Steele in an hour and 37 minutes.

of the MAT WORLD

JACK CURLEY attended the California elimination tournament as guest of Lou Daro. He was given a king's reception. Many years ago, when Jack went to the Coast with some fighters, things weren't so nice. On that occasion the Police Captain of San Francisco invited Curley to come from the hotel for a little chat, and when Jack arrived, he was politely informed:

"Mr. Curley, there is a train leaving here at 2 o'clock, Kindly make certain that you and your fighters are on that train, or you will all have a little to think about in the jug." And Jack obeyed. On his latest trip, however, Jack was dined and wined, and made a hit with the California sportsmen.

* * *

The recent affair in Boston in which Jack Dempsey received a mauling at the hands of Ted Germaine of South Boston, has again brought forth the question of superiority in a match between a wrestler and a fighter. Apparently Jack's haymaker didn't help him much against the crotch and body holds of his opponent, for Germaine made Jack look like a novice as he manhandled the former heavyweight king.

The 4000 spectators were amazed at Germaine's pluck for he is the first wrestler who scored over the former Manassa Mauler who hitherto has taken extreme liberties in socking the wrestlers who wouldn't obey him when Jack was refereeing. Germaine explained that he was tired of being bulldozed by Dempsey, the referee.

"He comes out to wrestling shows and tries to make a monkey out of the competitors. He socks us, pushes, ribs us and what not, and I decided I wouldn't stand for that nonsense any longer. I also wanted to prove to the audience that a wrestler is superior to a boxer in a match in which each uses his speciality and I think Jack will have to admit that I did a mighty fine job of it."

But Jack came back with the statement that he will offer his services gratis as referee for a Boston show if Germaine will be on the card and that he will show Ted up to the Queen's taste if he ever attempts again what he did at their first meeting.

Well, here's a chance for a promoter to make a heap of coin. Bill Jack against Ted in a wrestler vs. boxer contest.

* * *

DIXIE Doin's by Bernice Sandboe—We'awl had some excitement down here t'other night. Young Daniel O'Conners, of the Boston O'Conners, took a nose dive out of the ring, landed on his head and came up a raving maniac.

Maybe he didn't rave, but anyway all Danny needed was a barker to call "Step right up folks—who'll be next!?" for O'Conners went about at a rapid clip, eliminating all persons within range of his fist.

Referee Jack League was standing by the ropes nonchalantly counting over Dan, when he fell out, and maybe Jack wasn't surprised to have Dan stalk up to him and plant a big fist on his jaw! Jack went sailing into slumberland and stayed out for quite a length of time.

Next came Orville Brown (Danny's originally scheduled opponent) and Dan put him away in a twinkle. From then on it was just one right after another—courageous souls who lept into the ring with the intention of soothing the "fighting Irish" only to receive a sock on the jaw for their trouble.

* * *

But every li'l story must have a hero and it's Cowboy Dick Raines who takes the orchids in this one. Who knows but what Danny would have gone on socking everyone in sight, but for Dick. With six or seven men strewn around the ring, all very muchly subdued and Danny snarling a fierce King Kong snarl and looking about for new punching bag material, Dick tripped nobly up, weathered a coupla stiff punches and finally got a headlock and hung!

He clung to O'Conners like a cowboy bulldogs a steer and finally several officers dashed to the scene of mayhem and snapped handcuffs on the wild-boy while someone else tied a towel around his ankles. Thusly manacled and with the assistance of several men Daniel O'Conners was escorted from the ring and to his hotel room, where he came to some time later.

Jim Londos who has broken away from the Big Five in wrestling in America and will soon find himself minus his title in states controlled by that group.

Sum fun, I'll say. Wrestling in this neck of the woods is purely cave man stuff.

* * *

Another high spot of the evening (we may not have much scientific wrestling down this way folks, but we certainly have excitement!) occurred during the Doc Sarpolis-Dick Raines prelim. Dick felt a little playful, so he tucked some black pepper in his trunks to tease the Doc with. However, after several applications, Doc figured it was his turn to tease and borrowed some of Dick's pepper and rubbed it all over the Texas Cowboy's nose. And then did Dick have fun sneezin'!

Every time he would get in the middle of a good hold, Dick would come up with a spasm of sneezes. However, between sneezes, both wrestlers did put on a fine exhibition of aggressive (Dick Raines) and defensive (Doc Sarpolis) wrestling.

* * *

If Chief Chewchki, Karl Davis and some other roughies could

see the fiery little ruffian we have here now, they would certainly make shame. Bob Wagner, a goodlooking youngster from Portland, is surely the tops when it comes to dishing it out.

* * *

From California comes news that Nat Pendleton, former wrestler and now a well-known motion picture player, recently challenged Man Mountain Dean, stating that he could throw Dean 10 times in a hour. And if he didn't make good his boast, says Nat, he would donate $1000 to charity. Also Nat said that he would back a certain middleweight wrestler whose identity would remain unknown until he entered the ring, in a battle against Dean and would forfeit $1000 if Dean won.

Which reminds me that folks were mistaking Jack Oakie for Man Mountain Dean, while Oakie was working on the "Call of the Wild" set. Jack gained 30 pounds and grew a beard.

* * *

Bob Wagner, fast becomng the local bad-man Champion, lost another bout on disqualification to Paul Jones. Bob holds the unique record of having been disqualified every time he has appeared here. In spite of this, however, he has made a big hit with the fans.

* * *

Tex Wright, popular Dallas heavyweight, took the final count after a spirited match with "The Terrible Turk" in Greely, Colorado. The bout went to a draw, and although there seemed to be no ill effects, Wright died a few minutes later. Tex then went to New York to compete on the Shikat-Chief Little Wolf card.

* * *

Fair play took a holiday again at the town hall, and young Dan O'Connor fouled his way to victory over Doctor Karl Sarpolis. The dirty work started after each man had taken a fall. The Irishman was groggy from a series of short arm jabs to the head and commenced slugging right and left. A couple of low blows had Doc writhing on the mat, and referee Jack League chose to ignore this, and awarded the match to O'Connor.

* * *

Bob Wagner, the big bad boy from Washington, was well on his way to giving Orville Brown a thorough trouncing when Referee League stopped the match and disqualified Wagner. Bob tossed Brown out of the ring repeatedly, and then before he could crawl back, would kick him out again. Although the fans seemed to get a big kick out of this, Referee League and Orville didn't think so much of it, and so little Orvie was given the match.

* * *

Paul Jones, recently turned villain, slugged his way to win over George Hills, and Don McIntyre held Pete Schuh to a draw in the prelims.

* * *

Wrestling Notes by Jimmy Amann from Ohio—Johnny Stote, recognized in many states as the undisputed world's welterweight champion will leave his present headquarters, Tulsa, Okla. for a short timed jaunt around Toledo and Canadian states, returning back about the first or middle of June. It is Johnny's intention to grab off a challenge to the Duke Finnegan-Jack Reynolds "title" tilt at Louisville, Ky. on Derby night and Johnny claims he will be satisfied with even the loser of this match as he is sure of a victory over either Reynolds or the new champ, Finnegan, as it would establish him more firmly as champion. Reynolds has "ducked" the speed boy from Schenectady on two occasions the past three years. They have never met.

* * *

Charlie Carr, Shreveport, La. junior light heavyweight champion, which laurels he won two years ago in a Ft. Wayne, Ind. tournament is challenging both LeRoy McGuirk, Midget Fischer, duo light-heavy champs, and Gus Kallio, middle crown bearer. Charlie claims he can make either of the divisions and will be champion if any other three consent to take a chance with him.

* * *

Just pick-ups! . . . . One sees and hears Dean, the Man Mountain, for a few seconds in the Jean Harlow-Bill Powell picture, "Reckless," and oh! what a voice for a mountain! . . . . he'd better stick to pantomime . . . . don't miss the movie short, "Pardon My Grip," with Jeemy Londos, Ray Steele, Abie Coleman, Dean, Everette Marshall, Lou Plummer and Howard Cantowine.

Doc Sarpolis was in a bad automobile accident a few weeks ago . . . . however, he wasn't badly hurt . . . . just a few cuts . . . . the Chief Chewchkis call their little four-year-old son "Fifi" . . . . "Fifi" has the cutest little bulldog named "Skippy" for a playmate . . . . the Chief played in two pictures while in Hollywood.

Chief Chewchki has a new Indian blanket to wrap around himself when he stalks into the ring . . . . it is specially equipped with a tommyhawk holster and everything . . . . they say the Chief's latest trick is to jab a tiny hypodermic needle into his unfortunate foe . . . . once during a bout here he came into the ring with a wad of cotton soaked in chloroform . . . . but was relieved of same before he could do any damage . . . . Look alike: Bob Wagner and Sun Jennings, Dick Lever and Sid Nabors . . . . Dick Lever is only twenty-two but a mighty fine little matman . . . . Bruce Noland and Jack McCarthy are brothers.

Nick Lutz has a brother who lives here in Houston . . . . he's a non-professional . . . . Bob Wagner's brother Owen is a heavyweight wrestler . . . . Morris Sigel, Houston promoter, used to be a bookkeeper for a local lumber firm . . . . Doc Sarpolis is a bridge fan . . . . the handsome Doc is barnstorming Mexico . . . . as is Paul Jones, Dick Raines, Abie Coleman and several other wrestlers popular in these parts . . . . Dory Roche will soon be able to wrestle again . . . . during a bout in Los Angeles with Chief Little Wolf, Joe Savoldi missed his famous drop-kick and knocked himself out . . . . this Little Chief isn't so bad looking . . . . betting back to drop-kicks, Dan O'Conners has one that certainly does the trick.

* * *

Iowa Wrestling Notes, by Bill Hawkins—Here we are again, and the wrestlers just as mean as ever, and all that stuff . . . . Des Moines, Ia., is the big mat center in this state, and we will make same our first stopover . . . . Ed Strangler Lewis threw Lou Plummer, two out of three . . . . Cliff Olson threw Tommy Marvin in a one-fall match . . . . Sol Slagle drew with Thor Malmberg . . . . Mike Nazarian drew with Hal Rumberg . . . . Jess Willard was on hand, along with a crowd of six thousand . . . . At Storm Lake, Ia.—Ernie Hefner won over Mort Jorlstrom, two out of three falls . . . . Pat McGill tossed Oreste Valdofi . . . . Fred Peterson and Al Getz mixed around to a draw.

By the way, Storm Lake is holding some pretty good shows, too, and just a little spot on the map . . . . Mason City, Ia.—Billy Sledge, from Houston, Tex., and the home of our friend, Bernice Sandboe, threw Homer Wright . . . . Whitey Grovo drew with Jack Vincent . . . . Farmer Tobin threw Mickey McGuire in just ten minutes . . . . Waterloo, Ia.—Ray Steele defeated Earl Wampler with a body slam so hard it jarred Jess Willard, who was third man for the event . . . . Jack Zarnas won from Ellis Bashara, when the latter was disqualified for rough tactics . . . . Alf Johnson and John Friberg went to a draw.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Cliff Olson won over Sunset Jennings . . . . Abe Rothberg won over Al Johnson . . . . and Jack Zarnas won on a foul over Mike Nazarian . . . . and our friend, Alex Fidler, doing the third man job . . . . Back at Sioux City, we see Mike Nazarian win over Earl Wampler, much to the displeasure of a large crowd . . . . The match was filled with some very good tumbling stunts . . . . Abe Rothenberg drew with Jack Hader . . . . Frank Buresh *(Continued on page 42)*

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XXXIII

By A. D. PHILLIPS *(World's oldest active sports writer)*

ALTHOUGH the tenure of Dick Shikat as world's heavyweight wrestling champion was extremely short, he was a most active title-holder. He engaged in many matches, most of which were staged in New York and Philadelphia. To give in detail all of the bouts in which Shikat successfully defended his crown would take up more space than we can allow. We will review only his most important engagements.

Among those who faced the big German and tasted defeat were Garibaldi, Romano, Stocca, Hagen, Calza (three times), Holuban, Kirilenko, Clinkstock and Hans Steinke—an impressive list. Of the list, the best bouts were those with Calza and Holuban.

It was on November 5, 1929, that Shikat faced his first tough challenger in Garibaldi, before a gathering of eight thousand fans at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in New York. Dick carried off the honors in 26.36.

The result was not a popular one, for the crowd seemed made up mostly of Garibaldi's countrymen, and they were very enthusiastic in his behalf, even in defeat. Each of the wrestlers weighed 217 pounds and both were in fine shape, as was evidenced by the aggressive and speedy manner in which they attacked during the first ten minutes without either seeking to gain a respite.

Tugging and hauling through the next ten minutes, Garibaldi forced the issue and made Shikat resort to all of his defensive skill to keep out of trouble.

After twenty minutes of battling, however, the pace began to tell on Garibaldi, and though he continued to attack with ferocity, he weakened, and a full nelson clamped on with much strength by Shikat, followed quickly by a crotch and body hold, brought the Italian star's shoulders to the mat and ended the bout.

That match was the start of a series in New York that continued over a stretch of several months, Shikat appearing under Curley's supervision, each Monday evening. During that stretch, Dick took on opponents who naturally were friendly to the Curley-Fabiani combine as opposed to the Bowser troupe from Boston that was exhibiting Sonnenberg as champion. Each group was playing to capacity houses.

* * *

MIKE ROMANO, an old-time trouper, was next to face the champion, and he also was tossed, the time being 20.51. Shikat turned the trick by the simple method of picking Mike up and throwing him with force, then heaving himself on top of his prostrate opponent.

It was a hard-fought struggle while it lasted, with both men displaying every brand of wrestling except the flying tackle, which had not yet become part of our modern wrestling. In a hot scrimmage, Romano fell out of the ring and hurt his back, but he crawled back and from that time to the end he was a mark for the title-holder.

The procedure that Shikat had followed in subduing Romano he repeated a few days later in conquering Joe Stocca in eighteen minutes and twenty seconds. A crotch and body lift, followed by a body slam, ended it. Prior to the fall, Stocca had been heaving Shikat all over the mat to the pleasure of six thousand fans who howled with glee as the Italian manhandled the German. Then Shikat became angered at the taunts of the gathering and rushed forth to put the finishing touches on his rival.

George Hagen, former champion of the United States Marines, was the third victim in a stretch of a fortnight. He took Shikat on at the Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn and proved a good match for the title-holder. In fact, the huge gathering that packed the arena to the limit, and Shikat, were much surprised by the caliber of grappling put forth by Hagen. George appeared at his best and he made Shikat travel at top speed to score the triumph. It took the champion one hour and fifteen seconds to win. A series of flying mares, body slams and headlocks weakened George, and then came the body lift and crotch hold, with a body slam to settle the affair.

Dick Shikat, as he looked when he won the heavyweight crown.

One of Shikat's toughest matches after winning the title was that with George Calza, then the recognized Italian champion. They fought bitterly for fifty-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds before George was subdued. The dynamic, burly Italian, who scaled 230 pounds, drew more than nine thousand fans to the Seventy-first Regiment Armory on November 25, 1929, to see the struggle, a benefit performance for the Italian Kiddies' Fund, and they were well satisfied that they had been treated to one of the finest exhibitions of all-around wrestling seen in New York that year.

* * *

IT was a desperate test, in which Shikat was forced on the defensive most of the time. Unfortunately for Calza, he did what most ambitious young fellows attempt in a match against a veteran—he virtually whirled himself into a dizzy spell by a series of seven spectacular flying mares on Shikat. There is no man in the mat sport who can take a fall more gracefully, without chance of bodily injury, than Shikat, hence he permitted Calza to work himself into a frenzy, and then quickly shifted to the attack and, in attempting to obtain a headlock on George, Calza's head struck the post with a thud and it became an easy task for Shikat to get the fall.

That contest proved without question that, regardless of the championship controversies, the best wrestler in America at the time was Dick Shikat.

That year found Shikat in twenty-seven bouts in which he successfully defended his crown, the last and most important being that with Ferenc Holuban in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory. Unlike the other contests, however, that bout was short and sweet, yet combined more thrills than any of his previous engagements. Holuban, the recognized Graeco-Roman champion of Europe, went out in nineteen minutes. After being hurled out

of the ring, Holuban failed to return within the prescribed time limit and was disqualified by Referee Ernest Roeber.

* * *

THE Armory was a bedlam, and for fifteen minutes whistling and shouting of such ominous character as only wrestling fans can produce reverberated through the big drill shed while a corps of police and firemen stationed themselves in strategic positions.

The scene at the ringside beggars description. Fists were shaken at the referee and all those in authority. Vasarhely Lajos, Hungarian writer, was frantic in efforts to have the decision reversed, and another Hungarian climbed to the ring and was almost through the ropes on his way to attack Referee Roeber when Vasarhely tackled him from below and pulled him back.

The capacity crowd of ten thousand, including about a hundred women, jammed every vantage point, stood forty deep behind the ringside seats, three deep on surrounding radiators, and made the air stifling, the atmosphere dangerous. This was the wrestling bout of the year. It was estimated that four thousand were turned away at the doors. Only ticket holders were permitted to pass through a gantlet of police, who met you emerging from the subway.

The end of the bout came as both wrestlers crashed through the ropes upon impetus supplied by Shikat, and fell to the floor four feet below. Shikat had just rushed headlong at the Magyar giant in an attempt to thrust his right hand under Holuban's legs and apply his favorite crotch-and-body hold by which he hoped to raise Holuban in the air and slam him down.

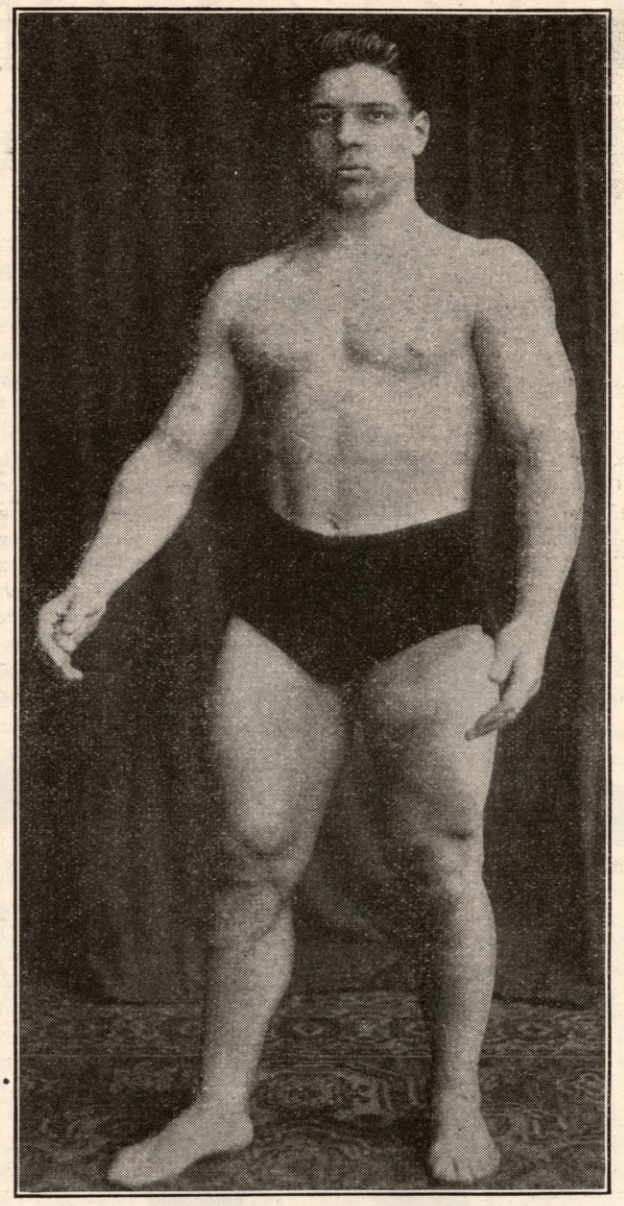
This intended feat of Shikat's was within the limits of the German-American's power and skill, though he weighed twenty pounds less than Holuban. Shikat won the title he then held by picking up the 245-pound Hans Steinke and slamming him down.

* * *

AS Shikat charged low and reached, Holuban stepped backward; Shikat, missing his clutch with his hand, but butting Holuban in the stomach (the largest stomach you ever did see), and the impact was so great that Holuban was bowled over backward, and the speed of the charger was such that he was right on top of Holuban, rolling over the edge of the ring, holding on to him. Neither fell directly on top of the other, but as Holuban went down his head and side struck the edges of two quickly vacated press chairs, and it was this that knocked him senseless. Shikat disentangled himself immediately and was back in the ring as the referee counted four.

Holuban did not lie perfectly still. His face writhed in pain, and he clutched at the air as he lay on his back. His manager and others tried to lift him up but they did not succeed until the referee tolled the count of ten.

Holuban was back in his corner, standing complacently as though nothing had happened to him, almost as soon as the referee had raised Shikat's arm in the air. But Holuban did not see this; nor, when he arrived back in the ring, would he have seen Shikat had he taken the trouble to look. For Shikat had dashed to the dressing-room under police escort.



George Calza, the big Italian who twice was defeated in championship matches by Shikat.

In the moments preceding the final charge, Shikat had been the victim of four successive flying mares applied by this rugged Hercules, who has no neck to speak of, whose small head makes it impossible for an opponent to apply headlocks, and whose arms and legs have the strength of ten. Not once during the nineteen minutes and thirty-two seconds of the bout did Shikat get a firm hold on the challenger, who strode around like a Theatre Guild robot menacing the champion and thwarting his every move but the last.

* * *

THE year 1930, during part of which Shikat held the crown, was also a most active one for the champion. Garibaldi, Steinke, Calza, Clinstock and Kirilenko were among his more important victims.

In his match with Garibaldi, the Italian was pinned in 37.52, after receiving a sprained neck as a result of a fall out of the ring. A throng of ten thousand saw Shikat pin his adversary in New York, although the champion found a tough opponent in Gino.

Only a few minutes before losing the bout, Garibaldi raised Shikat and thrice hurled the title-holder over his shoulders with flying mares. As Shikat recovered, Gino rushed at him to apply the finishing touches. Dick sidestepped, and out of the ring went Garibaldi.

Upon re-entering, he was so dazed he groped around the ring and then, as he tried to straighten up, he found that he had hurt his back badly. It was easy thereafter for Shikat to gain the fall and match.

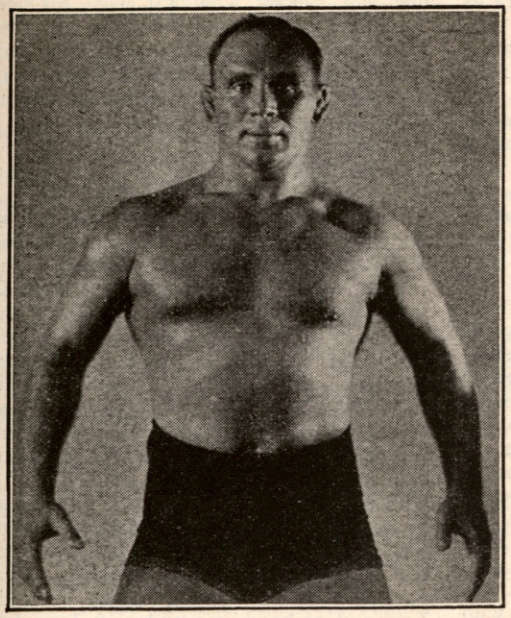
When Shikat next tackled Calza, the champion again demonstrated his superiority. His cleverness as a tactician and his variety of holds proved too much for the Italian, who was thrown in forty-eight minutes and ten seconds. As has been the custom for ever so long, just before the fall, the challenger became extremely aggressive.

Seven times Calza applied his muscular arm to Shikat's head and sent the champion hurtling over backwards in the thing called the flying mare.

After the seventh flying mare, Shikat slowly raised himself, seized the rather deliberate Calza around the body and dropped him down so that his neck struck the mat first. Calza was now somewhat off the stream of consciousness, and when he struggled to his feet Shikat repeated the operation with emphasis, slamming his man down and following up the movement by dropping on Calza and flattening his shoulders flat with the mat.

As a contest it was not taken too seriously; as a piece of athletic entertainment, or as a study in classic attitudes, it was excellent.

Next in importance came Shikat's bout with Kirilenko, which



Matros Kirilenko, the Russian Cossack, another Shikat victim.

drew a tremendous throng to the Seventy - first Regiment Armory. The match was one of the best during Dick's reign, even though the Russian substituted for Holuban, who was in Easton, Pa., in a hospital as a result of an injury.

Kirilenko made a strong effort to wrest the title from Shikat, and competed with the champion on fairly even terms until he was thrown with a crotch hold in forty minutes and five seconds. The sentiment of the crowd was decidedly against the champion, who was jeered roundly all during his performance.

Shikat was unperturbed by the demonstration, however, and waged a cool struggle against his aggressive rival. After more than half an hour of strenuous grappling, Kirilenko took the title-holder by surprise and whirled him to the floor three times with flying mares.

Shikat was dazed, but managed to apply a full nelson to his rival and dropped the Russian heavily to the floor, where he lay partly stunned. Then it was a comparatively easy task for Shikat to secure a crotch hold and pin his rival's shoulders to the mat. Each weighed 218 pounds.

* * *

AN Indian giant carrying a Turkish stomach, named Jim Clinkstock, was Shikat's next victim. This Sioux Indian, cool as a cucumber, met his end in spectacular manner, common to all those who came to grips with Shikat while he held the crown.

Pushed, whirled and slammed about the ring until he had no leg to stand on, nor any sense of direction, the exotic-looking Indian was finally picked up in Shikat's arms and given a final bounce off his spinal column. The merciless finish was accomplished in fifty-one minutes and five seconds, almost every minute of which contained wrestling good enough to keep six thousand spectators in a state of high attention, though not suspense.

Clinkstock had an abundance of strength and plenty of ability to endure torture, but in the cunning of wrestling he lacked what the champion possessed. At times he gained the plaudits of the crowd by obtaining scissors holds on the champion that had Shikat considerably worried. In the long run, however, Shikat's skill told. He continued as champion.

A few weeks later, these wrestlers clashed again and this time Shikat won in another grueling contest in 51.05.

The massive Clinkstock, who weighed 238 pounds, bothered the champion considerably in the early stages of the contest, much to the delight of the spectators, who booed Shikat from start to finish. The Indian clamped a series of head and body scissors holds on the title-holder, and on many occasions seemed to have him ready for a fall.

Shikat finally broke loose from a grueling scissors hold and tossed Clinkstock around the ring with a succession of flying mares. He weakened the challenger by this method and had little difficulty in picking him up with a body and crotch hold to slam him to the canvas and win the match. Shikat weighed 218 pounds.

THE outstanding match of Shikat's championship career was that with Hans Steinke, an equally husky, well proportioned, splendid German wrestler. They clashed on May 6, 1930, and after forty-five minutes and five seconds of thrilling grappling, Shikat emerged the victor. The biggest crowd that had ever packed the Seventy-first Regiment Armory was out to see these two German dreadnaughts settle the matter of supremacy, and they were treated to the bitterest wrestling that had been seen in New York since the World War.

Shikat's tactics were those of the hunted animals. He was plainly defending his title, and he resorted to every device to keep Steinke from applying his great strength. The champion cowered in corners, scrambled for the ropes, held his hands up in distress—but all the while his brains were functioning in a clear, calm course, ever alive to signal the opportunity when at last it came.

Catlike, Shikat was bent over with his back to a corner of the ropes, with Steinke trying to work on him from above. Just the moment before, Steinke had held Shikat up in the air with a crotch and body hold and had slammed him down, but the champion, being a master in the art of taking hard falls painlessly, had only rolled out of the fall, so to speak, into the bent-over position in the corner.

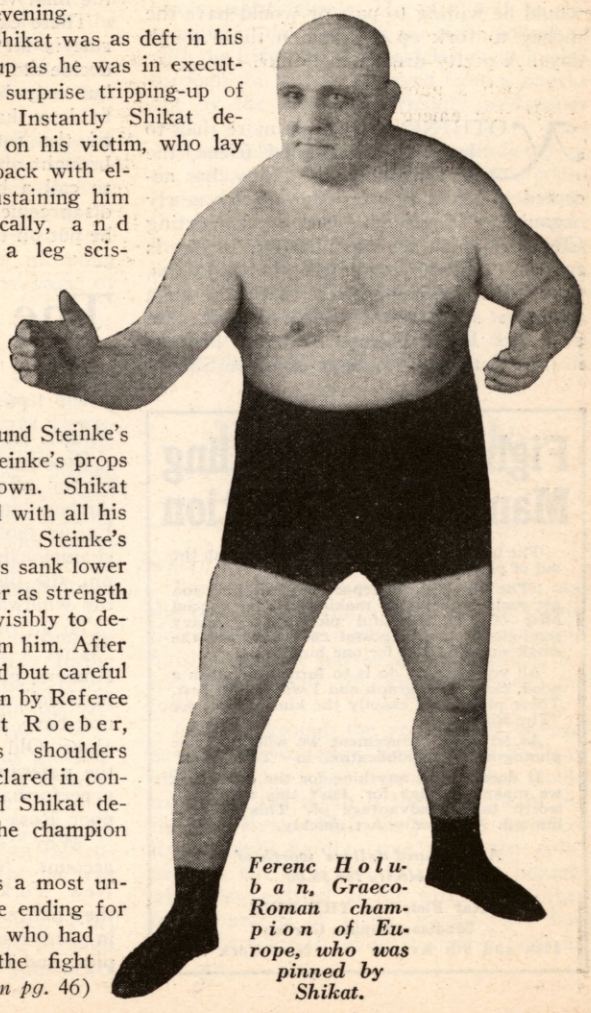
Now Steinke, all too eager, all too zealous in his desire to follow up his advantage with a hold and slam-down of more enduring results, allows his legs to come too close to the champion, who was bent over, but who, nevertheless, had the use of both arms.

With a flash Shikat saw his chance and, thrusting both hands out, caught Steinke's legs and pulled them straight out from underneath him, so that Steinke fell backward with a rush, striking his head a solid blow on the mat. This was the tell-tale blow, but had the champion hesitated even a moment in his follow-up, Steinke might have recovered himself in time to assume a defensive posture. And, incidentally, this would have been his first of the evening.

But Shikat was as deft in his follow-up as he was in executing his surprise tripping-up of Steinke. Instantly Shikat descended on his victim, who lay on his back with elbows sustaining him mechanically, and clasped a leg scissors around Steinke's neck. Steinke's props went down. Shikat squeezed with all his might. Steinke's shoulders sank lower and lower as strength seemed visibly to depart from him. After a hurried but careful inspection by Referee Ernest Roeber, Steinke's shoulders were declared in contact, and Shikat declared the champion still.

It was a most unfortunate ending for the man who had forced the fight

(Cont. on pg. 46)



Ferenc Holuban, Graeco-Roman champion of Europe, who was pinned by Shikat.

Nat Fleischer Says

(Continued from page 35)

statement, "I charge McCluskey with unwarranted and undignified conduct," and then show lack of courage by suspending his Commission chairman for a month, gives me a huge laugh. If McCluskey's actions warranted such a rebuke, then he is unfit to hold office any further, and if, on the other hand, McCluskey has the proof that his statements were not mere hot air, then for the good of the sport, and for his own protection, he should offer that proof, after which there undoubtedly would be a house-cleaning by the publishers of the papers involved.

* * *

BILL DUFFY'S plan to have Max Baer fight the winner of the Louis-Carnera battle on an Atlantic steamship far out at sea, revives memories of the old-time fistic treats during the bare-knuckle days when such fights were the rule instead of the exception. If Bill's plans materialize, he will charter a boat to Nassau, charge one thousand dollars per person for a ten-day trip, and stage the fight about one hundred miles out of Nassau. The vessel would be a floating Casino, with gambling concessions of every type leased to big shots and possibly a million dollars would change hands during the ten-day voyage.

But I have my doubts that such a venture could be staged. There are many government regulations that would have to be hurdled and there aren't many sports who would be willing to pay, or would have the money to fork up a grand in these tough days. A pretty dream, methinks.

* * *

NOTHING pleased me more than to learn that my good friend, the ever-smiling Bill Carey, has accepted the post of president of the newly organized Twentieth Century Sporting Club, of which the genial Mike Jacobs is treasurer. By allying himself with Jacobs, Carey has rejoined hands with the man who for several years steered both him and Tex Rickard clear of many hazards in their fistic promotion at Madison Square Garden, where Carey succeeded Rickard as president.

Bill may not be a promoter or matchmaker, but he is a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, well liked by the scribes, fighters and managers, and his presence at the helm of the new club should do much to insure that organization's success. It was a wise move by Jacobs and his co-workers, one that will cement friendship with the newspapermen—something the Garden has lacked for more than two years.

* * *

NEW YORK, through the passage of the Mangano bill and the signing of the measure by Governor Lehman, again operates on the system of majority rule in the rendering of its boxing and wrestling decisions. Prior to the enactment of this bill, the judges cast their ballot and if they agreed, it was not necessary for the referee to vote. If the judges disagreed, the third man in the ring then remained the sole arbiter and invariably, to save himself from criticism, he cast his ballot for a draw. Thus many fighters who were entitled to the decision were deprived of same through lack of courage of the third man.

Under the majority rule, each of the judges and the referee must turn in his ballot to the announcer, who then announces the verdict, based on the three slips presented to him. Thus if two votes or a judge and the referee are in favor of a fighter, that fighter is declared the winner. If the judges fail to agree on a winner and the referee calls the bout a draw, then the final verdict is a draw.

There can be no doubt that the majority rule is far better than having the referee decide the winner in case of a disagreement, but only because the officials have failed to show that they have any backbone. Most of the squawks in the past have been brought about by the third man's decision to call a bout a draw when there was a disagreement of judges. He didn't want to be put on the spot.

Fight and Wrestling Managers—Attention

The best way to get publicity is through the aid of photographs.

"The Ring" photo department will help you get such publicity by making you the special offer of 100 beautiful pictures on heavy semi-glossy paper, postal card size, for the small sum of $8.00 for one hundred.

All you need to do is to furnish me with a good, clear photograph and I will do the rest. These photos are exactly the kind we use for "The Ring."

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Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden
49th and 8th Avenue New York City

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 33)

winner, let the Globe Trotter have his say.

Ross saw the McLarnin fight as the big money affair. He did not want to fight Ambers, and possibly lose that and the McLarnin shot. So he turned in the lightweight championship. Even if he loses to McLarnin, the lightweight title is the anchor to the windward.

To all of which the Globe Trotter says, "What a sap!" Here Barney figured that Ambers might relieve him of the crown in which event the McLarnin fight would not have fared so well, and then comes along Old Man River, in the person of the veteran Tony Canzoneri and turns in a performance against Ambers that makes poor Ross gasp.

"Why," says he, after listening in on the account, "was I so foolish? Here that New York Commission made me think they had a real, honest-to-goodness demon in Ambers, the Commission-made champion, and like a chump, I fell for it, hook, line and sinker. Now I'll have to fight Tony if I want my crown back, and that means, that instead of me getting 50 percent of the gate as I wanted when Tony snubbed my offer, I'll have to be content with half of that to meet the man I shunned.

"Poor me!"

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Canzoneri Whips Ambers. Quite a film, this! It shows the big Garden, in New York, jammed to the rafters, as it had not been for a fight in some time. Hark to the shouts of the crowd. "Go on, you Canzoneri." Apparently the populace is with the former champion as he battles this up-state New York lad who was supposed to have chased Ross out of the lightweight class and prompted Barney to turn in the championship of that division.

It is not the Canzoneri of old you see, as he rushes Ambers and battles the contender into submission. And yet this older and less spry Canzoneri is adequate to the necessities of the night, as he pummels Lew and makes him wonder if Tony has located the Fountain of Youth of Ponce de Leon, on the Canzoneri farm at Marlboro, N. Y.

Watch closely, folks. See Tony bob and weave, lead and counter, sock and feint, block and battle. Watch Ambers, no little bewildered, as he falls to the canvas. If Tony could only gamble with those campaign worn legs of his, he could knock Ambers out. Yes, he could, Chumley—he could knock Ambers out.

Ambers fights desperately. See him try to rally, only to find Tony adamant, clever, crafty. It is the high drama of the ring. Viva, Antonio.

Professor, let us have "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

threw Glen Undlin with a Japanese toe hold or something like that . . . . Barno O'Stopovitch won from John Erickson.

Promoter John Eliades has staged some very good shows here this past winter . . . . We are called back to Des Moines, as Earl Wampler is having one heck of a time . . . . Earl won a decision over Sol Slagel in a match filled with choking and kicking, but it was only after Mr. Slagel was disqualified for tossing the referee, Art (What-a-Man) Shires, out of the ring . . . . Lou Plummer pinned Ole Erickson . . . . Thor Malmberg found little opposition in Ray Richards . . . . Frank Buresh drew with Alf Johnson . . . . Teddy Hayes, former trainer to Jack Dempsey, was third man for one of the bouts . . . . This Earl Wampler is rated the bad boy of the month, as he just won't be good . . . . In another match down in Des Moines, he jumped out of the ring and wanted to lick all the fans . . . . and made a pass at one . . . . A crowd of customers were on him like bees in a swarm . . . . One fan clipped poor Earl right in the mouth . . . . and if the police had not saved poor Earl, he might be history by now . . . . Will fly around and see you later.

From Sullivan to Baer

(Continued from page 10)

rounds, in Chicago—Dave Barry, referee.

1928—Gene Tunney knocked out Tom Heeney, New York City, in eleventh round. Bout stopped. Ed Forbes, referee.

1928—Gene Tunney retired.

*1930—June 12—Max Schmeling won on a foul from Jack Sharkey in fourth round, New York City—Jim Crowley, referee. New champion recognized.

*1932—June 21—Jack Sharkey won on points from Max Schmeling in fifteen rounds, Long Island City Bowl—Gunboat Smith, referee.

*1933—June 29—Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey in six rounds, Long Island City Bowl, N. Y.—Arthur Donovan, referee.

1933—Primo Carnera won from Paulino Uzcudun, fifteen-round decision, in Rome—M. Nicod of Switzerland, referee.

1934—Primo Carnera won from Tommy Loughran, fifteen-round decision, in Miami—Leo Shea, referee.

*1934—Max Baer stopped Primo Carnera in eleven rounds, Long Island City Bowl, N. Y.—Arthur Donovan, referee.

Facts and Figures

(Continued from page 11)

fifty with his "terrible right." The names of those victims never have been included in Sullivan's ring record, but there is no doubt as to the truth of his remarkable performances in bouts with "unknowns" who tried to win his offer. . . .

The record of the "Boston Strong Boy" shows that he had participated in twenty-six "regular fights" after stopping Ryan, up to the battle with Corbett on September 7, 1892, at New Orleans, which was his first and only defeat. . . . The activity of Corbett as the champion, covering a period of four and one-half years, was confined to four bouts, with Mitchell, Courtney, Sharkey and Bob Fitzsimmons. Gentleman Jim stopped Mitchell in two rounds and Courtney in six, each lasting one minute while the first moving pictures of a championship battle were taken at Edison's laboratory in Jersey. Corbett boxed a four-round draw with Tom Sharkey before losing the title to Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nev., in 1897. . . .

Fitzsimmons was inactive, except for vaudeville engagements, during 1898, but a year later he defended the world title for the first time and was put away by Jeffries in eleven rounds. Jeffries ruled the heavyweight division for seven years, during which he fought ten times, beating all comers, including Fitz, in a return match, Corbett twice, Sharkey, Jack Munroe and others. . . .

Jeffries retired from the ring, unbeaten, in 1905 and handed his title to Marvin Hart after the latter had knocked out Jack Root. . . . Hart was recognized as champion for only eleven months when Tommy Burns beat him on a referee's decision in twenty rounds. Burns was the title holder for three and one-half years. He indulged in ten battles before Jack Johnson whipped him in 1908. . . .

Johnson, as the heavyweight king, had five fights in 1909 and then met Jeffries at Reno on July 4, 1910. Jeffries, though idle for five years, was induced to return to the ring to "regain the championship for the white race," but hard training for three months finally shattered his nervous system and Johnson stopped him in the fifteenth round. . . .

For seven years Johnson reigned as world champion until Jess Willard stowed him away in twenty-six rounds at Havana in 1915. Although Willard wore the crown for four years, he appeared in the ring twice,—in a ten-round no-decision bout with Frank Moran in the old Garden, which was easily won by the champion, and in his losing fight with Jack Dempsey at Toledo on July 4, 1919. . . .

Dempsey, who lost his title to Gene Tunney in the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium in Philadelphia, held the crown for more than seven years, during which time he defended his title in only six championship fights and collected several million dollars. Tunney retired, undefeated, after twice whipping Dempsey and also defeating Heeney.

There you are mates! Now let some of those wise birds try to stick you!

Stamp of Greatness

(Continued from page 22)

Did Richie Mitchell ever loom larger than that memorable night in the Garden when he was whipped by Leonard? When you think of Firpo, you immediately recall the thrills of his two-round defeat by Dempsey. You'll remember that when all else regarding the Wild Bull of the Pampas has faded from your memory.

And Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, greatest of all middleweights. Mention his name and old-timers perhaps first will recall his fight with Johnny Regan, the fight that started on the shores of the Sound, was interrupted by the incoming tide, and finished in the woods back of Judge O'Gorman's place.

* * *

YOU oldtimers will recall that fight, all right. But what you most dearly cherish the name of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey for, is his heroic stand against Fitzsimmons. You see Dempsey, already broken in mind and physique, floored again and again by the Australian blacksmith. Finally you see him crawling along the ring canvas and trying to hoist himself into fighting posture again by grasping Freckled Bob's skinny legs.

And Fitzsimmons! We prefer to remember him more for his two great losing battles with Jeffries, fighting desperately with two smashed hands, than for his victory over Corbett at Carson City.

Gans, in victory, was never as glorious as in his two defeats by Battling Nelson. Did Nelson ever fight so savagely, viciously as he did when he went down before Ad Wolgast at Port Richmond? Was Berlenbach ever greater than the night he was knocked out by Delaney?

George Dixon, the greatest fighter of his ounces and inches that ever crawled through the ropes. What is it that makes your heart strings twang when you think of Little Chocolate? It was his losing battle with Terry McGovern. Again you see the courageous little colored man, floored eight times by Terrible Terry, stagger helplessly to his feet and reel blindly once more, face front, straight into McGovern's savage attack.

* * *

LITTLE Jimmy Wilde. Was he ever greater than in his defeat by Pancho Villa? Do you recall Mickey Walker and Harry Greb, Joe Thomas and Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke and the Michigan Assassin?

And Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Ketchel. All of O'Brien's victories fade and pale before his defeat by Ketchel. Nothing left but his stout fighting heart and cool, crafty fighting head. But what a fight, what a truly wonderful fight did O'Brien put up against Ketchel, and against Ketchel in all the glory of his youth!

It seemed a cruel fate to have that fight wind up as it did. Nine seconds to go and O'Brien is lifted into the air and dropped with a sickening thud on the ring canvas with his head resting in the sawdust box.

But that is the fight that gained Philadelphia Jack O'Brien his lasting fame. It will be remembered when all others are forgotten.

Then let's get back to Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler. What will he be remembered by? Will it be his slaughter of Jess Willard? No. He will always be identified in the minds of the fight fans with that famous fourteen-count knockdown that deprived him of regaining the heavyweight laurels. He also will be associated in the minds of the fistic followers with the Firpo battle in which he was hurled through the ropes and saved from a knockout by the hands of friendly newspaper folk.

Max Schmeling will be remembered as the young German who came to this country and fought his way into the hearts of the Americans only to lose all the respect they had for him as a fighting man when he became the first heavyweight champion to win the title while resting on the canvas. What will the present title holder do to keep himself forever in the fistic picture? Time will tell.

Boxing Tide Turned

(Continued from page 17)

where the sport is under a ban.

Boxing is now in a healthy condition and the reward is great, a far different condition from the times when champions fought finish fights for purses and side stakes for less than a pair of "curtain-raisers" get today.

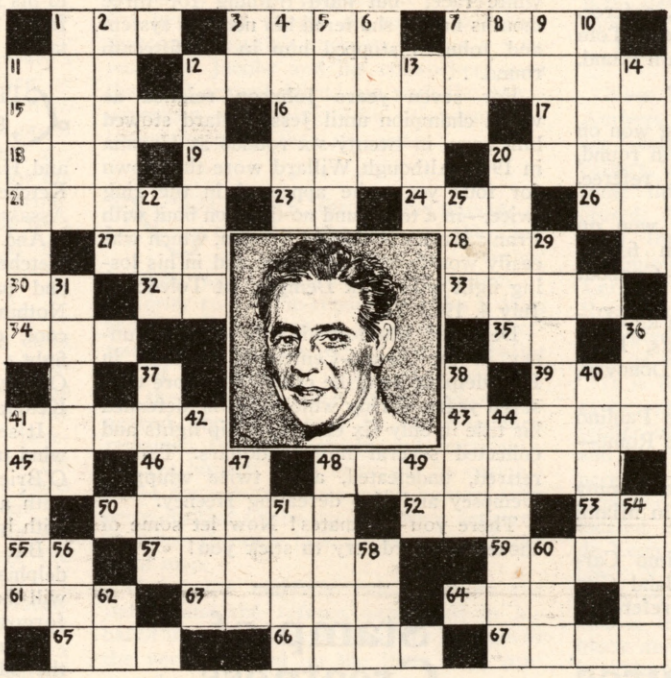
And all through the progress of boxing, as we know it today, there is the Sullivan influence. One is led to wonder what would have been the result if the outcome of the Sullivan-Ryan affair had been reversed. Ryan would hardly have made the sport popular, but it is safe to feel that boxing, which has existed in one form or another for thousands of years, would have had some champion to revive it, even if Sullivan had not.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. First name of the man in the sketch.
3. Last name of this fighter.
7. To box.
11. Pronoun.
12. He is champion of this class.
15. City of his birth.
16. To forgive.
17. A tree.
18. Month he was born in (Abbr.).
19. Large quantity of supplies.
20. Sound of mind.
21. Hard siliceous stone; City in Michigan.
23. Swedish miler.
24. English cloth measure.
26. Greek prefix.
27. Part of the verb to be.
28. An auricle.
30. Man's nickname.
32. An article.
33. The summit of anythng.
34. Wooden pin.
35. Southern Mexico (Abbr.).
39. Outfielder of the Giants.
41. Oldtime Russian wrestler.
43. The coast.
45. Like.
46. River in Spanish.
48. The man in the sketch took the crown from him.
50. Featherweight champion from Cincinnati.
52. Reward for services.
53. Preposition.
55. Blue grass state (Abbr.).
57. One who slides.
59. Baseball team.
61. Still.
63. Long strips.
64. Latin preposition.
65. To make a slight bow.
66. To peruse.
67. 365 days.



Answers on page 64

VERTICAL

1. Part of Lithuania.
2. Country bordered on the Red Sea.
3. Part of the verb to be.
4. Man's name.
5. Each one.
6. Circular structure.
7. To arrange.
8. Mixed type.
9. A film.
10. River in Germany.
11. The manager of this fistic star.
12. To quicken.
13. Sage.
14. Style; Custom.
20. Punches thrown by Max Rosenbloom.
22. National Recovery Act.
25. Meadow.
29. To reanchor.
31. New Negro heavy sensation.
36. Consumed.
37. Man's name.
38. Anglo-Saxon slave.
40. Something this man does not like to do in a gym.
41. Heavy who lost a lot of prestige when beaten by Braddock.
42. Old Negro heavy who was a jockey before fighting.
44. Max kayoed him in Jan. 1931.
47. Present light-heavy champion.
48. Island off the coast of Greece.
49. Baseball position (Abbr.).
51. Welterweight champ of Germany.
54. To rip.
56. Japanese coin.
58. Royal Scottish Academy (Abbr.).
60. Anger.
62. Toward.

Do You Remember

(Continued from page 23)

Remember—Your first show? How you forgot to have change in the box-office and, when a bank-note larger than a one-spot was handed in, you had a kid rush out with it in search of some kind soul who would break it? In the meantime, the customer fumed and sputtered at the ticket window, vowing that never again would he patronize a show under your direction?

* * *

Remember—Your house was filled mostly with "deadheads" because all of your friends insisted on a free pass; and, being somewhat overwhelmed by your sudden popularity, you passed them in by the dozens?

* * *

Remember—Three of the scheduled boxers failed to show up, and, to fill out your card, you were forced to match lightweights against welterweights and vice versa?

* * *

Remember—You tried to do your own announcing, but stammered and stuttered so painfully—much to the amusement of the crowd—that you gave up after the first bout?

* * *

Remember—You just had two sets of gloves for the evening's entertainment, one of them being held in reserve for the main event; and the deadheads raved and ranted when you were slow in getting the bouts into the ring; and booed lustily every decision rendered by the referee?

* * *

Remember—When the main-event gloves were tossed into the ring, how embarrassed and dumbfounded you were when there were three right-handers among them?

* * *

Remember—Paying off the gladiators, how your heart sank in unison with the slim pile of currency, which comprised the evening's intake? How, when you realized that the rent and advertising bill were still unpaid, you tried, with no success, to talk the out-of-town boxers out of the transportation money; but you did manage to chisel a few dimes off the purses of the local kids, promising to make it up next time?

* * *

Remember—You were undismayed by the financial flop of your first promotional venture, and you immediately lined up another card? How you sat up all night, writing a story for the press, informing the countryside of the "Madison Square Garden" show that was to come?

* * *

Remember—When the sports editor of the local "Cryer" read over your story, how he took up his pencil and wanted to know who was fighting who—when, where and why?

* * *

Remember—How, from the newspaper office, you trudged wearily and heavy-heartedly—despising the world in general—to the old hangout of the gang, rounded up several old-time pugs, then proceeded to rip and tear and mutilate, conversationally, the modern fighters, the managers, the sports writers, and everything that pertained to the Great American Sport World?

WILL EXCHANGE

Have you any copies of March, 1933 Ring, November, 1933 Ring or May, 1934 Ring?

Will give you two copies of All America Sports Magazine, any issue since start, for one of each of the above, or one copy of any other issue of The Ring for one of each of those I want.

Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden 825-8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

From Dirt Rings to Gigantic Stadiums

(Continued from page 21)

climbed through the ropes in a thick silence. The few who had plunged on the boy squirmed uneasily in their seats. The crowd plainly expected the Bostonian to massacre the challenger. Sullivan, as was his custom, glared balefully at his opponent and Jim grinned back derisively, thus further infuriating the champion.

After a few rounds Sullivan learned he could not find his man and he completely lost his head. He was a beaten man from that time until the finish, which came in the twenty-first round when Corbett, the youthful California Adonis, knocked out the erstwhile Strong Man of Boston.

That fight inaugurated the glove contests in heavyweight championship fights under the Queensberry Rules.

Stormy Controversies

(Continued from page 26)

from Tunney's right fist, which cracked Jack on the jowl early in the proceedings and kept him in a partially dazed condition to the close of the tenth and final round.

The tune-up battle in which Dempsey engaged with Jack Sharkey for his second affair with Tunney, does not properly come within the category of championship exhibitions. But it caused almost as much bitter discussion among the rival admirers of Sharkey and Jack as though a world's title had been involved.

Sharkey, who looked like a certain victor in the battle's early stages, was knocked out in the seventh round. The finishing punches consisted of a belt to the stomach, which looked low, and a hook to the jaw, delivered as Sharkey turned his head to protest to the referee. The Sharkeyites yelped frantically that their man had been fouled, the Dempseyites politely retorted that the foul-claimers were damned liars. The fight films didn't help any toward settling the question, for the members of the rival factions who viewed them came away without altering their respective opinions.

But the way was paved for the second meeting between Tunney and the ex-champion, and that fall occurred the famous battle of "the long count," which has been rehashed and refought so often by partisans of the two men, without any definite conclusion being arrived at, that it is wholly unnecessary to enter into details here.

Suffice it to say that, apart from the "long count" in the seventh round, when Tunney was knocked down, and Dempsey refused to go to a neutral corner, as provided by the rules, it was Gene's fight, and the ex-champion wound up a badly battered man. Nevertheless, the victor's triumph was not only tarnished, but the battle itself listed as an unsatisfactory performance.

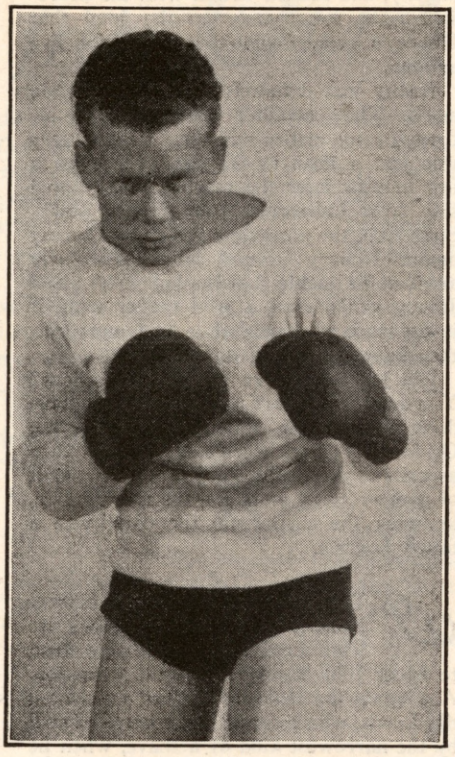
* * *

WE have already referred to the Tunney-Heeney contest as something of a championship *rara avis,* in that it offered nothing for the knockers to exercise hammers on. But the next heavyweight title wrangle was true to form.

It brought together Jack Sharkey, named, after Tunney's retirement, as the American champion, and Phil Scott of England at Miami, Florida, in 1930. Scott, who, as a foul-claimer, knew no equal in either the ancient or modern ring, made repeated and vociferous complaints of having been hit low, and quit in the third round.

There followed a match with Max Schmeling of Germany to decide whether Sharkey's claim of the world title would hold good. The gossips had a grand time yowling disgust over this one, for Schmeling, hit in the groin by a wild punch of Sharkey's, promptly subsided to the floor and discontinued hostilities.

But Max came out on the long end anyhow, for the referee okayed his foul claim. Thus was presented the singular paradox of a fighter winning the world's heavyweight championship while reclining peacefully on his back, an altogether unprecedented situation in Queensbury ring annals,



Buddy Etheridge, the "Fighting Caballero" of San Antonio, Texas. He is a 135-pounder under the management of Julio Montes.

so far as the transference of the big fellow's crown goes.

Schmeling and Sharkey had it out again in 1932 and Sharkey was awarded a much-disputed point verdict in fifteen rounds. Schmeling's manager, Joe Jacobs, made no bones about yelling to the high heavens that Max had been robbed of victory by a biased referee, the same being Gunboat Smith, whom Jacobs had no use for anyway.

Max's mentor was not alone in his protestations, for a tempest of controversy as to the rights and wrongs of the affair raged in the newspapers, and wherever the fight fans gathered together to discuss the pugilistic situation. Once again the scandal jinx had had its disreputable innings!

* * *

THE same jinx always appeared to take an unhealthy interest in Jack Sharkey's career, anyway. When the ex-gob forfeited his crown to Primo Carnera via the knockout route in 1933, he was dropped for the full count in the sixth round. The huge Italian walloped him with a swinging right uppercut that connected with the Sharkey chin, and that was the finish.

But the rumor was immediately current that Sharkey had quit, thus carrying out a monetary arrangement by which he benefited, with the gambling fraternity. It was the scandal jinx at work again, without a cent's worth of evidence to back up the allegation, but, as usual, making mischief, and dispensing ammunition to the knockers of the boxing game, who are wont to assert that every fight is "in the bag."

It would be an agreeable duty to wind up these chronicles of suspicion by declaring that everything was jake and highly satisfactory in the last heavyweight bout for the title, that in which Max Baer snatched away Carnera's laurels in eleven rounds last year. But the truth, however painful, must be adhered to. Editor Nat Fleischer, of THE RING, nurses a peculiar penchant that way, considering that he was formerly a daily reporter and sport column boss.

Baer won all right and strictly on his merits. But the fight was a fantasy of weird happenings to which referee Arthur Donovan contributed no small amount of confusion. Max began knocking the big boy down early in the fray, in fact Primo may be said to have started off on the floor, so to speak, and continued this exercise with a few interludes during which Max rested up a spell and clowned considerably.

Late in the tenth, as Carnera reeled to the ropes in pretty limp shape as a result of the Baer bombardment, Donovan stepped between the principals. Arthur's gestures seemed to indicate that he was calling a halt to hostilities. He shoved Max back, and the latter did a Brodie to his corner, evidently thinking he was victor on a technical kayo.

So, indeed, thought most of the press representatives, several of whom sent out wires to that effect. But after Baer's seconds had consulted with Donovan, it transpired that the referee didn't intend to stop the contest, but had merely asked Carnera how he felt.

Consequently, they hoisted out the giant for another lap. But after Baer had pummelled the vast human hulk before him severely once more, Donovan called him off his prey, and this time he wasn't merely enquiring into the state of Carnera's health. He was satisfied that the massacre of the huge innocent had been carried far enough.

* * *

THEN Primo had his say, babbling incoherently that he was willing to be pasted some more, or words to that effect. This made no difference, for peace had come and Baer was the new champ.

Primo offered as alibi for his inferior showing, that he hurt his ankle badly in the opening round, when Baer put him down for the first time.

So much for that! Max Baer more than lived up to the eloquent predictions of his followers as to what he would do to the large person from foreign shores. But there were plenty of Carnera sympathizers left to argue that Primo hadn't had a square deal, and some of 'em are saying so yet, laying especial emphasis on their belief that Donovan allowed Baer to get away with murder in the way of heeling, thumbing and using his elbows.

This was not the case, as Baer, on the whole, fought a remarkably clean fight. But over in Europe, and more particularly in Italy, the devotees of pugilism would have it that Primo was handicapped by having to fight the referee as well as his opponent.

Summing it all up, one must conclude that the most consistent winner in ring history is the scandal jinx that invariably presides over the staging of heavyweight championship events. He or she—we are not certain as to the sex of a jinx—has won undying notoriety as a reputation-blaster, and will be heard from again in the future as surely as this old universe revolves on its axis.

Dame Fortune Smiles on Braddock

(Continued from page 15)

deep down in his heart the fires of ambition still burned. You can't squelch the high hopes of a fighting Irishman so easily. From childhood upward, Jimmy had given and taken hard knocks without complaining. But always he looked forward to better times.

* * *

SO less than a year ago, when Joe Gould suddenly appeared at the freight sheds, where Jim was heaving and hauling lustily, and summoned him to combat once more, Braddock merely grinned and walked away with his manager. Joe had signed him to meet Corn Griffin on the Carnera-Baer card.

This Corn Griffin was a likely lad. Engaged as Primo's sparring partner prior to the latter's title-defense against Baer, he had shown fine form around the camp, and belonged in the stable of Charlie Harvey, who has made and handled champs in his time. Harvey jumped at the chance of getting Braddock in there as an opponent for Corn. Jimmy hadn't had a glove on in months, Harvey believed he had gone back hopelessly, yet the Braddock name still meant something to a fight crowd, and a quick victory for Griffin would help build up the latter considerably.

It was the fistic stooge racket all over again, and, as in previous cases, the stooge took away the play from his principal. For, although a bit shy on his judgment of distance, due to his long layoff, Braddock's dynamite right was still in working order. Floored in the second round, he bobbed up merrily, and soaked Griffin with the aforesaid right so severely on the jowl that Harvey's protégé didn't wake up for five minutes.

Jimmy was definitely back in the game again. They couldn't overlook him, although some critics said the Griffin victory was just a flash in the pan. But when a few months later the much-touted colored star from California, John Henry Lewis, came East, the promoters thought of Jimmy again. Nobody around was particularly anxious to tackle Lewis—but they knew Jimmy would claw a wild timber wolf, if it was made worth his while, and, moreover, they knew he needed the dough.

Did Joe Gould sign for the Lewis bout? You don't want more than one guess! Braddock didn't train a single day for the Griffin fight; hard work had kept him hard as nails anyhow. But he put in a few licks of gym and road work for the Lewis affair, knowing the chap from the coast was a tough hombre.

* * *

IT was another build-up, of course. Nobody expected Braddock to whip Lewis, the cards were dealt to boost John Henry as a gate attraction. And again the build-up crashed down! So did Lewis, who escaped being knocked cold by the narrowest kind of a shave, when he took a count of nine. Now one would imagine that this victory over Lewis would have convinced the promoters and wise boys that Braddock was once more a factor to be reckoned with in the heavyweight situation!

But they didn't view it that way. Braddock was lucky, that was all! However, he could be used in their business, and the business just then was to utilize Jimmy as a push-over for Art Lasky. The latter, by a quick win over Braddock, would impress the public as a likely opponent for Primo Carnera. A Carnera-Lasky bout would undoubtedly draw, with the ballyhoo advertising a fight between the winner and Max Baer for the heavyweight title.

It is now no secret that the victor in a Carnera-Lasky battle wouldn't have had a mongrel cur's chance of getting a shot at Baer's crown.

Max Schmeling was the chap wanted for Baer, but a clog slipped in the whirl of the promotorial wheel when German Max preferred to stay away from the U.S. And again the machinery grated and stuck when Braddock took on Lasky and whaled Art so ferociously that the Californian had nothing left to boast of save his iron endurance and gameness, as he staggered out of the ring.

That left the Garden with no alternative but to sign Braddock with Baer, which was accordingly done, and he and Joe Gould at last were rewarded with a heavyweight titular contest.

It's quite a change, when you come to think of it, from the shadows of defeat and near-poverty to a place in the great white light that beats around the throne. Whether Braddock will ever occupy that throne is a problem thrown on the knees of the gods at this writing!

But we think no reader will fail to agree that Jimmy Braddock has faithfully earned his big chance, whatever he makes of the opportunity, and why wouldn't his Irish following be proud of him?

Out in the little village of Woodcliff, New Jersey, near the Palisades, is Braddock's home. For weeks past photographers and reporters have besieged the Braddock domicile, posing the three pretty children and winsome Mrs. May Braddock before the camera, and absorbing color for human-interest stuff.

That's one particular spot on this terrestrial globe where there's not a shadow of doubt extant as to the identity of the world's next heavyweight champion—its occupants know that Jim Braddock CAN'T lose. And, for that matter, you can get the same reaction most anywhere around the Sketter State. The New Jerseyites are ever loyal to their fighting men!

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 41)

from the beginning. The stronger man, the taller, the cleaner wrestler, the more popular, was the loser. Shikat had never before been so desperately in need of his clear head. He played the fox, while his challenger played the angry lion. It was to irritate Steinke, to upset his poise and make him furious that Shikat rubbed his knuckles across Steinke's face and his shoes across Steinke's eyes so that one of the eyes began to swell.

* * *

STEINKE'S famous bear-hug hold, by which he picked up his man face to face and squeezed him, was a constant thorn in Shikat's peace of mind. Once, early in the bout, Shikat found himself clamped in this frightful vise and that experience was sufficient to keep him out of this particular danger thereafter.

The fans made frequent shouting requests for Hans's bear-hug and Hans would have obliged them had he been able to grasp Shikat in just that way. But the champion defended himself with the most skilful manipulation of his body, and with tactics that were not nearly so skilful as they were expedient. We refer to the champion's frequent excursions to the ropes. When trouble approached he knew where sure shelter was to be found. The ropes to him were what the count of nine is to a knocked down boxer.

Shikat, of course, knew his limitations. He knew he weighed 218 to Steinke's 240; he knew he was not nearly so broad nor so tall as his challenger, and he knew how fervently Steinke, his natural rival, desired to win. For it was Steinke whom Shikat beat the previous summer to gain the title of world heavyweight champion, as recognized by the State Athletic Commissions of Pennsylvania, New York and the several other States in accord.

After the bout, Shikat, who had all but spent himself in the struggle, sat on the stool brought to the ring by his manager. Steinke lay on the mat for several minutes as his men worked over him. He sat up presently and crossed the ring to shake hands with the champion.

That bout ended Shikat's tenure as champion. In his next engagement, with Jim Londos, a new champion was crowned. Of that match, we shall write in the next installment.

A Gift worth while!

Why not make him happy on his birthday with a one year's subscription to the world's greatest boxing and wrestling magazine—

"The Ring"

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THE GIFT THAT IS APPRECIATED

Big Bargain in Photos

During the height of prosperity, I purchased 700 photographs from The Ring Photo Shop. These pictures, all size 8 by 10 inches on heavy, glossy paper, were made especially for me and are the photos of every champion and near champion since John L. Sullivan's day in all divisions. All guaranteed in perfect condition.

Now I am forced to sell these. Here's a real buy, a big bargain for anyone seeking as fine a collection as can be obtained anywhere. They will go to the highest bidder. What am I offered? They cost me $600 and are guaranteed to be perfect or money refunded.

Address Ed. W. C., Box 10, The Ring Book Shop, 825 Eighth Avenue, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Owing to lack of space, caused by the publication of this special Heavyweight championship issue of "The Ring," the Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and the Club Membership story advertised for this number, will appear in the next issue.

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

IN a previous issue of THE RING (I might say WONDERFUL RING) an article appeared about Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil. I think the little poem made me rather sentimental, so I took my pen and wrote, or composed rather, one for the Great John L. Whether it will appeal to you, I don't know, but if you think it is good enough for publication, you may do so with pleasure. It must be a hard job and a costly one to publish a magazine like THE RING, but may I again have the pleasure of congratulating you on giving the boxing world such a magazine.

The poem enclosed is my humble contribution to your RING, in appreciation for such a wonderful publication. Wishing you all the luck in the world, health and prosperity. May I add that there is more reading matter in THE RING advertisements than the whole of the three-penny trash we get over here.

What about giving us a few photographs of the graves of boxers? Any chance, Mr. Editor?

J. L. SULLIVAN

Hush your voice and let him sleep,
Warrior strong, for him we weep,
Though his fists are white and cold,
He was ever brave and bold.
Feared, admired by friend and foe,
Death alone could lay him low;
He, the idol of the crowd,
Rich and poor, praised him aloud,
Now the valiant fighter brave
In the silence of the grave
Soundly sleeps far from the strife
That gave him the joy of life.
Deaf is he to call of "Time"
And the bells no longer chime
To awaken him to fight
For he's heard the last "Good Night."
Greatest fighter of all time,

Wonderful when in his prime;
Friend of paupers and of kings,
Champion of most noted rings
Winning fortunes, losing all
Who can but regret his fall?
When he failed at Orleans City,
Friends and foes were torn with pity;
Corbett with his youth and might
Conquered in the gallant fight,
But John L. round after round
Battled well until he found
That the flight of many years
Taxed his strength, while all in tears
Round the ring amidst the cheers
Rushed to help the warrior bold
Who had lost by being old.

Were he in his prime today
He would shout, "Now clear the way"
For I mean to show my might,
As the champion of this fight."
With his craft and stunning blow,
He would strike opponents low,
And the ages would proclaim
"He deserves undying fame."

Let him rest beyond the sea,
For his like we'll never see.
Let's forget his faults and sing
Of his glories in the ring.
All the champions he defied,
Without health or wealth he died,
But he played a noble part,
And he had a kindly heart.
And the centuries will tell,
Of the prowess of John L.
He was weary—let him rest,
In his time, he was the best,
Emperor of every ring,
Friend of pauper, friend of king.
Hush your voice and bid farewell.
To the great and grand John L.

I know you are a busy man, so cheerio and good luck. From a true and appreciative RING reader,

GLYN JONES,
Anglesey, N. Wales, Great Britain.

* * *

RECEIVED the May issue of RING and enjoyed it immensely. In the narrative regarding twenty-year performers, I looked for the name of Jem Mace who was accredited with forty-eight years in the squared circle. It is claimed he fought his first battle before he was fourteen and the last after he had passed his sixty-first year. This is not meant for a reprimand to you for overlooking so great a performer. I only wished to mention such a great achievement.

E. E. EDWINS,
Klamath Falls, Wis.

* * *

I AM one of the large circle of Canadian admirers of your splendid magazine, which I have been reading for many years. I note that you are receiving a great many expressions of opinion regarding the ranking of the great boxers, past and present. As one who does not admit any great knowledge of the finer points of the game, but who has consistently followed the champions since the famous comeback attempt of James J. Jeffries against Johnson, in 1910, may I express my opinion.

Heavyweight—(1) James J. Jeffries, (2) Jack Johnson, (3) Jack Dempsey, (4) Jim Corbett.

Light-heavy—(1) Bob Fitzsimmons, (2) Sam Langford.

Middleweight—(1) Stanley Ketchell, (2) Harry Greb.

Welterweight—(1) James McLarnin, (2) Joe Walcott.

Lightweight—(1) Benny Leonard, (2) Joe Gans, (3) Barney Ross.

Flyweight—(1) Jimmy Wilde.

No opinion on other classes.

Moreover, I would rank Jimmy Wilde as easily the greatest fighter of all time, weight considered—even ahead of Fitzsimmons, who would rank next.

LEONARD E. BOUCHER,
School Principal,
Bremner, Alta.

* * *

I AM taking the liberty of writing these few lines, in appreciation of the splendid and truly wholesome reading which one derives from a perusal of your fistic journal. While I am in an appreciative mood, I would like to thank Mr. Freddie Miller for his many fine fights, while on these shores. He is a real champ in every sense of the word. If you have any more of a like caliber, British sportsmen would welcome them with open arms.

Enclosed please find photo of Billy Carson, who is nothing if not versatile. He is an amateur jockey, riding principally in Ireland. He is renowned matchmaker and referee. He is only twenty-two, and is the youngest referee in Great Britain.

Now perhaps among THE RING'S many readers there is a racehorse owner or two, and for them I have a secret—Mr. Billy Carson would like to ride in the States for a month or two as an amateur jock. He scales midway between nine and ten stone. Those of you who are interested can get in touch with Billy at the address below. All best wishes.

DAVE CARTER,
Liverpool, I., Eng.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Eddie Levine, New York City.

Q.—Sometime ago I read where Harry Ebbets' contract was sold for $5,000. Who did the buying and the selling?

A.—Eddie Walker, who had Ebbets under contract, sold him to Ike Dorgan for that sum in a cash transaction.

Sidney Cohen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is it too late for a boy of 22 years of age to become a professional boxer. My younger brother, Jack, is very flashy and looks as if he could develop into a good fighter if he were given the proper opportunity.

A.—At that age it is rather hard to get started. The right age is about eighteen where they can acquire some experience in the amateurs.

George Barclay, Woodstock, N.B., Canada.

Q.—What fighters since the days of John L. Sullivan from other parts of the world than Australia could have whipped the following Australian fighters, each in his prime: Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Les Darcy, Tom Tracy, George Dawson, Young Griffo.

A.—According to those who knew Peter Jackson when he was at his best, he could have mastered any heavyweight of his time up to the present. But of course that is a matter of conjecture.

Bob Fitzsimmons at his best was one of the greatest fighters of all time, yet Jeffries whipped him for the title in 1897 when Bob was still a mighty fine fighter.

We really do not know much about the ability of Les Darcy other than what reading he was given by the Australian scribes. However, it would require considerable ability for him to have whipped Stanley Ketchel, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tommy Ryan, and Billy Papke, when they were at their best.

As for Tracy, he did not compare to the twin Sullivans, Mysterous Billy Smith, Kid McCoy, Joe Walcott, Tommy Ryan or Rube Ferns, and a number of others when they were at their best.

George Dawson was a great fighter but I think that Tommy Ryan with whom he fought a draw, was his master.

As for Young Griffo, he was a master of scientific boxing, and probably had no equal other than Joe Gans.

Q.—What white fighters could have whipped the following negroes: Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, Tiger Flowers, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, and George Dixon.

A.—This again is a matter of opinion, but for argument's sake, I would place Jackson, Walcott and Gans in a class by themselves. They possessed everything and although defeated by white fighters, they still could be rated at the head of their divisions.

Langford was one of the greatest fighters of his weight, but had several white superiors. Tiger Flowers had a number of white fighters who were his superior, among them Harry Greb and Mickey Walker.

Thomas McCauley, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What are the measurements of Don George and Joe Savoldi?

A.—The measurements of George follow:

Age	29 years
Weight	222 pounds
Height	5 feet, 11½ inches
Reach	72 inches
Neck	18 inches
Chest (N)	45 inches
Chest (Ex)	48½ inches
Waist	37 inches
Biceps	15½ inches
Forearm	14 inches
Wrist	8½ inches
Thigh	24½ inches
Calf	15 inches
Ankle	9½ inches

Sorry I haven't Savoldi's measurements. Perhaps he will see this and send same to me.

Hans Mueller, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Schmeling now the heavyweight champion of Europe?

A.—Yes, he is entitled to be called the champion because he stopped two topnotchers in Neusel and Steve Hamas. As Neusel later stopped Jack Petersen, the British champion, Schmeling has first call.

Mary Abington, Houston, Texas.

Q.—Would your height increase exercises help a girl to develop the body?

A.—Yes, same as it would any young man. The exercises are not only for increasing the height, as I have often remarked, but are ideal exercises for body building for all persons.

Robert Lowe Herbst, Brenham, Texas.

Q.—I noticed in the Ring Question Box that bar bells are good training for wrestlers. I want to know why you do not have a bar bell company advertised in the Ring Magazine. The best bar bell companies are the Milo Bar Bell Co. of Philadelphia and the York Bar Bell Co. of York, Pa. I think the York Bar Bell Co. is the better of the two.

I want to know whether the following wrestlers use bar bells or not: Ed Don George, John Pesek, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Frank Gotch, Jack Sherry, Everett Marshall and Jim Browning. I know Jim Londos, George Hackenschmidt, Hans Steinke, Dick Shikat, Carl Projello, Sandor Szabo and Henry Steinborn used bar bells.

I think bar bells are one of the greatest of all body builders.

A.—Yes, they all use bar bells, I don't know why no bar-bells firm has taken advantage of our book.

Old Fight Fan, Matapedia, P.Z.

Q.—In reading Bob Fitzsimmons' record I see where in Australia in 1880 and 1881, Fitzsimmons in a couple of Jesse Mace's tournaments, knocked out 4 men in one night and later on knocked out 5 men in one night, among them Herbert Slade. Is this the Herbert Slade who came to the U.S.A. to fight Sullivan? This would leave "Bob" Fitzsimmons 18 and 19 years old at the time. Was this feat ever duplicated by any other fighter?

A.—Yes, it was. Not that I know of.

Q.—Also I see where some writers have old "Fitz" weighing as high as 170 lbs., for some of his ring battles. In his battle with Nonpariel Dempsey he "Fitz" weighed only 150½ pounds and was nearly 30 years of age. It would be impossible for a fighter to put on 18 or 20 pounds after being full grown at 30 years, weighing then 150½ pounds. Bob Fitzsimmons never weighed over 162 pounds in any of his battles. What is your opinion?

A.—Fitz told me that when he weighed in for Corbett, he scaled 170½ pounds and not what the papers had him weigh. After he became a heavyweight, he often weighed from 164 to 170 pounds.

Arthur Somers, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Was the late Fireman Jim Flynn an Italian or of Irish descent?

A.—Flynn, contrary to the general statements of the press in their report of his death, was an Irish-American and not an Italian-American as almost every story had it. He was born in Brooklyn, and was christened Andrew Haynes, but he was raised in Pueblo, Col., where his mother married a second time, her second husband being an Italian, Hector Chiariglione, owner of an Italian newspaper, and thereafter Flynn answered to the name of Andrew Chiariglione in private life and to Fireman Jim Flynn in boxing.

Frank Wilgus, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Is Buddy Baer shorter than his brother Max? Do you think he stands any chance of ever gaining the fistic spotlight like his brother?

A.—Buddy is the taller. Yes. Many wise experts in fisticuffs have declared that Buddy has the stuff and that he will some day be better than Max is now. I hope so.

Marguerite Dillingham, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—Will Jack Dempsey autograph his life story by Nat Fleischer, if I purchase a copy of "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana"?

A.—If that is your wish, I can oblige you by having my good friend Jack autograph the book to you. Jack is now running the Dempsey's Restaurant opposite the Garden, where THE RING office is located. If any other RING readers want the Dempsey book autographed or a picture of Jack autographed to them, I shall be happy to have Jack take care of that for them if the postcard photo or book is purchased, as I cannot afford to distribute them gratis. The cards cost 25 cents, and the book costs $1.25.

A Queensland Reader: from Innisfail.

Q.—What are the measurements of Max Baer as to height, reach, neck, chest, waist, hips, wrist, thigh and calf?

A.—Sorry. I have given this too often to repeat again.

Q.—What are the biceps, forearm and shoulder measurements of Tommy Loughran?

A.—We ran his full measurements only a few issues back.

Q.—How can I develop punching power? On what does punching power mainly depend?

A.—By practicing on heavy bag. Punching power depends mostly on getting the full weight of shoulders behind a blow. In short, dig in.

Q.—Was Willard in his prime bigger than Carnera?

A.—Yes—Willard was 6 feet 6, and Carnera only 6 feet 5½ inches.

Hisashi Ikeda, Hawaii

Q.—When is the best hour to take cable exercises? Do they make one muscle-bound? Do cable exercises retard the human growth? Is rising on toes and inhaling deeply harmful to the lungs?

A.—Cable exercises are okay. A lot of fighters use them but mostly wrestlers, because they strengthen the back muscles a little more than what the fighter requires. Sometimes strenuous cable exercises will cause a muscle-bound condition of the shoulders, but if you use a lightweight cable you won't be harmed by that. The best time to use cable exercises is before breakfast and before going to bed. They will not retard your growth. Rising on the toes and inhaling deeply is excellent for the lungs.

Edward Levine, New York City

Q.—Who was the first boy to defeat Mike Belloise in the professional ranks.

A.—Lew Feldman whipped Belloise in the Garden for the latter's first defeat.

Arlie Harrington, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—In the modern history of pugilism, that is, from Sullivan's defeat by Corbett, have the weights in the various classes been the same?

A.—No. They have been changed on several occasions. For example, when Corbett was champion, there was no flyweight champion, because there was no flyweight class. At that time the bantamweight class extended from 105 pounds to 115 pounds. The featherweight division called for a poundage from 115 pounds to 122 inclusive. Above 122 pounds and including 133 pounds, was the lightweight class. Then came the welter division with a poundage from 133 to 142 inclusive. The middleweight section was next, 142 pounds to 158 pounds. There was no light-heavyweight class, that having been born later when Fitz and Gardiner met some years later, and all fighters who weighed 158 pounds or more were forced to battle in the heavyweight section. That is why we so often find a world heavyweight championship fight recorded with one of the contestants weighing scarcely more than a middleweight and often only a middleweight, as in the case of Fitz, Charley Mitchell, and others.

Harry Bloomer, Freeport, L. I.

Q.—Is the W. J. Doherty who fought Kid McCoy in South Africa, a South African or an Englishman? In what city did they fight? Is Doyle still alive?

A.—The Bill Doherty who fought McCoy at Johannesburg, South Africa, December 26, 1896, is an Australian. He was stopped by McCoy nine rounds for a purse of $10,000. Incidentally, Doherty wrote a splendid book of reminiscences called "Giants of the Ring," an autographed copy of which he sent to me for the late Jim Corbett in 1932 and which I turned over to Corbett just before he died. I do not know whether Doherty is still alive. I hope so, but I'm sure that if he is and sees this, he will communicate with me, or that one of his army of Australian friends will tell me where he is located. I would deeply appreciate the receipt of a copy of Doherty's book, and if any of my Australian readers have a copy they can spare, I'll be glad to purchase it or exchange it for one of my books.

Australian Jimmy, Sydney, Australia

Q.—What was the time of the bout between Australian Billy Murphy and Tommy White which was recently reviewed in The RING?

A.—They fought a twenty-round draw at Columbus, Ohio, July 11, 1896, the bout lasting an hour and nineteen minutes.

Mark Hesiner, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How many draws did John L. Sullivan engage in?

A.—There are only three recorded—Charley Mitchell, at Chantilly, France, 39 rounds; Patsy Cardiff, six rounds; and Tug Wilson, 4 rounds.

Q.—When was he born?

A.—October 15, 1858.

Bruce Roberts, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Was Peter Jackson a native Australian?

A.—No. He was born in the West Indies, in 1861.

Q.—Where is he buried?

A.—Australia.

Arlie Michaelson, Denver, Col.

Q.—What fighter was called the Belfast Spider? Where was he born and what was his fighting weight?

A.—Ike O'Neil Weir, Feb. 6, 1867, Lurgan, Ireland. 122 pounds.

Mike Donaldson, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—What was the longest bare-knuckle fight ever fought? What was the longest glove contest?

A.—That between James Kelley and Jack Smith, Australia, Nov. 11, 1856, lasted six hours and fifteen minutes. Mike Madden and Bill Haynes fought for six hours and three minutes at Edenbridge, Eng., July 17, 1849.

The longest recorded glove battle was between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke, Olympic Club of New Orleans, April 6, 1893. They fought for seven hours and nineteen minutes for a total of 110 rounds.

Joan Surtess, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Will bending exercises, alone, reduce the hips?

A.—Yes, but I would advise rolling along the floor as additional exercise. When bending, do the side movements as well as the front.

A Correction

There was one Negro light heavyweight world champion. His name was Battling Siki.

From Hollywood *to* New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

Charley Massare of Mononghelia, Pa., who gave a fine performance in California in beating Charley Retzlaff.

BEGINNING with the current issue, we have decided to feature gossip concerning the activities of the film favorites and their pet habits. It is probably known by this time that the American Legion Stadium of Hollywood, the most profitable boxing club of its size in the world, depends exclusively upon the support of its film stars. Without their support, it is hardly probable that they could exist. Practically ninety per cent of the audience are spectators identified in various capacities in the film industry. Boxing is their favorite recreation, and week in and week out, the same ringside seats are occupied by the same stars who have their reservations booked for the season.

Among the fight fans who seldom miss a show here are Mae West, Pat O'Brien, Clark Gable, the Four Marx Brothers, Johnny Weismuller, Lupe Velez, Alice Faye, Robert Taylor, Ernst Lubitsch, George Raft, Mack (the Killer) Grey, Bert Wheeler, Joe Brown, George Stone, Bing Crosby, George Burns and Gracie Allen, and names that are household names in the amusement world.

Following the spectacular battle between Dano and Dado at the Olympic, the American Legion's show at Hollywood duplicated the fireworks with a slashing ten-round bout between Louis Salica and Midget Wolgast. This was a skilfully waged contest with hard hitting and boxing of the highest order. Salica's best round was the sixth, in which he dropped Wolgast for a nine-count and which virtually won the fight for him.

The rounds were about evenly divided but Salica's sixth round really decided the fight. There is a three-cornered bantam tournament on the Coast with Pablo Dano, Speedy Dado and Louis Salica as the entries. Dano and Dado clash first and the winner must meet Wolgast and the ultimate winner will be the recognized champion. Possibly Al Brown has been forgotten, but he is still the world's 118-pound title-holder.

Mushy Callahan and Jackie Fields, both former champions, are two of the most popular boxers, now employed in pictures here. Mushy works in the property department for Warner Bros., while Jackie is employed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the cutting department. Joe Glick, Al White, Johnny Indrisano, Eddie Butler, Bing Conley, Larry McGrath, Suey Welsh, Bert Keyes, Frank Moran, Johnny Keyes, Charley Regan are some of the fistic fraternity acting as extra and occasionally having some choice speaking lines.

Tommy Herman acts as boxing instructor for the Y. M. C. A. and writes a sporting column for a Jewish newspaper. The thoroughfare which ranks with Forty-Second and Broadway in New York is Hollywood and Vine. A person standing there will contact the most important to the lowest novice in the movie game. The street is the melting pot of the picture game and anyone lost in Hollywood can always find some friend or acquaintance in that vicinity.

Hollywood is a city of strange customs. Conversation is exaggerated with each figure of speech and the city has no room for any failures. There are few genuine friendships in existence. Each person is seeking someone who can improve the fellow's financial and social status. A fellow down on his luck in this city had better keep his troubles to himself.

A request for a loan puts the man down for a "moocher" and he is marked for life. The most successful usually confine their activities to inner circles and it is very difficult to penetrate that sacred precinct.

Joe Benjamin, at one time a formidable lightweight contender, is walking about town with a chip on each shoulder. He seems to revel in street quarrels. Recently he has crossed guns with Fred Perry, British tennis star, and Grant Withers, the movie actor, and on each occasion came through the winner, but it has placed him in a bad light.

Harold Lloyd, who has been producing pictures independently for several years, has placed himself under the Paramount banner to produce "The Milky Way." This was originally a show under the same name in New York and it concerned an episode in the life of Mickey Walker, when he reigned as the middleweight champion.

A Horatio Alger story that actually happened in this town is the miraculous rise of Mack Grey, who began his career here as Joe Glick's trainer. He eventually worked as George Raft's valet and occasionally appeared in several bit scenes. He did such good work in "Car 99" that he was signed to a contract by Paramount. Douglas Shearer, recording director at M. G. M., is tutoring an amateur heavyweight from Tacoma, Wash., and is being trained by Mike Cantwell, who trained Max Baer for the Carnera conflict.

One of the greatest scraps seen in these parts was the ten-round tussle between Speedy Dado and Pablo Dano. Dano is a miniature Tom Sharkey in appearance, while Dado is a speedy, skilful boxer. They waged a cyclonic battle, with Lieutenant Jack Kennedy calling it a draw. It was a corking fight but it was our opinion that Dano enjoyed the shade.

Two live wire press agents in town are Bill Miller, handling the publicity for the Olympic, and Dean Snyder for the Legion. They are capable exponents of the art of ballyhoo and have been responsible for the keen interest in boxing.

Enthusiasm is unequalled, and the Mexicans and Filipinos in the galleries make up a mighty critical audience. God pity the referee who decides against their judgment. They continue to ride him the balance of the evening and sometimes it takes weeks before they let up on him.

Jack Doyle's recent marriage to Judith Allen virtually means that Doyle is through with boxing. Doyle is a good bet for the movies and boxing is too strenuous a sport for such a good-looking specimen as Doyle, although there is a fortune in store for him if he can really fight against the American competition. An opponent of Stanley Poreda's calibre is hardly proper to suggest for Doyle and the Massachusetts State Commission is to be commended for refusing to sanction their meeting.

Harry Bloomfield has returned to New York from Miami, but Sonny Barry went westwards, eventually landing on the Coast—Frankie Doyle, who is training Maxey Rosenbloom here, is also handling Mickey Genaro and Leroy Brown, but his thoughts are directed towards Jersey, where his wife and child are located—Matt Kid Saxby, athletic director on the S. S. *Virginia,* fought professionally years ago.

Eddie Butler, identified in New York boxing circles, came to the Coast about a year ago to boost his eleven-year-old son, Jimmy, into the movies. Jimmy is a talented youngster, has a good singing voice, and had experience on the radio and looked like a cinch to register here. The fates conspired that little Jimmy was not destined to get a break.

While making the rounds with his father, Eddie was selected as a type that they were seeking and now Eddie Butler has stepped into the picture game as a full-fledged actor. He has been in several pictures to date and has impressed with each endeavor. His latest effort was "The G Men," with James Cagney, and it seems that Eddie's lot has been cast in the movies. Jimmy Marsh, Joe McKenna, Dan and Nick Florio, Eddie Walker and many other New York friends will be glad to hear of his success.

After keeping the lightweight division dormant during the past eighteen months, Barney Ross found it convenient to discover that he could not make the lightweight limit with the approach of a McLarnin match this summer in New York.

Bob Olin was beaten in an overweight bout in Frisco by John Henry Lewis. Olin staged a rally in the last three rounds but could not overcome the early lead of Lewis—Johnny Miler and Wesley Ketchell waged a gruelling ten-round battle at the Legion, with honors evenly divided—Art Martell is running amateur shows at the Olympic twice a month and averages crowds of nine thousand fans.

Amateur boxing is a commercialized sport in California and the essence of amateurism is missing—The boys are paid for their work but the remuneration is mighty small—The prices of admission range from ten cents upwards, which has caused a decline in the pro game, and consequently professional receipts show a great falling off in the final analysis—Wally Hally, one of Jerry Pelton's finds, is the hottest thing on the Coast in the preliminary ranks. He is a colorful kid and is a cross between Jackie Berg and Ace Hudkins in action. If Jerry can check his enthusiasm for a year or so he is going to have a figure of prominence fighting under his wing.

Mushy and Claude Greenstone, managers of Oscar Rankins, Negro middleweight, are a unique pair in the annals of fistic managers—Unique is a mild term to those who are familiar with them—Charley Burns, who recently whipped Johnny Jadick at Lancaster, is getting considerable favorable comment from the Keystone State—Joe Louis, who has accomplished miracles during his short sojourn in the pro ranks, went through a series of exhibition bouts prior to the Carnera battle in New York.

Enrique Cambra sends along some interesting gossip from Panama, where boxing is thriving and their two outstanding fistic products are Baby Quintana and Davey Abad—Quintana is back in Panama but expects to return to New York, while Abad has been having a successful sojourn in Mexico City—Joe Rossi disposed of Joe Pennino at the St. Nicholas Rink and decided the supremacy question in good fashion. He won without any question. Jerry Mazza checked the rise of Tin Cab Romanelli in the semi-final.

Henry Armstrong, Pacific Coast featherweight, is the best looking fighter I have gazed at in this vicinity. At the Olympic Auditorium he whipped Frankie Covelli of New York in a spirited eight-round bout, but the manner in which he went about his work marks him an exceptionally good all-round fighter. He can box and fight, is aggressive without leaving himself open and is dangerous at all times. He cut Covelli's eye in the last round and, while Covelli fought a plucky fight and gave a good account of himself, Armstrong showed himself to be a mighty good fighter.

Gege Gravante, heavy-hitting youngster, disposed of Louis Carranza in the fifth, while Eddie Houghton drew with Don Conn—Harvey Pettit has a speedy, hard-hitting youngster by the name of Leon Zorita, who is destined to go places—Jackie Treadway is a classy bantam and is handled by Al Ziemer, former crack bantam from Cleveland. Treadway has plenty of class and knows the reason for each move.

Oscar Rankins whipped Swede Berglund in a rough ten-round fray at the Olympic. Rankins is a willing, two-handed fighter and Berglund is of the same calibre but is slower in his movements—Hank Hankinson, a rangy, hard-hitting heavyweight, faced a tough customer in Ford Smith at the Legion, and they waged a tough ten-round battle, with Hank getting the decision. Hankinson scored a knockdown in the second round but Ford proved a tough, courageous customer and made a decided hit with the crowd.

Battling Gizzy, veteran Pittsburgher, threw too many gloves at Manuel Ponce and won the verdict in the semi-final—Bobby Pacho is still going at a strong clip in New York—After getting a draw with Leonard Del Genio, in which everyone agreed that Pacho had the edge, he returned to the St. Nick's to defeat Johnny Morro.

All of the following results were tabulated in the same evening: Paul Pirrone kayoed Benny Levine; Freddy Steele disposed of Sammy O'Dell; Charley Retzlaff finished Jack Roper, and Al Diamond put a finish to Tommy Wallace, each bout ending in the first session—Johnny Keyes is definitely here for the remainder of his natural life—He is handling Midget Wolgast and runs "Sloppy Joe's," a popular rendezvous for the sporting fraternity—Bob Perry, old-timer from New York, conducts his restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard and features singing waiters, which has proved a popular innovation.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have announced their production plans for the coming year and indications point to a successful year both in volume and quality—Ted Lewis is due to arrive soon to appear in "Here Comes the Band"—Jack Benny, here to make a picture for M. G. M., broadcasts every Sunday direct from Hollywood—Madge Evans' contemplated trip to England has momentarily been delayed, which accounts for the pleasant gleam on Tom Gallery's countenance lately—Gallery

(Continued on page 52)

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BACK on September 14, 1923, when we saw Jack Dempsey bowled out of the Polo Grounds, New York ring, by Luis Firpo, our expectations of ever again seeing even a near repeat, in so far as the ex-Mauler was concerned, were practically nil. To our surprise, also that of many others, the night of April 30, at Mechanics Building, Boston, we saw Dempsey again go through the ropes, though under conditions entirely different from those of twelve years ago. On the foregoing evening Jack was acting as referee at a wrestling show, a line of activity which has brought to his coffers, and those of Max Waxman, his shadow, thousands of dollars within the last few years. A "royal" was on, an affair of rounds, and had got along to the third stanza when Jack disqualified Ted Germaine, a South Boston light-heavy, for kicking his opponent.

"What did you say?", asked Germaine. "I said that you lose on a foul," replied Dempsey, "Well, to hell with you, you big punk," retorted Germaine, and the excitement started right there. As Germaine rushed the ex-champion, Jack gave him left and right, hands open, to the head, evidently figuring that the angry matman would veer off. But Germaine didn't veer. Instead he secured an inside crotch and body lock and, hoisting Dempsey into the air, crashed him to the mat.

As Jack, shy of wind, lay near the ropes, Germaine booted him out through them to a press table, and from the table to the floor. They brawled in an aisle, upsetting both chairs and their occupants, and then, locked together, hurtled back into the ring where Germaine again floored the former king of the heavies. Police, seconds, ushers and the promoter here grabbed the principals and smothered the scrap.

The scrap over, Dempsey, not even waiting to shift out of his referee costume, quit the place in a fine rage. "I don't think I'll ever referee in Boston again," he declared to Charley Gordon, the promoter. "However, if I ever do, have that Germaine in there with me. Next time he won't catch me unawares and I'll knock him dead." As Dempsey and Waxman split up about $600 balm between them, we think that perhaps some day they will be back.

The affair demonstrated one point, though under rather unfair conditions—that a grappler will whip the average ringster in a mixed match if the latter fails to bag his foe with his first punch. In the case of Dempsey, he did not expect the attack but, after it was once on and Germaine inside his fists, there was practically nothing to it but the matman.

Entirely aside from the Dempsey-Germaine melee, in a general way wrestling locks and the eight better known slams connected with the ring are becoming more and more affiliated, as the mat sport now is conducted in Boston. We had another notable instance the night of April 26, when Ed Lewis and Daniel O'Mahoney, seeking to iron out some differences they claim to have had in a London ring last December, clashed in the Boston Garden. Danno, though much lighter in build and weight than the former champion, had plenty of youth and speed in his favor—assets which strongly counted for him.

After they had toyed, pulled, hauled and mauled for 21:27, the Irishman secured Lewis' right wrist and brought him to grass with a flying mare, a hold now known here as the "Irish whip." As Danno, the winner of the fall, was retiring to his corner, Lewis, who had got back onto his pins, suddenly sneaked up behind and biffed the Celt to the head. O'Mahoney being a fighting Irishman as well as a wrestler, Big Ed started plenty. In the general brawl which immediately ensued, Danno, in addition to registering a kayo, closed the Strangler's left eye and cracked open both of his lips. The police rushed the ring and one of the bluecoats getting between the Irish lad and one of Lewis' seconds whom he was trying to whack, took a punch to the neck.

Two photographers who had jumped into the ring to secure pictures also got tossed around in the brawl. Finally, the infuriated Irishman was corralled in a corner and cooled off. Meanwhile Lewis, still flat on the canvas, was gathered up by the hands and feet and carried out. As Big Ed either was unable or would not continue, the second fall and bout was awarded to O'Mahoney, all of which seemed to be entirely satisfactory to the majority of the more than 20,000 fans who witnessed the affair.

Lewis, who is reported as taking boxing lessons, with Dempsey as his instructor, now is seeking another bout with O'Mahoney, but may not connect. Champion Ed George, Gus Sonnenberg and Henri DeGlane, the latter back in this country from France, are claiming precedence over Lewis for the next "shot" at Danno. Meanwhile O'Mahoney is out on the Pacific Coast with Jack McGrath, his manager, meeting all comers.

International amateur boxing, out of Boston since 1931, had a successful revival on April 29, when more than 10,000 spectators turned out to a show sponsored by the Irish American A.A., wherein teams representing Ireland, Canada and the New England section competed. It was a finely conducted affair and the attendance and receipts paved the way for a similar tourney in 1936. Five international classes were contested— 126, 135, 147, 160, and heavyweight. Those to come through the winners in the fifteen bouts staged, were as follows: 126, Abe Denner, Boston; 135, James McCarron, Somerville; 147, Michael Coffey, Ireland; 160, James Magill, Ireland; heavyweight, Thomas Osborne, Canada.

Osborne, a heavyweight of real class, won the two bouts in which he participated by one-round kayos, disposing of Paul Flaherty of Woburn, and Dick Hogan of Charlestown, the latter N.E. heavyweight champion. Previously Hogan had whipped big Pat Mulligan of Ireland in three heats, giving away thirty-four pounds to the chap from Erin. Osborne, the Canadian, not only won all his bouts but was voted by the sports writers as the outstanding performer, and was presented with a fine gold watch because of the fact. He weighs about 180 and, after participating in the 1936 Olympics, plans to turn "pro." He will be twenty in July.

Another notable performer, though beaten by a small margin in the 135-pounds class final, was Harold "Babe" McLeod, also of the Canadian team. He is a southpaw and a cool, steady, game boxer, inclined to stick to the defensive. Magill, the Irish holder of A.B.A. honors for two years, also other titles in his home land, showed himself to be the classiest man on his team. He is a pawer, however, and pitted against a stiff puncher of any skill is likely to have trouble. Following their bouts here, the Irish team left for Detroit, to compete there on May 2.

Admiral Cass, matchmaker for the Boston Garden, who seems to have a jinx hitched to him, was to have come to bat in April with Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Nova Scotia and Fanis Tzanatopolous, the "Greek Tiger." The show got a lot of publicity and everything was all set when, the day before the event, Fanis broke his right hand on the head of his sparring partner. It was a real break—no fooling about it—and the show had to be called off. So Boston continues to languish, as it has for many weeks, without a single "pro" ring event. In the entire state of Massachusetts today, we have but one club regularly clicking—the Valley Arena A.A. at Holyoke.

Al McCoy, the Dorchester light-heavy, after knocking out Tait Littman and Bob Godwin, finding himself unable to induce Tony Shucco of Boston to risk his N.E. title inside of ropes, has been working up in the so-called "sticks." Since the last issue of THE RING he has knocked out Vincent Forgione in one round at Bangor, Me., and Leo Salvas in nine at Lewiston, Me. Here is a star performer of good record who is rusting because of a lack of opponents.

Lou Brouillard of Worcester, former welter and middle champion, came through over Marty Simmons in Pittsburgh, April 17, but received a damaged nose in the encounter which required an operation at a Lowell, Mass., hospital on his return to this section. According to Lou's manager, Johnny Buckley, his protégé has been matched by Jeff Dickson to meet Marcel Thil in Paris on June 13, also to compete in two other bouts abroad. A possible opponent in one of these latter affairs will be Jock McAvoy of England. Though Brouillard is boxing in great form since he pulled down to around 160 pounds, we rather expect that Thil and McAvoy will provide him with plenty of action.

Ad Zachow of Dover, N.H., one-time N.E. middleweight champion, has started on a comeback which may get him somewhere. Realizing that he wasn't getting anywhere, two months ago he placed himself under the training care of Dave Shade, one of the old masters, up at Pittsfield, Mass., and in his first time out, April 26, he settled Bob Turner up at Portland, Me., in a ten-rounder.

A few years back, Zachow was much in the limelight—was getting along just fine, until he ran up against Lou Brouillard at the Boston Garden in 1932. Ad's youth and inexperience got him a severe pounding, and shortly after he received another lesson from Tony Celli in the same ring. It was his last appearance in Boston. With experience in his favor—he has plenty of skill—he may yet shine in Hub rings.

Though Boston continues without a "pro" event, while the numerous small clubs, slated to spring up have yet to materialize, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." The old Waldron Casino Theatre, located for many years in Hanover Street, has changed hands and not only are wrestling shows to be staged there, but Harry Kelley, the former trainer of Jack Sharkey, Johnny Wilson and others, is being mentioned as likely to be the head of a small "pro" club to operate on the premises on a weekly basis. We being a strong advocate for small clubs for the rebuilding of boxing in Boston, certainly hope that Kelley is successful in bringing his proposed organization into the limelight.

Mike "Twin" Sullivan, brother of the equally famous Jack, a star in the days when the ring could boast plenty of fighting fighters, is seriously ill at his home in Willard Street, Cambridge. Mike is fifty-seven years old and is having an uphill battle to make the grade.

Sullivan made his ring start way back in 1901, and by 1903 was holding the famous Jack Blackburn to a fifteen-rounds draw. In 1905 he held Gans to a fifteen-rounds draw in Baltimore, and the same year defeated Jimmy Gardner, then one of the best, in a twenty-rounder in Frisco.

In 1907 he whipped Honey Mellody in a twenty-rounder in Los Angeles, and laid claim to the welter title which Mellody had lifted from Joe Walcott at Chelsea, Mass., in 1906. Mike's big reverse came in 1908, when he tackled Stanley Ketchel at Colma, Cal., and was stopped in a round. It will be recalled that Jack "Twin" went to Colma a few months later to revenge his brother Mike and was whipped in twenty stanzas by Ketchel. Mike's last bout was a two-rounds' win over Paddy Lavin at Dover, N.H., following which he retired from the active ring.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

A GROUP of sporting men of Springfield, Mass., put on a One Ring Circus for the benefit Child's Health Fund. The men in charge were John L. Sullivan, Donald Plourd, Clarence Moore, John Hoar, Michael Manning, Lorenzo D. Lambson and Robert Phelps.

Fritzie Zivic take notice: Julio Montes of P.O. Box 156, Sta. A, San Antonio, Texas, wishes to get in touch with you, for bouts in that vicinity.

Al Cavalieri, 270 Frank Street, Bridgeport, Conn., manager of Carmen Cook of that city, would like to get a bout for his boy in Holyoke, Mass.

Terry Mitchel of Brooklyn, N. Y., won a decision over Eddie Unknown Winston in ten rounds at the Valley Arena; Roland Lecuyer won again over Lou Fox, New York, in the eight-round semi; Jimmy Riche of Hartford, Conn., won over Angelo Manna, Worcester, Mass., in a six, and Ray Rowe won every round over Tom Grady, fellow townsman, in the four-rounder.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford, Conn., won over Eddie Brink of Scranton, Pa., in ten rounds, in another card of the Valley Arena; Emperor Jones of Hartford, Conn., stopped Young Carnera of North Adams, Mass., in the second round of a scheduled six; Sammy Athas of Springfield, Mass., won over George Sweeney of the same city in the opening four-rounder.

Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, won a decision over Frankie Hughes in the main bout at Holyoke; Charley Gomer, Baltimore, Md., won over Bucky Keyes of New Jersey in the semi of eight rounds; Jimmy Downs, Holyoke, Mass., knocked out Tim Burns of Milford, Mass., in the first round of a scheduled six, and Jimmy Riche of Hartford, Conn., won a six-round decision over Al Gauthier, who just returned to the ring after an absence of over a year. Dean Cross of Athol, Mass., won over Carlo Daponde of Springfield, Mass., in the four-rounder.

The writer received a letter from Jack Burston of Jeff Dickson's office in Paris, France. Dickson expects to put on some big fights—some in London and Paris; he also has a club in Barcelona, Spain.

Fighters wishing to box in Holyoke must live close by, or else be able to transport themselves there. It is advisable to have finances enough to carry you a few weeks; then, if possible, the matchmaker, Baron Cohen, will use you.

Dermot (Tiger) Kelly: You might arrange for bouts in Holyoke through Baron Cohen of Holyoke Arena, Holyoke, Mass.

Ray Cook, featherweight champion of Canada, can be reached through me; Leo Salvas, middleweight, and Roy Clark, heavyweight, also, at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Be sure to get your books on boxing and other sports from Nat S. Fleischer's Book Shop, Madison Square Annex, New York, N. Y.

Billy O'Brien, Springfield featherweight, and manager Walter McCormick are back together again and are on the trail of Tommy Howells of Buffalo, who won a decision over Billy a while back at Holyoke.

Seeking Muscles?

Do you want to build up your body like the great Tom Sharkey?

Then get a copy of

NAVY DRILLS by Tom Sharkey

ARMY DRILLS by Frank Idone

Each for only 15 cents

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Laramie, Wyo.—Duck Stone, Laramie middleweight, won a ten-round decision over Emery Beatty, Denver battler. Stone had all the better of the first five rounds and Beatty's last-round rally fell short of pulling the fight out of the fire.

In the other half of the twin main-event, Johnny Nichols, Muskogee, Okla. kayoed Eppy Herrera of Denver in the third round of a scheduled ten-rounder. The latter pair are bantamweights.

The long hand of Death reached out and plucked off Colorado's famous old heavyweight of other years, Jim Flynn, "The Pueblo Fireman." Flynn, died in a hospital at San Francisco, a victim of a heart attack. Fans of twenty-five years ago will recall that the Pueblo Italian was one of the toughest in the business.

Jackie Burke, sensational Ogden, Utah, welterweight, continues his victory march by scoring knockouts over Kermit Thompson of Oakland, Cal., and Kid West of Idaho. Burke won a six-round technical kayo over Thompson at Reno, Nev., while he kayoed West in four heats at Magna, Utah.

At Denver, Colo.—King Levinsky, the Chicago fishmonger, scored a technical kayo over Hans Birkie of Oakland, Calif., in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round go. The fight was Levinsky's all the way. It was a drab affair. Both men weighed in at 197 pounds.

The semi-windup between Hank Bath, of Fort Morgan, and Benny Yanulvic, of Denver, was the best on the card. Bath scored a kayo in the third session to ring up his nineteenth straight kayo victory. Both are light-heavyweights.

Phil Greening kayoed Buddy Jackson in the first round of a six-round special event. They are middleweights.

At Greeley, Colo.—Walter Sirois, Vancouver, B.C., and Eddie Lewis, Denver, fought nine knockdown-studded rounds before Sirois was disqualified for taking a punch at the referee. Believe it or not, each man scored fifteen knockdowns. Thirty knockdowns in the nine rounds. That must be a record of some kind. The two men, who are wrestlers, were induced to settle a personal grudge with the gloves. In the ninth round, referee Grenier cautioned the Canadian about a low punch. Angered, Sirois floored the official with a swinging right—and lost the decision.

At Cripple Creek, Colo.—"Cyclone" Lynch, hard-hitting Walsenburg Negro heavyweight, knocked out Chester Paasche, Cripple Creek 210-pounder, in the opening round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Lynch, incidentally, seems to be developing into quite a scrapper.

At Antonito, Colo.—Henry Jackson, Fort Garland, former state featherweight titleholder, knocked out Charley Zeletes of New York City, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. The bout was evenly contested until five seconds before the bell rang for the end of the fifth round. Jackson then landed a swinging uppercut to the New Yorker's solar plexus, sending him down in agony. Zeletes was unable to answer the bell for the sixth. Jackson weighed 122 pounds, Zeletes 119.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Pug Sutherland, Manassa, won the verdict over Charley Vigil of Del Norte. Vigil, after being floored six times for long counts in the first six rounds, came back and had Sutherland down at the bell in the seventh.

Deno Pappas, popular Denver sportsman, has taken over the management of Emilio Martinez, Hank Bath and Phil Greening, three of the best mitt-slingers in the Rocky Mountain region. Under Pappas' able guidance these boys will go places.

Incidentally, this Hank Bath kid looms as the best prospect we've dug up out here since Jack Dempsey came along a score of years ago. He's had nineteen fights and the opposition has finished on their ears exactly nineteen times. Which is hitting in any man's league. He's nineteen years old and weighs 173 pounds.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Emilio Martinez, Denver light-heavy, scored a technical kayo over Bill McDonald, Amarillo Texas Negro, in the seventh round of a ten-round contest. McDonald set some kind of an "iron-man" record when he got up off the floor seventeen times before the referee stopped the fight.

At Scottsbluff, Neb.—Hershey Wilson, Eagle, Colo., lightweight, won an easy ten-round victory over Joe Duran, Scottsbluff.

Remember, the writer will be glad to answer any questions relative to the boxing game in this section of the country, providing you will inclose a stamp for reply.

I also have a complete list of Colorado fight promoters that you can have for a thin dime. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo.

Juan Morales, Juarez, Mexico, D.F.—Write to Nat Fleischer, Editor of this magazine. He has a complete line of books for an aspiring young boxer. He'll fix you up in fine shape.

Frankie Brandt, Alliance, Neb.—The only heavyweight championship battle ever held in your state was between Tom Allen and Ben Hogan. It was held at Omaha back in the 'seventies, and ended in a free-for-all brawl. Allen was winning when the fight broke up.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.—Chuck Reed, Fort Morgan, outpointed Les Dalton of Pueblo, in a ten-round battle. Both men weighed 146 pounds. Fred Shank, Fort Morgan, stopped Sammy Smith of Sterling, in the fifth session of a middleweight bout.

At Cody, Wyo.—Lou Cozzens, Lovell middleweight, and Benny Yanulvic, of Denver, fought a slashing ten-round draw. It was a slam-bang affair from start to finish.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

CHARGES made last month by this scribe that the fight game in this state was being manhandled by a certain element, brought forth a long-drawn howl from certain quarters. Personally, we have no axe to grind, or any personal motive beyond the fact that we are first and always for the good of the boxing game. BUT if the aforesaid happens to fit anyone in particular . . . . well, naturally a hit dog howls. Perhaps we will yet have a clean-up in the game in Texas.

When places that were drawing a thousand dollars and better weekly a year ago have dropped to a third of that now, there is something very, very wrong with the situation. Dallas is the only place holding its own, thanks to the untiring efforts to those popular promoters, Dick Griffin and Arol Atherton. Houston, due to a lot of poor matches, has gone to pieces, but is looking forward with hope as Jimmie Guest resumes matchmaking at his arena. San Antonio, which drew well for a while, evidently got tired of seeing mismatches and one-round knockouts and is again drawing houses with wide-open spaces within.

The high spot of the month was the two Salvadore-Parris fights at Dallas. Salvadore got the duke in the first meeting, but it was close. So they rematched the pair, Salvadore winning the last decisively, winning practically every round. However, the aggressive Indian made a very interesting go of it.

As is often the case when a fighter from the East hits this section, Toots Bashara, classy lightweight of Philadelphia, vastly under-rated Howard Scott, local lightie. Result: Toots did little training and Scott did a lot of fighting. P. S. Scott won.

K. O. Crom, veteran San Antonio middleweight, sprang the surprise of the season by holding Ralph Chong, sensational Chinese middleweight, to a draw. Chong, one of the most pleasing and colorful fighters it has ever been our pleasure to watch, has been out several months with an infection, and this was his first start this year. If Eastern promoters ever get a look at Ralph, I am afraid we will lose one of our most popular attractions. The boy has IT, and we don't mean perhaps!

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Babe Hunt k.o.'ed Ace Dodge; Clyde Chastian stopped Steve Roberts and Tony Marullo; Frank Mackey won from George Brown; Joe Daley, promising young heavy of Ft. Worth, beat Sid Hunter; Wishy Jones, who belted out Johnny Lacaille in one heat, was lucky to get the duke over Phil Latona, said decision being lustily booed by the fans; Nevill Harper was also handed a break when given a draw with Carlos Garcia. However, they met later, Garcia winning.

Henry Hooks stopped Pee Wee Terry; Cullen Williams k.o.'ed Ray Wallace; Billy Ray stopped Redman Gum; Chief Parris flattened Kid Brunet; Scrap Carter, flashy Beaumont feather, beat Joey Lapelle, Lou Hasso, and stopped Jesse Villa; Red Wright evened the score with Phil Latona in a close fight, making it one each and a draw; Wildcat Monte trimmed Sammy Alfano; Alfano was also beaten by Louis Beard.

Kingfish Levinsky wound up his visit here with a two-round kayo of Joe Rice; Clyde Chastian stopped Charley Montgomery; George Brown beat Sid Hunter; Moon Mullens won over Blackie Mitchison; Lou Hasso stopped Dave Mason, beat K. O. Lowrey; Gene Clark beat Harry Benson and Sammy Alfano, but was stopped by Riy Stice and Wild Bill McDowell; McDowell, one of Houston's favorites, also stopped Cliff Babin; Johnny Cook decisioned Jack Griffin; Griffin also lost to Johnny Lacaille; Lacaille won from Sam Debes; Debes defeated Ellis Gallier; Speedy Walker beat Theo Norris; Harry Denson k.o.'ed Widrow Tidwell; Battling Sam beat George Coffee; Blue Heaven, a dead ringer for Stepin Fetchit, lugged Louis Lemon for the count; Ernie Epps beat Earl Capps; Gene Dundee stopped Junior Cone; Billy Deeg won from Kid Young; Louis Beard lost via foul to Midget Mexico.

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Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

OWING to the time it takes to receive mail from California to New York, I have decided in this issue to limit my ratings to May 7, and therefore the championship match between Tony Canzoneri and Lou Ambers will not be taken into consideration in this issue. The rating on that fight will appear in the next number. The month's best drawing card was Joe Louis.

Louis continued his wonderful march in the heavyweight ranks by administering the sleep potion to Roy Lazer and further established his drawing powers by attracting over forty-four thousand dollars at the gate. He is one of the saviours of the boxing game.

John Henry Lewis scored over Bob Olin in an overweight bout in Frisco. Marcel Thil defended his middleweight title successfully by scoring a knockout over Vilda Jaks. Joe Smallwood stepped into the elite class by banging out a decisive victory over Vince Dundee. Lou Ambers registered a kayo over Honeyboy Hughes, while Tony Canzoneri did likewise against Eddie Zivic.

The month's leading results follow: In the heavyweight division, Joe Louis registered with a three-round knockout over Roy Lazer and also kayoed Willie Davis. Bigg Bennett, Gene Stanton and Roscoe Toles in exhibition bouts. King Levinsky kayoed Hans Birkie in four rounds. Hank Hankinson scored over Ford Smith. Buck Everett defeated Natie Brown. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Jack Roper in one round, drew with Tony Souza and was beaten by Charley Massare. Tommy Loughran disposed of Vincent Parrile in nine rounds. Johnny Miler drew with Wesley Ketchell.

Steve Dudas kayoed Larry Johnson in two rounds. Phil Johnson disposed of Red Barry in the second. Babe Hunt kayoed Ace Dodge in six rounds. Eddie Hogan knocked out Frank Wotanski in one round. Dom McCorkindale kayoed Frank Borrington in five rounds. Al White scored over Don Conn, while Buddy Baer disposed of Tommy Davenport and Corn Griffin in three rounds each.

Bob Olin, light-heavyweight champion, lost to John Henry Lewis but his title was not affected. Maxey Rosenbloom scored over Charley Massare and Homer Brandeis. Al McCoy kayoed Vincent Forgione and Leo Salvas. Al Gainer whipped Paul Cavalier and kayoed Dutch Weimer in five rounds. Jock McAvoy, who has outgrown the middleweight class, whipped Garcia Lluch in England. Leo Kelly kayoed Al Stillman in seven rounds. Tait Littman finished George Black in five sessions. Sammy Slaughter scored over Billy Ketchell. Clyde Chastain disposed of Steve Roberts in five rounds.

Marcel Thil, world's middleweight champion, defended his title against Vilda Jaks and scored a knockout in fourteen rounds. Paul Pirrone kayoed Benny Levine and Charley Long in one round each. Lou Brouillard, who seems to have lost weight sufficiently to be placed back in the middleweight class, whipped Marty Simmons. Al Diamond kayoed Tommy Wallace in one round but was beaten by Frank Battaglia. Joe Smallwood scored over Vince Dundee. Oscar Rankins triumphed over Swede Berglund. Freddy Steele disposed of Sammy O'Dell in one round. Young Terry kayoed Al Fisher in five rounds. Tommy Rios won over Anson Green. King Tut, making another comeback, kayoed Adolph Haavisto in one round. Alabama Kid kayoed Joe Gans of Detroit in four rounds. Al Quaill disposed of Pete Suskey in six rounds. Hooky Jackson whipped Charley Weisse.

Among the welterweights, Al Manfredo scored over Ceferino Garcia. Garcia kayoed Guy McKinney in one round. Izzy Jannazzo whipped Phil Furr but lost to Mickey Serrian. Joe Rossi won over Billy Hogan and Joe Pennino. Jimmy Leto won from Cocoa Kid and Eddie Brink. Frankie Britt defeated Eduardo Duarry. Jackie Davis kayoed Pete Nebo in six rounds but lost to Johnny Lucas. Gustave Eder whipped Archie Sexton. Teddy Loder disposed of Mickey Salem in five rounds. Frankie Hughes was beaten by Lou Lombardi and Tiger Joe Randall. Chuck Woods whipped Lou Vine and Mike Barto. Gordon Wallace drew with Sonny Jones. Baby Joe Gans whipped Billy Constance and Johnny Martinez. Fritzie Zivic defeated Freddy Chynoweth and kayoed Sammy Chivas in three rounds. Franz Dubbers disposed of Franta Nekolny in six rounds. Al Casimini finished Frankie Marchese in the sixth. Bluey Jones won from Bobby Wilson in Australia. Gege Gravante kayoed Louis Carranza in five rounds. Paulie Walker scored over Bucky Jones.

In the lightweight class, Lou Ambers disposed of Honeyboy Hughes in four rounds. Tony Canzoneri kayoed Eddie Zivic in seven sessions. Cleto Locatelli whipped Lew Massey. Joe Ghnouly won over Pat Kissinger. Eddie Cool scored over George Gibbs. Charley Burns defeated Johnny Jadick and Harry Serody. Wesley Ramey won from Roger Bernard. Benny Bass whipped Tony Falco and Mike Marshall. Bobby Pacho drew with Leonard Del Genio and defeated Johnny Morro. Lew Feldman whipped Sal Hernandez. Harry Carlton scored over Henri Pilotte. Bucky Keyes kayoed Andre Sarill in four rounds while Louis Camps won from Jose Santos.

Freddy Miller, king of the featherweights, whipped Jimmy Walsh, Jimmy Stewart and kayoed Johnny Cruz in seven rounds. Varias Milling was beaten by Mike Belloise, Al Citrino and Young Rightmire. Rightmire also whipped Bob O'Dowd. Young Casanova scored over Juan Zurita and Midget Wolgast. Henry Armstrong won from Frankie Covelli. Vernon Cormier whipped Herb Bishop and Bert Osborne. Merv Blandon scored over Phil Zwick. Pete De Grasse whipped Young Gildo. Claude Varner kayoed Mickey Miller in eight rounds while Mickey defeated Charley Miller. Jerry Mazza won from Tin Can Romanelli. Frankie Wolfram defeated Mose Butch. Tiger Walker scored over Orville Drouillard. Abie Israel scored two victories over Baby Palmore. Jackie Sharkey whipped Paul Lee. Dick Welsh won from Nat Litfin. Baby Manuel scored over Jerry Kennedy.

Al Brown, still the ruler of the bantamweight division, scored over Luigi Quadrini. Pablo Dano scored over Tony Marino and drew with Speedy Dado. Dado scored over Joe Tei Ken. Louis Salica whipped Midget Wolgast, while the Midget bested Bobby Fernandez. Baby Quintana kayoed Kid Juancito in four rounds and scored over Victor Herrera. Josef Decico defeated Emile Pladner while Ross Fields kayoed Young Jack Dempsey in seven rounds.

Benny Lynch, one of the younger flyweights, who is advancing steadily, disposed of Tommy Pardoe in fourteen rounds. Pardoe kayoed Andrew Devine in the fourth. Bobby Magee drew with Jim Brady. Phil Milligan scored over Fred Bilsborough. Jim Maharg won over Praxille Gyde. Mickey McGuire drew with Syd Parker, while Bert Kirby defeated Harry Edwards.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Peter Kane, England.
Bantamweight—George Murla, New Orleans, La.
Featherweight—Al Hamilton, Cincinnati, O.
Lightweight—Holman Williams, Detroit, Mich.
Welterweight—Joe Di Garlo, Rochester, N. Y.
Middleweight—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul, Minn.
Light-heavyweight—Tiger Warrington, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Heavyweight—Art Budman, Syracuse, N. Y.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

These are my ratings for the month ending May 7:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Schmeling	John Henry Lewis	Young Corbett	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Jimmy Braddock	Maxey Rosenbloom	Paul Pirrone	Kid Azteca
3—Joe Louis	Tony Shucco	Lou Brouillard	Harry Dublinsky
4—Primo Carnera	Al McCoy	Frank Battaglia	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Art Lasky	Al Gainer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
6—Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Joe Smallwood	Al Manfredo
7—Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Vince Dundee	Ceferino Garcia
8—King Levinsky	Adolf Heuser	Fred Henneberry	Kid Frattini
9—Hank Hankinson	Jock McAvoy	Oscar Rankins	Mickey Serrian
10—Buck Everett	Leroy Brown	Freddy Steele	Joe Rossi

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
Title Vacant	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Pablo Dano	Midget Wolgast
2—Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Benny Lynch
3—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Louis Salica	Jackie Brown
4—Tiger Humery	Henry Armstrong	Speedy Dado	Joe Mendiola
5—Cleto Locatelli	Young Casanova	Young Tommy	Maurice Huguenin
6—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Hayes	Little Pancho	Valentin Angelmann
7—Jack Kid Berg	Petey Sarron	Baby Quintana	Tommy Pardoe
8—Eddie Cool	Vernon Cormier	Joe Tei Ken	Bobby Magee
9—Lew Massey	Merv Blandon	Star Frisco	Joe Hardy
10—Charley Burns	Juan Zurita	Mickey Miller	Maurice Filhol

From Hollywood to New York

(Continued from page 49)

expects to get back into the promotional field with some boxing shows at the Gilmore Stadium.

Dr. Harry Martin, head of the California Athletic Commission, is married to Louella Parsons, who syndicates the widely read movie column for the Hearst newspapers—Tony Palazolo, of the Boston Palazolos, is due to remain in San Francisco for a long time—He promotes boxing shows there and has been giving the Frisco fans some exciting scraps—Cy Schindel is another in the boxing ranks who has been working steadily as an extra.

Charley Massare started his Pacific Coast campaign by losing a decision to Maxey Rosenbloom at the Legion, but made a valiant effort in his initial go. Rosenbloom is a favorite in this vicinity but anything goes with Maxey and he cuffed and slapped to his heart's content without any interference from Referee Frankie Van. Massare whipped Rosenbloom decisively in New York when Maxey was forced to fight with his fists closed, but hitting with an open glove without any official caution was to Maxey's liking and he took advantage to his heart's content.

Massare fared much better in his second start by winning over Charley Retzlaff in decisive fashion—Retzlaff got off in quick fashion and it appeared as if he would make short work of his opponent, but it took a few rounds for Massare to get started, and when he began bombarding Retzlaff with a vicious body attack, it slowed Retzlaff down to a walk.

Lew Feldman looked impressive in winning from Sal Hernandez in the eight-round semi-final. Feldman and Hernandez won the bonus for the best scrap of the evening and it redeemed Feldman to a great showing for the poor display he made against Tony Morgano in his initial Coast scrap.

From all indications, there will be an exodus of Coast fighters to New York for the next fall and winter campaign. Although things are better here right now for the small clubs, the fighters who command big money are beginning to realize that the coin is really in the East. The Carnera-Louis, Ross-McLarnin, Braddock-Baer and Canzoneri-Ambers battles in New York have stirred up interest in boxing on the West Coast. In fact, the papers are now carrying more news about boxing than has been the case for many months. Many of the best writers on pugilism have made arrangements to hit the trail for New York for the big fight and the start will be made before this issue comes out on the newsstands.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DAYTON stole the spotlight for fight activities during the current month. The Gem City, with Lou Office and his Olympia Club, staged an exhibition appearance of Joe Louis, the sensation brown bomber from Detroit, against one Biff Bennett of Chicago, whom Louis erased from the photo in a little less than a heat. Louis' showing did not give southern Ohio fans a real chance to look over the brown man's ability. However, we'll string along with Louis—by a shade—in his coming match with Carnera, but against Baer, that'll be another question.

Alabama Kid, Dayton's Negro threat for world honors in the middleweight ranks, shoved through a clean slate in Huntington, W. Va., when he defeated Tiger Hairston in ten rounds at Dayton, on April 8th, winning nine of the ten rounds.

The Kid had previously fought Hairston in Huntington, which resulted in a "no decision" match on the part of the West Virginia commission and a bad stench in fistic meals in that locality.

The Kid squared himself honorably when he "took" Hairston at Dayton.

Sammy Slaughter also fell before the rambling black man in a ten-heater at Springfield.

Tiger Walker, ebony lightie from Cincinnati, again gave Orville Drouillard a lacing at Music Hall, this making his third one over the Canadian. Tommy Paul was slated for this go, but he cancelled the date, due to illness, and with it suffered an indefinite suspension in Cinci and also the affiliating bodies of the National Boxing Association.

Joey Palmo, Italian bantamweight, has been making great strides since his forced lay-off due to a badly cut eye. Joey laced Marshall Edwards about in an eight at Louisville and then followed up with a six-session defeat of Sammy Sweet.

Bob Bonner's southern featherweight, Young Helms, Covington, Ky., and Thomaston, Ga., is coming back with a bang. He beat Al George in Springfield, took Frankie Willis and Jess Calhoun into camp, and then followed with wins in Louisville over Mickey Brown, Frankie Morris and Al Farrone.

Some results of local fighters in their local and out-of-town starts were: Buddy Miller defeated Frankie Willis: Honey Brown knocked out Ray Kietz; Harry Weekly beat Jackie Hoster; Buddy Miller beat Frankie Gerkie; Jimmy Brown beat Speedy Schaeffer; Joe Mueller trimmed Jimmy Wilson; Tiger Flowers kayoed Tommy Taylor; Jimmy Brown beat Zeke Lucas and Lee Waltz drew Georgie Scheyer.

The writer's "Wrestling Ratings," reaching its fourth issue, will go on sale on the 15th of the month. The demands for the ratings of the heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight wrestling ratings is heavy in capital letters, and re-orders or subscriptions for a year are rolling in, keeping the writer very busy. Twenty-five cents in coin and a self stamped envelope will get these ratings. The writer can be reached at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

R. A. McAanaugh, Bridgewater, Mass.: This territory is a hotbed for the welterweight, middleweight, and light-heavyweight wrestlers. The outstanding promoters, if you can "click" are Ross Leader, Cincinnati; Heywood Allen, Louisville; Herman Hamer, Columbus; Mrs. John Herley, Toledo, and Adam Weismuller, Detroit.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lee Cox, the durable, curly-headed Indianan, beat Mike Flaherty in Toledo and then dropped Buster Bell at Bluefield, W. Va., in his most recent comeback tries . . . . Roy Fields reports he is running good shows over in Steubenville, O. . . . game goes for Pinkie Masters in Savannah, Ga., and Pat Wright down in Houston, Texas . . . . Pat is doing an ace job as matchmaker for Jimmy Guest down in Texas. . . .

Al McCoombs of Kent, O., disregards my rating of Tiger Walker as state champion . . . . Al bases his claims, and they are okay, that Tommy Jackson, a stable mate of his ace, Kid Kelly, got a draw with Walker at Mt. Vernon and Al goes on to bulletin that Kelly has Jackson skinned by the mile . . . . so what? . . . . Jimmy Dell is no longer head of Louisville boxing . . . . Red Ferguson is filling the bill and doing a neat job of it. . . .

Ping Auber, hustling Akron pilot, writes that his scrapping lightie, Chet O'Kelly, is still gunning for Walker and will take Al Hamilton as a prover . . . . O'Kelly got a bad break, quoting Ping, when he fought Steve Shea of Toledo at Newark, O., on April 12th . . . . Shea, six foot tall and refusing to weigh, stacked up against O'Kelly at 133 stripped, dropped out on a foul in the fourth session . . . . Walter Byers of New York is issuing a legal challenge to welterweights for Frankie Bruno, a husky-looking 147-pounder who is only twenty-two years of age . . . . G. C. Williams, former fight pilot and promoter, was appointed by his life friend, the Hon. Governor Martin L. Davey of Ohio, as supervisor of the Welfare food in the state recently . . . .

Fighters who can really fight and have no strings on them, for reliable connections should get in touch with Bob Bonner at 911 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O. Same goes for information on the mitt game to the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati. Enclose self stamped envelope if you want an answer.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

MAX BAER, world's heavyweight champ, boxed a four-round exhibition here with Eddie Simms and bruised his maulers on Simms' head. They fought before one of the poorest crowds that has witnessed a real champion in an exhibition in Cleveland in the last forty-five years. Baer drew down around fifteen hundred for his end but was pretty sore over hurting his hands.

Paul Pirrone, the leading title contender for Yarosz's crown, made short work of Billy Levine of Newark, N. J., by knocking him down and out in 1.40.

Another weird decision was made by the one-man local commissioner in the Billy Treeste *versus* Henry Palmeri light-heavyweight bout. Treeste was away out in front up to the fifth round, when Palmeri sent him down for the count. While Referee Bull Weideman was counting, the St. Paul youngster got to one knee and was listening to Weideman. At the count of nine, he got up, but Tom Stanley claimed that Timekeeper Mike Lavin had counted ten and that the referee didn't pick up the timekeeper's count. Up jumped Commissioner Jacoby and gave Palmeri credit for a knockout! What a farce!

Tommy McGinty has leased the Stadium for the night of the big All-Star American and National League championship game. Risko will get some outstanding heavyweight out of New York or Boston to meet him in the star attraction. McGinty also plans to match Teddy Yarosz and Paul Pirrone for the middleweight title.

Eddie Meade has another promising middleweight, Geo. Barth, who as an amateur won all the titles here and in California.

Phil Zwick writes me that he is doing well in Australia. He has won several fights down under. Phil is a great puncher.

Akron, Canton and Steubenville are putting on shows every week and Ray Foutts writes me that Steubenville is drawing better crowds there than ever. All the factories are going full time. Ray is assisted by Roy Fields.

Suey Welch, who has Hank Hankerson out on the Pacific Coast going like a champ, plans on coming home for a visit in May. Suey is still in Hollywood, working on a picture with Mae West.

Al Ziemer, former Cleveland featherweight champ, has branched out as a manager in Hollywood. He has a good lightweight in Jackie Treadway.

Geo. Barth defeated Charley Heffner on the Max Baer-Eddie Simms card. It was a humdinger of a fight all the way.

Danny Dunn tells me that Johnny Risko is getting ready to hang up the gloves and go into the real estate or jewelry business.

Allie Corbett is still drawing large crowds at the Shaw Clair A. C.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE COEGO easily defeated Kid Sila in ten rounds. Coego, sturdy southpaw, is now in the lightweight division and looms like a worthy opponent for Sixto Morales, the Cuban champion.

Jesus Alvarez, featherweight of note, drew in ten with Valentin Miro.

Kid Juancito scored a one-round K.O. over Young Pena.

Fillo Echevarria, Spanish featherweight, is on his way to Mexico, where he will meet some worthy contenders. Valentin Miro, also of Spain, is with him.

Young Herrera, Cuban light-heavy and heavy king, will meet Isidoro Gastanaga of Spain in a ten-rounder some time in May. Herrera will have a chance to show his worth.

Joe Legon, classy lightweight, scored a two-round kayo over Young Ayala at the Cristal Arena.

Castor Fernandez, Asturian lightweight, beat Mario Hernandez of Cuba in ten rounds. Castor is making a good comeback. He is a hard hitter.

Kid Chocolate is back in Havana again, and will probably meet Baby Face Quintana, his ex-stable mate.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JULES BAUMAN, the lone wrestling promoter here, gave the fans a great show in showing Vanka Zelezniak with Jack Ross, Don George with Frank Judson, and Johnny Spellman against Johnny Kogut. That was the final wrestling indoor show.

There's talk around town that Rochester will have a new arena for boxing, wrestling, lacrosse and hockey in the near future. The amateur boxing promoters have closed their doors for the summer. On the last amateur boxing show, Don Eddy defeated Sammy Giardino in five rounds, Bob Ownens won over Al Franjione, five rounds, Stanley Felong lost to Chris Mordenga, three rounds, Marty Bruno defeated Howard Williams, and Joe Birdie defeated George Kubner, all three-round bouts.

Stanley Ketchell, Rochester's hard-hitting amateur lightweight, made a big hit in Endicott. Ketchell stopped Joe Ketchem, a local boy, in two rounds. Irish Jim Flood defeated Pat Cunningham in five rounds.

Joe Siconfie, a good looking heavyweight in the amateur, was suspended by the Elks Club for no reason at all. Joe was planning fighting for the State title and for Nationals. The talk around town is that Frank Powderly, the matchmaker for the Elks Club, is having all the boys suspended unless they join his stable and kick back to him.

Binghamton is running weekly shows and Jack McIntyre, the matchmaker, is packing them in every show. Jack is giving the fans what they want. Good luck, Jack.

Al Traino, the little toy bulldog of Rochester, is getting his share of hard luck. Traino had four fights booked in a month and they were all called off. The boys around the state are dodging little Al. Tiger Smith, Rochester's great middleweight, is having a hard time getting work. Tiger is ready for any middleweight in the country.

The Elks sponsored a charity show for the crippled and blind of the city. Stanley Evans topped the card and polished off Tommy Boache in three rounds. Irish Jim Flood defeated Irving Pease, five rounds. Loyd Marshall won the inter-city middleweight class. Hughie Smith won the inter-city lightweight class.

The following boxers are working in the gymnasium here every day: Jim Flood, Joe DiCarlo, Chuck Simpson, Al Fields, Johnny Baker, Al Traino, Izzy (Jigger) Newman, Sammy Boscarino, Stanley Ketchell, Sammy Goritz, Fred Lamb, Eddie Clark, Pat Singer, and others.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES—*George Bowles, Charlottesville, Va.*: You are too far. If you are around N. Y. State, let me hear from you. *Jack Fischler, Auburn, N. Y.*: Your letter was forwarded to Goritz. Danny DeJohn is not fighting in Rochester. *B. Cook, Toronto*: Will keep you in mind. Nothing doing in Rochester yet. *Mel Swartman, Ottawa*: Amateurs are not running any more in Rochester. *Al McCombs, Kent, Ohio*: Will keep your letter on file.

THE RING is on sale at Rickles and Levine newsstand.

The writer can be reached at 121 N. Union St.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

AFTER being dark for more than two months, the Syracuse Arena, scene of many thrilling fistic battles, has changed hands, and will be operating weekly shows again by the time this column goes to press. Tommy Lewis, well-known local sportsman, has taken over the Disabled Veterans A.C., formerly managed by Lee LaValle, and plans to stage both indoor and outdoor shows here this summer.

Lewis will be a welcome addition to the local boxing rialto. A brother of Jack Lewis, former fight promoter, referee, and more recently owner of one of the finest restaurants in Central New York, Tommy will have the advantage of his brother's advice and connections with the leading boxing managers throughout the country.

Billy Leonard, former welterweight star, and his brother Eddie, who operate the beautiful Belvedere Cafe here, were first reported to be in the field for the club, but evidently Lewis made a more attractive offer, for LaValle finally sold out to Tommy. If financial backing, experience and good showmanship mean anything in boxing, Lewis should be successful with the club, for Tommy has what it takes, and brother Jack knows the game inside and out.

Boxing is still going strong in Binghamton. Johnny McIntyre's bi-monthly shows at Kalurah Temple are drawing fine crowds, and his cards produce plenty of fistic fireworks. McIntyre divides his time between promoting good fights and managing the Hotel Martine, Binghamton's leading theatrical hostelry.

Some fight results at Binghamton: Tony Celli, Worcester, Mass., awarded a reversed decision over Eddie Saxon, Jersey City (8); Honeyboy Hughes, Granville, knocked out Frankie Fiore, Montreal (5); Jackie Flowers, Clinton, knocked out Joe Marsh, Auburn (2); Billy Munico, Auburn, outpointed Johnny Stanley, Ogdensburg (6); Johnny Panko, Binghamton, outslugged Art Budman, Milton, Pa. (4).

At Binghamton—Mickey Devine, Batavia, knocked out Mickey Barron, Scranton (3); Jackie Flowers, Clinton, stopped Billy Munico, Auburn (2); Al Traino, Rochester, defeated Sherman Rosen, Utica (6); Johnny Hoffman, Grand Rapids, Mich., drew with Johnny Stanley, Ogdensburg (6); Young Gaylor, Binghamton, beat Carl Gilmore, Binghamton (4).

SHORT SHOTS—D. Walker Wear, of the State Athletic Commission, was a visitor in Syracuse during the past month . . . . Ditto: Walter Taylor, Cleveland promoter, who was in town with his family for the Easter holidays . . . . Jackie Brady is staging weekly smokers at his New Deal gym, and packing them in . . . . The star of his weekly offerings is Dolly Hamburg, much publicized local character who is the foremost glove comedian of his day and age . . . . Joe Moran, former intercollegiate middleweight champion, once managed by "bow tie" Jimmy Bronson, is now physical instructor at a Niagara Falls High School. . . .

Al Salbano is on the shelf with a fractured right hand, received in a bout at Albany with Sam Bruce recently . . . . Bruce has since quit the game, following a bout with Eddie (Kid) Whalen, because of an eye injury . . . . Jackie Davis is in Florida with his pilot, Smiling Billy Stevens . . . . Joe Sheppe, Binghamton referee, is a former lightweight boxer . . . . Stanley Calahan, Utica boxing manager, has a new sensation in Jackie Flowers, long, lanky, Clinton negro middleweight . . . . Flowers is a terrific right-hand puncher and chills 'em quick. . . .

Boxing has been an "off again on again" proposition here of late . . . . Babe Risko is back in training after a month's layoff with a bad cut over his right eye . . . . Your correspondent still resides at 1009 Cadillac St., and is willing to represent good fighters who want to show in this section . . . . Those writing for boxing "info" are requested to enclose a stamp. . . .

George Sheppard is sending out some nice publicity on his stable of leather-flingers . . . . Binghamton is 72 miles from Syracuse, Utica 55 and Auburn 26 . . . . We received a nice letter from Paul Swiderski, who is now promoting boxing in Spain . . . . Paul staged the Freddie Miller-Johnny Cruz bout at Barcelona. . . .

Ye correspondent wishes to take this opportunity to thank the following for their letters—James Voccola, Kelsey McClure, Jack (Three-Star) Hennessey, L. G. McWhirter, Frankie Fiore, Doc Moore, Pat Heeney, Tony Diamond, Sam Porcilli, John Di Carlo, Irish Eddie McGeever, Charlie McDonald, Jack Jarvis, Jimmy McGeever, Bill Simendinger, Luke Carney, and all the others. . . .

Mickey Barron and Eddie Dempsey have announced their intention of hanging up the upholstered mitts for good . . . . But that boxing bug may bite them any time . . . . Baby Joe Thompson has also quit . . . . Bunk Smith, Bingo announcer, is the world's greatest . . . . Joe Banovic is back from the West Indies . . . .

Add comers: Mickey Devine, Eddie Saxon, Jackie Flowers and Tony Celli . . . . Jack McCann finds time to work in a steel mill and handle a stable of fighters . . . . One manager, who has the most popular car in Syracuse, is Irving (Itchky) Robbins . . . . Tommy McMahon, Station WNBF (Binghamton) broadcasts daily sports talks on boxing and the Bingo cards go over the ether every other Friday night. . . .

International League baseball is back in the local sports limelight, with Jack Corbett's Chiefs going strong . . . . Mayor Roland P. Marvin of Syracuse is a boxing fan of the first water . . . . As, also, is Chief Tom Carroll of the police . . . . Page Eddie Borden—A Joey Brown-Lew Feldman fight in Syracuse would draw big! . . . . Jack Dempsey is slated to referee here this summer . . . . "Canonball"—Syracuse fans want the topnotchers!

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BUFFALO lost the best ring attraction of the year, temporarily at least, when Buddy Baer failed to go through with his scheduled four-round bout with Big Boy Brackey, budding Buffalo heavyweight. The younger Baer injured a hand and received a badly cut eye in bouts on his exhibition tour and could not meet Brackey here as scheduled. Promoter Murray hopes to stage the match some time in May or later.

As a substitute for Baer, Joe Doctor, another Buffalo heavyweight, was sent against Brackey, but Doctor was no match for Big Boy, who knocked him out in a little more than a minute. Doctor has been practically retired from active engagements for almost two years and it was a shame to put him in the same ring with the heavy-punching Brackey. Joe should hang up the gloves before it is too late.

There's no question about this Brackey fellow having a devastating wallop. What he might do against a clever, experienced boxer may be another matter, but Big Boy's punch must be reckoned with. He is dangerous for any man in the heavyweight ranks. And on top of this, he's game to the core, although he does not "take it" any too well. Brackey has been knocked down many times but he always gets up and fights back harder than ever, which is decidedly a good point in his favor.

Take Brackey out of the local picture and there isn't a main-bout attraction left here. This situation leaves the boxing future of the town in a nebulous condition. New faces, must be developed and the only way possible is by competition. A run of weekly shows would soon develop talent but who is going to foot the bills for the usual losses?

Al Delaney, young Polish lad, brought to town by Billy Mitchie from Detroit, acts like a fighter and can punch. He stowed away big Hippo of Scranton in jig time on the Brackey-Doctor card and made a profound impression with the fans and boxing experts. Delaney punches nice and short and may establish himself as a card here. Following his knockout of Hippo, Delaney went to Flint, Mich., and defeated Johnny Vorce, a tough Negro heavyweight of Detroit. This match went the full eight rounds and was close all the way.

The Queensberry Club generally has too many old faces in on its preliminary card. The fans are mighty sick of viewing these old-timers who really injure a card, instead of adding one iota of strength to its attractiveness.

Jack Singer advises me that despite the vicissitudes of the depression, he is managing to keep his head above water in the precarious business of gymnasium proprietor. Singer's gym is the best this city has ever had and it seems a shame that Jack had to fix his place up so nicely while boxing was undergoing a change for the worse.

The Singer gym is equipped with the finest athletic paraphernalia, has two rings, both elevated, two shower baths and is located in the heart of the down-town section. If Jack can manage to hold on until better times come for the fight game, he may eventually cash in on his investment.

The wrestlers continue to have their ups and downs, mostly down grade now. Wrestling prospered here for awhile but the turn away from the grunt-and-groan brigade was made last year. In time to come only a handful will witness wrestling matches, as in years gone by. Boxing is sure to be the big thing in Buffalo again and that time is not so far away.

Competition is the life of trade. A new club, with proper financing, would be the best possible solution for the stagnant local situation. But it will take an experienced, capable boxing promoter to put the game back on a high plane.

Good boxers of all weights who are free from contracts or managerial alignments will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue., Buffalo, N.Y.

SOME SHORT STUFF—Vince Plunkett is considering a New Orleans match for Steve Halaiko, one time National amateur lightweight champion . . . . Steve, now fighting around 140, is a clever ring performer . . . . Lou Scozza remains idle with little ring competition coming his way . . . . Benny Ross and Jimmy Slattery are working on city projects . . . . Luke Carr is doing well as a referee . . . . He handles himself like a veteran.

Tommy Paul is back from the West Coast, having changed his mind about living in California . . . . It's hard to stay away from friends and the old home town . . . . Bud Taylor is living in Los Angeles and is running a night club . . . . Bud will live permanently in the City of the Angels . . . . Charlie Murray made money on his six-day bike race . . . . The December race wasn't so profitable . . . . The time was too near Christmas . . . . Jimmy Duffy is still a deputy sheriff at Lockport, in Niagara county . . . . The Buffalo Sporting Club, wrestling promoters, seldom gets a break . . . . Tommy Moore, Jamestown live-wire, may bust out any time now with a new club . . . . Jimtown is a red-hot amateur town but Tommy believes in the pros . . . . Joe Lewis, ace Cleveland promoter, may stage some big boxing carnivals in the gigantic Municipal Stadium there . . . . Playfair Brown writes from Toronto that he will take a fling at open-air shows this season, hoping to develop some fighting talent . . . . The big bouts of the summer will create a lot of boxing talk and help the game . . . . See you next month.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JEFF DICKSON gave the London fans a swell show at the Royal Albert Hall, when he staged the third fight between Gustav Humery, ("The French Tiger") and Jack "Kid" Berg ("The Whitechapel Whirlwind") over ten rounds. The "fight," as only it can be described, was of a terrific nature, and the pace was enough to keep the big crowd on their toes. Berg won the first bout, the referee intervening as Humery had a badly cut eye. The second, in Paris, was won by Humery on points and the rubber was also won by Humery. I must say that if Humery won this bout, it must have been by a very close margin, as I expected when the last round was finished that Referee Charlie Thomas of Wales would give his decision as a draw. But I bow to the judgment of Charlie Thomas, who named the Frenchman the winner.

George Daly, Blackfriars, was asked to meet Carlos Orlandi, European lightweight champion in the semi-final bout over ten rounds. And a mighty good job he made of it too, although losing to such a formidable opponent as Orlandi, Daly showed class. He soon will be in line for a world title shot.

Dave Finn, Stepney, and Phineas John, Wales, fought their return match over eight rounds to a draw.

A really smart performance must be credited to the young Becontree lightweight, Jimmy Vaughan, who scored a four-round K.O. over Tommy Dowlais, Tredega, at the Stadium Club, London. Vaughan has proved that he has one of the hardest punches for a lad his weight and when he hits, "they stay HIT."

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, went over to Germany to meet the European welterweight champion, Gustav Eder, over ten rounds in the Tennis Hall, Berlin. Sexton surprised Eder who got the verdict but knew he had been through a tough fight.

It seems quite a pity that some friends of Douglas Parker, the Sunderland lightweight who *was a great fighter*, and might have won a world's title, cannot induce him to hang up his gloves. His last defeat was in the fourth round when the towel was thrown in after he had taken too much punishment from Johnny Mack, Carlisle.

Charlie Belanger, Canadian cruiserweight champion, stopped the Scottish cruiserweight star, Alex Bell, in the sixth round at Crystal Palace, after he had dealt out severe punishment. When Bell received a badly cut eye in the sixth, the referee stopped the bout.

Pedro Montanez, Porto Rican lightweight who is now domiciled in Paris under the care of my friend, Lew Burston, again came to England and K.O'ed George Odwell of Camden Town in the second round at the Devonshire Club.

Harry Mizler former lightweight champion of Great Britain, made a comeback after losing his title to Jack Kid Berg, when he easily outpointed the tough Belgian, Francois Machtens, at the Ring. On the same card Syd Parker, Bolton, beat Pat Palmer, Battersea, ex-amateur flyweight champion 1934, in a great mill.

A joke was perpetrated on the boxing public when the Scottish Council of the British Boxing Board of Control, declared that when the featherweight champion, Johnny McGrory, was defeated by Joe Connolly, also of Scotland, after fifteen rounds at championship weights, he did not lose his title. Have you ever heard anything funnier???

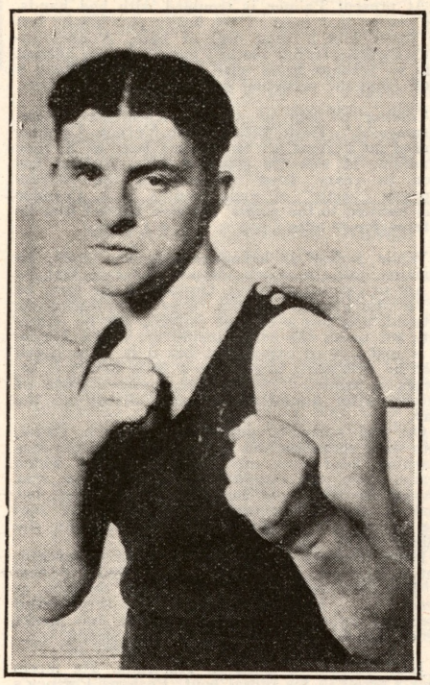
Boyo Rees, Welsh lightweight champion, won by a narrow margin over Holland's lightweight champion, Robert Disch, at Colston Hall, Bristol. Rees carried the fight to Disch throughout.

Joe Connolly, Bathgate, won a clever points victory over "Tough" Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, in twelve rounds at Edinburgh.

Jake Kilrain, Glasgow, returned to the ring after a long layoff owing to damaged hands, but lost to Fred Lowbridge, Wolverhampton, at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, on a foul.

Jock McAvoy, British middleweight champion, kept faith with the Belle Vue promoters and the boxing fans at Manchester, by carrying out his contract to meet Garcia Lluch of Spain. McAvoy was told by the doctor after his bout that he must go home to bed, as he was suffering from influenza, but he refused to disappoint the promoter. In the bout with Lluch it was plainly seen that McAvoy was not himself but he managed to win easily on points.

Well, well, well, this IS a true story. Frank Moody, one of Great Britain's greatest fighters who had a marvelous operation of grafting flesh on his upper lip, made a sensational come-back recently. His opponent, Jock McKenzie of Glasgow, was K.O'ed in ninety seconds of the first round, with one of Moody's favorite left hooks.



Jackie Kid Berg, British lightweight, who is still packing 'em in abroad. Jackie's style is liked by the Britishers.

Helmutt Hartkopp, Berlin, came to Newcastle to clash with Jack Casey, Sunderland, but won after being down for nine in the first round.

Johnny King, the Manchester bantamweight who scored a clever victory over Nel Tarleton, our featherweight champion, came up against a stiff hurdle when meeting the bantamweight champion of Wales, George Williams, Treherbert, at Merthyr, and lost a close twelve round decision.

Len Hampston, Leeds bantamweight who meets Johnny King for the bantamweight title at Manchester, beat the Roumanian champion, Joe Sanda, in twelve rounds at the Brunswick Club, Leeds.

Dave McCleave scored his first K.O. since turning professional by beating George Rose, Bristol, in the second round at the Ring, London.

Harry Mason, former welterweight champion, although not the force he once was, appears to be able to defeat the second-raters with ease. His opponent at Middlesborough was George Willis, Newcastle, whom he beat in twelve rounds.

Jackie Quinn, Belfast, and the Irish bantamweight champion, gained a clever points victory over George Marsden, Nottingham, after eight hard rounds. Quinn surprised the Englishman with his fast work.

The Royal Albert Hall was packed on the occasion of the charity show run by the "Lion Aid Society." Issy Isaacs and Moss Deyong staged a wonderful program. Jack "Kid" Berg, who was down to meet Jules Steayart of Belgium, met with an accident, and his place was taken by George Daly, Blackfriars, who outpointed the Belgian in ten rounds. The most important bout of the night was between Dave Crowley, Southern Area featherweight champion, and Benny Caplan, with Caplan the victor.

A spectacular K.O. was seen at the Ring, London, when Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, gave away twenty-eight pounds in weight to the strong West Hartlepool man, Jack Strongbow and K.O.'ed him in the fourth.

"They all look alike" to Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, for, after his bout with Jose Mico in Madrid, Spain, when he won on a K.O. in the fourth round, Pete Reilly received a phone message from Johnny Best, the Liverpool promoter, asking if Miller would meet Jimmy Stewart at catchweights as Jackie Brown was taken sick and couldn't appear. Pete and Freddie, always happy to oblige a friend, accepted, and before a big crowd at the Liverpool Stadium, Miller won the ten-rounder. Pete Reilly and Freddie Miller have made themselves popular in these British Isles of ours. Pat Butler, welterweight champion of Great Britain, was declared the winner over George "Panther" Purchase, South Africa, at Belfast when the referee said that a left hook to the body by Purchase, hit Butler low.

Jim Wilde, young Welsh heavyweight, seems to come along at a fast pace, and it won't be long before this youngster must be regarded as one with a chance to win the British heavyweight championship. His latest victory was over Charlie Smith, Deptford, who proved very game.

Eddie Wenstob, Canadian cowboy, gained a quick victory over George Brennan of Derby at Mountain Ash, Wales, when the referee stopped the bout in the fourth round.

Jack Lewis won over Ernie Mason through sheer aggressiveness and hard punching when they met at the Stadium Club, London.

Don McCorkindale, popular South African, made a spectacular comeback at Crystal Palace when he K.O.'ed Frank Borrington, Derby, in five rounds. This was McCorkindale's first bout since he sustained spinal trouble after his bout in U.S.A. with King Levinsky. He owes a lot of his recovery to Ernie Mallet, an amateur bone setter who seems to have worked wonders on McCorkindale. McCorkindale was loudly cheered.

Benny Lynch, Scottish flyweight champion, defeated Tom Pardoe, Southern Area champion, in the fourteenth round, when the towel was thrown in as a token of defeat. Pardoe took a terrific amount of punishment.

Johnny Peters, Battersea, won over Johnny Truesdale, Belfast, at the Stadium Club, London, in ten rounds and followed this the next night with a good victory over Tommy Rogers, Willenhall, at Wolverhampton in twelve fast rounds.

Harry Craster, Middlesborough, came south and lost a close one to George Reynolds, Wales, at Portsmouth, in ten rounds.

Johnny Quill, Stepney, a contender for the welterweight title, met a clever lad in Roy Mills, Sunderland, at the Pavilion Sports Arena in ten rounds and, after a clever bout, was lucky to receive a share of the honors.

"Punching" Paul Schaefer, Canadian K. O. merchant, who soon will be eligible to box for a British title, again won by the K.O. route when he forced Tommy Marren, Burnley, to take the count in the fifth round at the Ring, London.

Pedro Montanez, Porto Rico, paid us another visit when he met Harry Brooks, St. Georges, over ten rounds at the Mile End Arena, London, and won the duke.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, again demonstrated his hard-punching power when he forced the referee, Jack Hart, to stop his bout with Danny Evans, Wales, in the seventh round.

George Odwell, Camden Town, took the place of Sonny Lee, Leeds, against Cammile Desmet, Belgium, at the Stadium Club and Desmet was forced to retire after taking punishment for five rounds. In the chief supporting bout "Ginger" Hauxwell, Wembley, scored a three-round K.O. over George Dower, Ilford, after both had taken hard punches, and the much improved Hauxwell lasted better, and finished the bout with a good right-hand punch.

Jake Kilrain, Bellshill, made a welcome return to the Ring at Glasgow when he met Harry Brown, Northampton, in ten rounds. Kilrain boxed in good style and easily accounted for Brown, who was beaten on points.

It is with regret that I record the death of Lord Tweedmouth, gentleman and sportsman. Lord Tweedmouth was vice-president of the British Boxing Board of Control, and one of the backbones of British boxing. He was a distinguished soldier and a former Lord in Waiting to the King. He died from double pneumonia in a London nursing home, at the age of sixty-one. "May his soul rest in peace."

"Ginger" Sadd, Norwich, gained a clever points victory over Billy Bird, Chelsea, in twelve rounds at Norwich.

Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, gained a quick victory over the Londoner, Harry Daly, St. Georges, who was counted out midway through the second round, from a right to the chin, in what was to have been a twelve-round bout at Newcastle.

A Welsh lad, who I am sure will make a name for himself in the ring in the very near future, is Ronnie James, Swansea, who gained a convincing victory over Jimmy Knowles, former bantamweight champion of Scotland, in twelve rounds of hard-hitting contest at Swansea.

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

CHARLIE LUCAS, who has filled the role of matchmaker-in-chief for the National Boxing Club since its inception two years ago, has resigned. Jack Munro, known to many American fight people, and former manager at Sydney Stadium, returns to the fold to occupy the chair vacated by Lucas.

Lucas' decision to "get out" did not come as a big surprise to those on the inside. He has been on his toes for some time and confesses that the strain of providing weekly bouts of a near set standard required for headquarters, with limited material, was slowly getting him on his ear. His hobby for the moment is golf, golf and more golf.

His plans for the future are to promote "big shots" at the Sydney Sports Ground. He hopes to stage around three big fights during the next summer season. At the moment, there is the suggestion of a hitch somewhere, but Lucas is prepared to gamble that everything will come out in his favor. If such does happen, he intends leaving for America in June with the purpose of inquiring probably how much the winner of the McLarnin-Ross fight will want to journey to Sydney to meet Jack Carroll in a world's title bout. However, at the time of writing, Lucas has nothing definite to give out.

Meanwhile Munro is optimistic about keeping the wheels moving at Sydney Stadium. Perhaps there is not an angle of the fight business that the genial Jack has not touched, and also there is not a fight fan in Australia who does not know him, but, with all this, it will be necessary for him to have a bunch of class importations at his call to help him along. While granting that America has most of the good fighters, he is very keen on securing a team of Continental boxers. Munro has happy memories of the calibre of Eugene Criqui, Arthur Wynns and Francis Charles.

The contest between Jack Carroll and Bobby Wilson ended as most of us out here thought it would—a helluva lacing for Wilson, who capitulated at the end of the thirteenth round, blood bespattered, a deep cut above each eye, a badly gashed mouth and busted lips. The only thing Carroll could not take toll of was Wilson's indomitable spirit, known to the lads as sheer guts.

A strange thing about Carroll is that he requires a few rounds to think how best to chop his opponent to ribbons. Once he has made up his mind, it only requires another three or four for him to make an opponent look so different that even his closest relatives wouldn't know him. He punches so accurately and quickly that unconsciously a fighter looks upwards to see if some person is also shooting them at him from the roof.

Funny thing, too, is that it is an accepted opinion in Australia that Carroll is easy to knock over. Two fighters only have done the trick—your own Myer Grace and Fred Henneberry. In the case of Henneberry, Carroll avenged the defeat on two later occasions by taking a points' decision over our brilliant young middleweight champion.

Phil Zwick and Merv Blandon put up a disappointing display at headquarters, with Blandon getting the nod at the completion of fifteen rounds . . . . However, one must freely condemn the tactics adopted by the home fighter. While it is conceded that Zwick had a decided advantage in height, there was no excuse for Blandon at the start of each round to rush Zwick to the ropes and hold him there to pummel away with monotonous regularity.

Zwick either wasn't strong enough or too generally fed up to push him off, but the event became extremely boresome. Tactics are invariably necessary, but not to the detriment of the public, who, after all, pay to be entertained.

Blandon's trainer is reported to have declared that his charge had no option but to fight to such a plan, due to Zwick's greater height and reach . . . . but that it won't happen again. . . .

Wrestling is booming more than ever at Leichhardt. After months of "steaming up," Tom Lurich and Billy Meeske packed the Leichhardt resort to the rafters. And did they disappoint their public . . . . I'll say they didn't. They laid it on so thick during an outside of the ring mix-up, which demanded a small army of police to straighten out, that referee Jim McMaster was instructed by the police inspector to declare "no contest."

While perhaps Lurich was not so well known when he was campaigning some years ago in America, he now has everything in which to assist any promoter to pack 'em in. Even when not wrestling, he steals all the thunder in the street when holding the wheel of his $7,500 sports Packard. Americans who have been out here will bear me out that Lurich is the "big noise" here.

Ambrose Palmer and Pietro Georgi fought a return battle with Palmer again taking out a points' decision . . . . It was a grand affair with Georgi having Palmer very much on the run in the early stages, one particularly vicious left hook in the first round sending Ambrose back on to the ropes to recover. . . .

At present Palmer is troubled with bad hands. He claims that most of the heavy punches he lets go cause him a good deal of pain. A knee injury gained playing football has also gone against him so perhaps he is wise in deciding to take a spell from the perpetual grind of glove throwing.

Coming on top of the Lurich-Meeske "temperamental," Herb Bishop and Vernon Cormier turned on a great act two nights later at Sydney Stadium. It was the roughest fight Sydney has seen in years, even out-roughing the Bishop-Morgan "hectic" of some months back. Cormier was entitled to the points' decision handed him by referee Joe Wallis. . . .

While Bishop is losing consistently lately, he remains good to watch, despite the fact that he is apt to get out of hand. Outside of the ring, he is a quiet-spoken youth, always immaculately dressed, and has a host of friends, but he surely gets hot under the collar inside the ropes. Maybe it is just lack of experience, but it is to be hoped that he will learn to ease up a little before it becomes a habit . . . . Cormier, quite capable of looking after himself, went with Bishop all the way.

On one occasion, during the seventh round, both went sprawling out of the ring, with Cormier crashing head first into the water pipe which drains from the cuspidor attached in the ring corner. He was badly dazed from the impact, but shaking his head vigorously, he leapt back into the attack and slammed his way to take the points of the round.

More than likely the pair will be rematched, but if they are, it would be just as well for them to leave a little of the Donnybrook complex at home . . . . Meanwhile Bishop has been called upon to defend his lightweight title two weeks hence against Alf Blatch . . . . He should win.

Jack Portney is back in Australia. He meets Jack Carroll in his initial bout. Perhaps Portney's south-paw stance will have Carroll a little worried, but the home fighter's present form does not hold out much hope for the Canadian. However, there are many snapping up the odds about Portney's chance, so we'll wait and see.

Brisbane Stadium has a new manager in Jack Hoult, former head at Leichhardt. There is plenty of money in this town for a promoter who can offer the right type of show.

Willard Brown has decided to stay in Australia a little longer. Bobby Wilson, however, by now will have returned to America.

Jack Warner, representing Leichhardt Stadium, is at present in your country. His stay will be brief. It is likely that he will not touch New York, but will confine his activities to 'Frisco.

GOSSIP FROM PUERTO RICO
By LUIS VIRAS, JR.

THANKS to the efforts of Ismael Calderon of Aguadilla, the fight game got going again at Puerto Rico. The Coqui Stadium in Salinas and the Aguadilla Open Air Stadium are getting good with bouts every Monday and Sunday evenings.

The outstanding fighters here are: Joe Malinsky, clever feather from Aguadilla; Kid Chemin, tough feather from Aguadilla; Pablo Galoffin, bantam known as Uzcudum, Jr.; Elly Mark, light from Salinas; Gus de Sagon, Jose Verdejo, Kid Roman, Juan el Herrero, King Guingo all from Salinas.

My ratings for the month are: Jose Lago (a) Fogonero, fly; Sixto Escobar, bantam; Joe Malinsky, feather; Felix Garcia, junior light; Pedro Montanez, light; Pete Martin, welter; Atlio Sabatino, middle; Angel Cliville light-heavy.

Other good boys here are: Jaramillo, fly; Yambo Andrades, bantam; Kid Chemin, feather; King Guingo, junior light, and Milliti Morris, light.

Porto Ricans in foreign lands are Sixto Escobar, who lost to Juan Zurita in Mexico; Pedro Montanez, lightweight champ, who is doing well in Europe; Jose Lago, who is winning bouts in Europe; Alilio Sobatino, who is winning regularly in Brazil and Argentine; Pete Martin, in Spain; Yambo Andrades in New York, and Angel Cliville.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

BOXING is on the upgrade here. Success seems assured for both promoters and boxers. We have had some very good fights and gates recently, and now with the prospects of seeing recognized American boxers plying their wares in our local ring, better gates will be had. I only hope that some good American boxers in the welterweight and light-heavyweight divisions would take a trip here. I feel sure their visit would not be regretted. All correspondence should be addressed to J. Saunders, P.O. Box 127, Kingston, Ja., B.W.I.

Young Herrera, light-heavy and heavyweight champion of Cuba, again defeated another American, Keith Weaver, of Sioux City, U.S.A., Herrera stopped Weaver in 2 minutes and 20 seconds of the first round of their ten-rounds contest. Weaver was not himself for fully an hour after.

Against the powerful and Shifty Kid Sanchez, Freddy Cooke fought a cool and clever fight, but lost on decision.

Fighting Murray of Port Maria, who turned in a hair-raising scrap against young Williams some time ago, failed to show any fight in their return bout. Young Williams stopped Murray in the second round.

Young Sanchez substituted for Pancho Valdez in a six-rounds engagement with Pal Silver, and Valdez won. Kid Hartley won on decision over Kid Charol.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AL NELSON GAINER, claimant of the light heavyweight and heavyweight championship, proved too fast for Paul Cavaliere, heavy weight, of Paterson, New Jersey, when he banged away with both fists, to pile a big lead in points and win a decision by a handy margin, in the main bout of eight rounds at the New Haven Arena.

Nathan Mann, the Hamden light-heavyweight, continues to climb in his class by outslugging his foe, Buddy Mignault, of Brockton, Mass., in an eight-round semi-final.

In a thrilling scrap, Al Boros, Bridgeport, and Ralph Ficucello, fought to a draw.

George Glover, colored heavyweight, turned in a one-round knockout over Larry James.

Norman Morris, Brockton welterweight, was declared the winner over Joe Palooka on points.

Connecticut fight fans booed the referee's decision in declaring Jimmy Leto, the leading welterweight in the local boxing field, the winner over his close rival, Louis Kid Cocoa, classy boxer, in the ten-round battle.

Nathan Mann, the assassin, gave Arthur Mignone, Providence battler, a terrific beating that made him feel none too good, and he was forced to give up when the referee stopped the fight.

Johnny Bangs, Boston featherweight, shaded Freddie Foran in six cantos.

Jimmy Ritchie gained the victory over Joe Hannan in a four-spot.

Jerry Maloni, welterweight, of Springfield, Mass., and Stanley Morris, fought a nice fight, which the referee ruled a draw.

FISTICUFFS TOWER TOPICS—After having temporarily retired from the fighting game, Eddie Jessup Torrington, light-heavyweight slugger, declared he will return to the ring . . . . Jerry Sachs, a popular trainer and manager of fighters around Geneva, Ohio, has a string of fighters who can fight. Eddie Carr, local colored light-heavyweight, works at the Chase Rolling Mills. Amateur boxing bouts are underway and are also going over big under the supervision of Charlie Pilkington at the Silver City, Meriden, and Pearl Pirrone, matchmaker, for the Fire Association at New Britain.

Over at Holyoke, Mass.—Emperor Jones disposed Young Carnera, in the second round but, a week later, lost to Richie Thorer. Jimmy Leto took the decision from Irish Eddie Brink.

Al Nelson Gainer, Negro light-heavyweight ace, who handed Dutch Weimer, the worst beating of his career, was the victim of a technical knockout in the fifth round . . . . On the same card Phil Baker, lightweight, was held to a draw by Roland Lecuyer in the eight-round semi-final combat. Johnny Vargas lost a points decision to Jerry Maloni.

Nathan Mann, hard-hitting slugger who is going over big hereabouts, is under the management of Bill Reynolds, who looks like the real goods—and is one tough nut to crack. Eddie Hogan, Brass City young heavyweight, a great prospect who is going great guns, scales 210 pounds, towers six feet three, and is only twenty years old, turned in a ring triumph by scoring a knockout over Frank Wotanski in the first frame. He is managed by Ralph Gold. A Gainer and Hogan fray would be a great fight. Joe Vignali, Waterbury, fast-punching lightweight who is campaigning the eastern part of the country and is going great, has visited his people for the Easter holidays. He is also a member of the Ralph Gold stable.

Kindly send in all your notes to me before the first of each month.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S 1935 boxing season got under way on April 24th, when the Canadian Hockey Club staged the first of their cards at the Forum, but the thirty-six-round program, billing three ten-rounders and a six-round prelim, looked somewhat doubtful to the public and less than 3,000 enthusiasts made it an easy night for the turnstiles and ushers. The card provided fairly good entertainment, but half of the principals in the three "tens" were just about unknown to the fans and it will take better talent of known ability locally to attract worth-while attention from Montreal's exacting ring fandom.

Henri Pilotte, promising local French-Canadian lightweight, was making his first main bout appearance after a triumphant campaign of rings in and around New York, in the course of which he scored five knockouts, and was generally expected to establish himself as a main bout favorite. However, an upset of expectations, but not of form, occurred when Harry Carlton, his opponent from Jersey, proved far too experienced, having the edge in practically every department of the manly art. It was the old story of rushed plans and excessive ballyhoo going haywire but it does not mean Pilotte will fail to make the grade later on.

Dick Welsh, bald-headed bantam from Philadelphia, stole the show with the neat bag of wares he exhibited against Nat Liftin, Pittsburgh ace, who impressed with his surprising win over Eugene Huat here last fall. The Philly phantom tricked Liftin completely off his stride, added to his working margin during the latter rounds, and took the decision and the fancy of the fans and fanettes, which means he is just about certain to perform here again.

Yambo Andrades, ebony-hued Puerto Rican clouter, had more trouble than expected in his ten-rounder with Al Raggone, Brooklyn featherweight. The ambidextrous Andrades dealt out some stiff punishment in the first three heats, so Raggone decided to take to his bicycle. Yambo got a little careless and over-eager in the fifth, after being maneuvered into a neutral corner, and Raggone stopped back-pedalling suddenly to whip over a well-timed right to the chin that dumped Yambo to the canvas, the startled fans staring in amazement. However, Yambo, who was up almost immediately, had the worst of exchanges with the inspired Raggone for the rest of the round, but a few thudding smashes in the sixth had Raggone on the bicycle again. Yambo got the decision and Raggone the speed ticket.

Kid Lacasse, Drummondville's southpaw socker, was too clever and experienced for Eddie Petrin, who was making his pro debut after winning amateur flyweight honors, in the six-round opener. The aggressive, sturdy local lad was pretty badly cut up by the sharpshooting fists of the Drummondville boy, but put up a game showing.

Armand Vincent is back in Montreal and announces his plans to resume his colorful ring promotions again. Vincent plans to have Max Baer appear on his first card boxing an exhibition bout and has signed five French aces to show their wares on his cards during the summer, including Tiger Humery, Europe's best lightweight who twice defeated the doughty Britisher, Jack Kid Berg, and Kid Tunero.

Bobby Allan, Maritime lightweight and welter champ, successfully defended his claim to the Eastern Canada laurels when he knocked out Joe Gollob, Montreal youngster, in the fourth of a scheduled ten-rounder at New Glasgow, N. S. The rugged Westville, N. S., miner earned a shot at Tommy Bland's Canadian lightweight crown on May 24th. Bland won two previous bouts.

Steve Trojack, Jack Peppin's Winnipeg heavyweight, is ready for another busy campaign that he hopes will see him battling for the Canadian heavy title as well as a match with Jack Peterson for the Empire crown. Peppin is negotiating for a series of bouts in British rings, pointing for the Peterson match, and would be willing to square off with Tiger Warrington, Eastern Canada's best, for the Canadian title in Halifax on the way to England.

STRAY SHOTS—Bobby Leitham, retired Canadian bantam titlist, is now a referee as well as coaching amateurs . . . . George Sidders, former Canadian welter champ, announces his intentions of staging a comeback . . . . Maxie Berger, amateur bantam kingpin, likely to be a pro by the time this is off the press . . . . Myer Alper, after a good winter's campaigning, likely to return shortly from Philadelphia . . . . Correspondents will kindly excuse delays in replies as the mail box is being kept so full that yours truly is struggling to keep up.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

AN offer has been made to Frankie Genovease, Toronto welter, to go to Vancouver to fight Gordon Wallace in that city.

Cliff McWhirter, London's foremost Canadian featherweight, is forging ahead, and is in demand in many sections of Canada. A match between McWhirter, and Drouillard or Ray Cook would settle the featherweight class in Canada. McWhirter can be booked through the writer from now on.

Wrestling still holds sway in the Queen City with good crowds always on hand.

Eastern promoters have written to me to get a man capable of extending the Black Cloud, Tiger Warrington.

Names were submitted of foremost boys in the heavy class in Canada.

Playfair Brown intends to stage professional boxing cards in Toronto.

The many letters received by your scribe cannot be answered personally unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all mail to 58 Charles St. West, Toronto, Canada.

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The Elmgrove A.C. staged a very snappy card last month. The popular boys, Sammy Luftspring, Billy Marquart, Spider Armstrong, Billy Hadfield and Joe Bagnato, all Toronto boys, won their scraps against out-of-town lads.

Cliff McWhirter may be making a trip to the Maritimes soon, if suitable opposition in that section can be found. Eastern promoters please note.

Butcher Boy MacDonald, Maritime bantam and feather champion, may be seen shortly in a Toronto ring.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

VANCOUVER—We have a real fighting champion in our Dominion of Canada, Gordon Wallace, the Welterweight King of the Northwest. He defended his title six times in as many months. Last month he won a twelve-round decision over the highly rated Tommy Bland of Toronto and, in a return match, drew with Sonny Jones.

Sonny Jones battered Eddie Ivory for a T.K.O. in eight rounds, Alan Foston, our lightweight prospect, was beaten for the first time in his pro career by Eddie Spina.

Al Ford was beaten by Don Inkster, but Ford won a T.K.O. over Harry Miller.

Barney Ross, lightweight champion, made a successful defense of his junior welter championship against Henry Woods, state lightweight champion, in twelve rounds. Woods sprained an ankle in the third round.

Sammy McLarnin, brother of the welterweight champion, made a successful comeback in the middleweight division by decisioning Red Gregory of Los Angeles.

"Tiger" Al Lewis lost his state welterweight championship to Leonard Bennett of Tacoma. Freddie Steele knocked out Sammy O'Dell in one round.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE formation of a new athletic organization, which plans to sponsor amateur mitt shows, has been formed here by two well-known Sioux City sportsmen, Louis A. Larsen and Raymond Mitchell. The organization will be known as the Sioux City Athletic Club and will be located in the Knights of Columbus building. Their first offering will be the sponsoring of the Midwest Open A.A.U. boxing tourney, the latter part of May and the first part of June. The contest will be strictly amateur and open to boxers in Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—The largest crowd to see a boxing card in fourteen years turned out to see Jack Gibbons, St. Paul middleweight, defeat Ernie Hethering, of Winnipeg, Can., in six rounds. Ralph Baker, East Grand Forks, Minn., scored over Tommy Neilson, of Winnipeg, in six.

Onawa, Ia.—Speedy Ricco, Colorado Springs, Colo., and Kid Jobe, Sioux City, went six rounds to a draw; Casey Ingahm, Defiance, Ia., lost to Les Burton, Battle Creek, Ia., in six rounds; Packy MacFarland, Onawa, and Kid Jabo, colored, went six to a good draw; Young Lehan was knocked out in four rounds by Cyclone Miller; Skinny Bryan lost to Billy Smith by a kayo in two; K. O. Burton defeated Grit Schellenberger in the opener.

Armstrong, Ia.—A record-breaking crowd turned out to watch Verne Trickle of Albert Lee, Minn., and Lee Savoldi battle eight rounds to a draw; Benny Hall won over Ray Kelly by a T.K.O. in five rounds; Johnny Cosgrove defeated Benny Salvatore; Don Harris and Fronnie Warrington went to a draw; Sid Peterson won over Kid Harris.

Harlan, Ia.—Raymond LaMaster, former wrestling champion of the U.S. Navy was elected president of the Kong Athletic Association, which will stage boxing and wrestling shows every week.

Atlantic, Ia.—Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight, won an eight-round decision over Nach Manrequiz, of Atlantic, Ia. Albert Manrequiz halted the winning streak of Speedy Clayton, Sioux City lightweight, by handing the latter a neat licking, in eight rounds. Jess Willard, former heavyweight king, was third man for one of the bouts.

Fenton, Ia.—Jolting Joe Goeders of Emmetsburg, Ia., and Pat Arnold, Minneapolis, Minn., heavyweight, fought six rounds to a draw; Young King Linvsky won by a T.K.O. over Johnny Long; Flivver Macumber fought to a draw with Roy Burger.

Storm Lake, Ia.—Kid Zoof, Schaller, Ia., and Stub Norman, of Parker, So. Dak., battled to a fast draw; Van Buskers, of Storm Lake, defeated Whitey Latta, also of Storm Lake, in a good bout; Scott Latton battled to a draw with Kid Ermossee.

Onawa, Ia.—Socko Cadwell, Sioux City middleweight, won a decisive six-round bout over Jimmy Wooten, of Omaha; Kid Jobe won by a kayo over Ray "Kid" Steel in three rounds; Speedy Ricco knocked out Cyclone Miller in the first round. Bobbie Nordaker won over Pat Kilbane; Tuffy Docken won over Al Capone; Grit Shellenberger won over Clipper Dale.

AROUND THE STATE WITH A FEW OF THE PROMOTERS—Fred Mason is located at Ulmer, Ia., and is promoting shows in a number of spots . . . . Carl Rassmussen is giving the fans some very good shows at Atlantic, Ia. . . . P. J. Bram is promoting both wrestling and boxing shows at Storm Lake, Ia. . . . L. A. Hamilton is promoting at Greattinger, Ia. . . . When writing to promoters, don't forget to say, "it says so in THE RING Magazine" . . . . Wallace Richmond is doing real well at Armstrong, Ia. . . . My new promoters' list is now ready, and as usual the cost is only a dime, which hardly covers the cost of getting same out and into your hands . . . . If you want one, mail will reach me at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. . . .

Your Questions (Please enclose stamp and I will answer your letters, and save much needed space):L. T. E., Tacoma, Wash.—Get in touch with Frankie. L. C., Eau Claire, Wis.— No. 1. No record; No. 2. I am not connected with any boxing manager. Sailor Burke has his own stable of boys. G. T. W., Norfolk, Virginia—Thanks, your letter was appreciated. K. L. R., Des Moines, Ia.— If this promoter won't let you check over the gate with him, something is wrong, and my suggestion is stay away. N. D., Milwaukee, Wis.—This spot is not so hot. The promoter there told me himself. A boy fighting on the per cent you name would receive about six bucks.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—At this writing, Sioux City's first outdoor boxing show is all set to go off with a bang . . . . The fistic industry at the Riverview Park arena now rests in the hands of Mrs. Elizabeth Jones and a staff of able assistants . . . . Boxers and managers wishing to show here, can get in touch with Mrs. Jones, or Frankie Pasha, c/o Riverview park Arena, Sioux City, Ia. . . . Ed "Bearcat" Wright, former colored heavyweight boxer had to give up his job in Omaha, where he worked in the federal building after taking a mop swinging test . . . . Young Rightmire, Sioux City's featherweight ace, dished a licking out to Varias Milling at Chicago . . . . Scotty McLean, Davenport, Ia., welter, won over Carl Scalisi on the same card . . . . Down at Atlantic, Ia., we had a long chat with Jess Willard, and he informed the world he could lick a clown like Max Baer . . . . Pinkie George, Waterloo, Ia., promoter and manager is going to try his hand at independent baseball . . . . Jimmy Johnson, local welterweight, is all set for his comeback after two months of hard training . . . . Jimmy is a good boy, and may go places . . . . Speedy Clayton received a setback at Atlantic, Ia., when he met Albert Manriquez . . . . I am thinking that Mel Rice, who is one of the best prospects in this neck of the woods, would do well in a top spot this summer at Riverview . . . . Getting boys in the ring with Rice is no soft job . . . . Don't forget to have your notes in my hands by the 1st of each month . . . . The Iowa boxing bill received the well-known air . . . . A large crowd turned out for the Trinity College annual boxing meet, held in the school gymnasium . . . . In order to keep records in line, Al Phal, local welterweight, wants it known that in his bout with Willie Davies staged here last December, the newspaper decision was a draw, and Davies did not have Al on the floor for any counts. If he did, 2,000 people must have been asleep in the arena . . . . Jimmy Thomson answered his call in THE RING, and is in Minneapolis . . . . This information for the party in New York.

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MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

JACK GIBBONS, St. Paul middleweight, and son of Mike, walked off with a decision over Lee Savoldi in ten rounds. This Gibbons boy is going places. Jack Kranz and Frank Androff mauled through eight slow rounds. Henry Schaft scored over Ronnie Malcolm by a T.K.O. in five rounds, when Malcolm received a severe cut over his eye. Jackie Libgott scored a T.K.O. in five rounds over Jock Moore. Jimmy Collins and Wynee Lambert fought four rounds to a draw. This show was held in Minneapolis.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Gene Connolly, St. Paul lightweight, shaded Harold Segal of Minneapolis in six rounds; the Ace of Spades won over Buzz Stauda; Battling Ginsberg won by a kayo over Carl Beers in four rounds; Billy Shaw won over Al Christy; the Duce of Spades scored over Frank Doty; Ollis Andrews shaded Merle Brill.

Duluth, Minn.—Two stars from the North Dakota Golden Gloves boxing team broke even in bouts; Maurice Canyree beat Kenny Brown; middleweights; Owen Trickey defeated Elmer Stokes.

Breckenridge, Minn. Jack Gibbons, St. Paul middleweight, lengthened his list of wins by taking a clean-cut victory over the Ace of Spades, Minneapolis, Negro in six rounds. Stout Petrie won over Al Christie; Henry Mohs defeated Herbie Adams; Eddie Gillespie scored over G. Pitney.

Winona, Minn.—Jimmy Collins, Minneapolis welter, won over Herbie Schultz in six rounds. The fight was very close. Everett Grosser won over Johnny Gould in six rounds; Al Trudeau drew with Jim Hauser; Red Grant won over Bush Schoonover; Swede Culbertson knocked out Willy Kane in two; Marcell Wicka won over Buzz Staude.

Forgo, No. Dak.—Jack Gibbons scored over Johnny Kerns, Los Angeles middleweight, in six rounds; Billy Russell beat Adolph Haavisto; Sonny Wood shaded Len Pitney; Henry Mohs beat Johnny Baker; Mike Kanaki beat Blackie Angelo; Christ Reinhart scored over Louis Raik.

Rapid City, So. Dak.—Mel Bursheim, Bellefourche, So. Dak., lightweight, and Joe Duran of Scotts Bluff, Neb., drew in eight rounds; Johnnie Mack stopped Deal Barnes in two rounds.

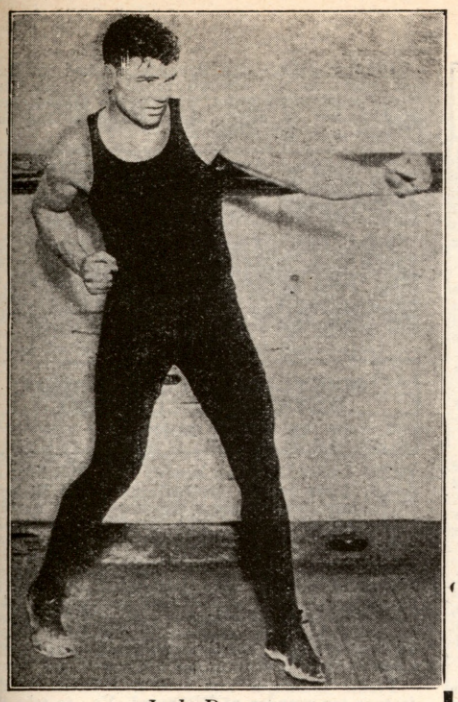
Minneapolis, Minn.—Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welter, won a six-round decision over Sherrald Kennard, of Fargo, No. Dak. Barney McLaughlin won the decision over Johnny Kerns; Harvey Woods, St. Paul featherweight, won a close decision over Harold Segal of Minneapolis; Red Martin and Jimmy Collins fought a good draw; Gene Connolly boxed to an easy win over Red Grant; Mike Chipka and Buzz Staude, middleweights, staged a fine battle with Chipka getting the duke; Battling Ginsberg lost to Jimmy Gleason.

Rochester, Minn.—In one of the best cards of the month, Harold Segal, of Minneapolis, won a close decision over Mickey Slater of Sioux City, Ia., in six rounds. Dixie Taylor of Cedar Rapids, Ia., pounded out an unpopular decision over Jack Harding of Sioux City in six; Everett Grosser, Northfield welter, beat Al Trudeau by a T.K.O. in two rounds. Don Rhymer, Sioux City light-heavyweight, outpointed Walt Richman in four fast rounds; Swede Culbertson, Rochester's lightweight comer, won a decision over Billy Clancy of Sioux City in the opener.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES—Eddie Gardner of Minneapolis, a great fighter in the featherweight and lightweight classes twenty-five years ago, died at Rochester, Minn., after a long illness. Eddie was a brother of Oscar Gardner, the "Omaha Kid." He was fifty-nine years old. He fought over 200 ring battles, and met such men as Dave Sullivan, Austin Rice, Jack McClelland, Patsy Haley, Clarence Forbes, Johnny Van Huest, Solly Smith, Eddie Santry, Casper Leon, Joe Bernstein and Andy Bezenah. Another great battler has gone to his reward. . . .

Jack Hurley once refused a big offer for the contract of Charley Retzlaff . . . . Babe Daniels, Duluth lightweight, took a short rest . . . . Mike Collins thinks young Jack Gibbons will be on a par with the famous Mike in a few months . . . . He should know, as he managed Mike . . . . Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight with a dandy record, is turning his eyes this way, and would like to take on some of our better boys . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin is in the class of the "smarter fight managers" . . . . Freddie Atkinson is now under the management of Wilber Palm . . . . Jakie Friedman is the manager of Al Ettore . . . . Earl Kane never fails to tell the world about how good his boys are.

Ronnie Malcolm certainly made a hit with the fans here . . . . Harvey Woods is now under the management of Tommy O'Loughlin . . . . Woods is a good prospect in the lightweight class . . . . Joey Thomas thinks the world of his boy, Gene Connolly, and we like him too . . . . Young Rightmire, the Sioux City featherweight, spent a week in the Mayo Hospital at Rochester . . . . Jake (Judge) Schleisman has decided to become a fight manager . . . . Lou Brouillard, former world's welter and middleweight champion is anxious to make his headquarters in the Twin Cities . . . . I can show you a pile of letters from managers and fighters with the same idea, and we do need some new faces . . . . Doc Allen is manager of Frank Androff and Mike Chipka, two good boys . . . . Chick Hanscom, matchmaker of the Rochester American Legion, is a good fellow and has the backing . . . . Frankie Pasha is matchmaker for Mrs. Jones at Sioux City, Ia. . . . Sioux City is a good spot . . . . Don't forget to mail me your notes by the first of each month, and mail same to 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . Curley Ulrich has a beer tavern . . . . Mike Gibbons and Jack had some pictures made with Lupe Velez—Mike says boxing is coming back . . . . Carmen Cook is yelling his head off, through his manager, for a chance to break in here . . . . Cook hails from Bridgeport, Conn.



Jack Dempsey

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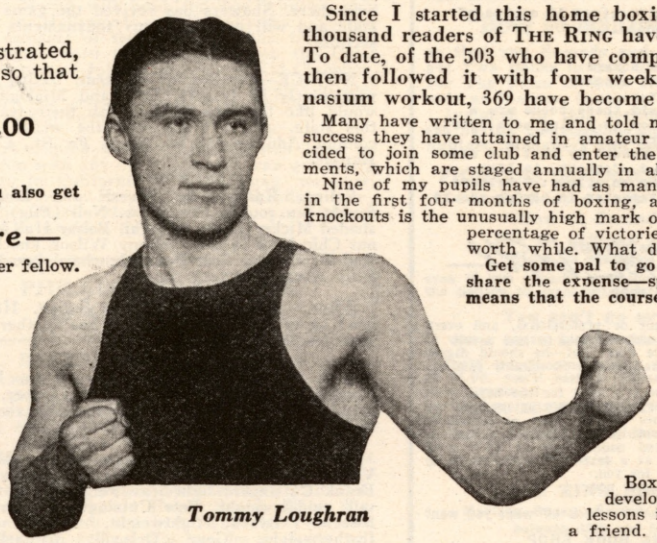

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BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BUTTE—Tonny Chavez, Alpine Indian 125-pounder from Sante Fe., N.M., gave the neatest exhibition of blocking seen here in many a year, when he beat Ritchie Fauntain of Missoula, 123-pounder who holds the featherweight laurels of Montana and the Northwest. Chavez had a decided edge in each of the ten rounds.

Frankie Murray, 119, of Philadelphia, and Jess LaBarba, Spokane, 123½, drew in the eight-round semi-windup. Spider McCullum, Missoula, scored a T.K.O. over Rusty Brandon, Livingston, in the second round of a six-rounder.

Sunny O'Day, Butte, scored a two-round K.O. over Bruce Kelly of Missoula. Smokey Manning, Missoula, had the edge in a four-rounder over Billy Sutton, Butte, which was called a draw and received the usual boos from the fans.

Roundup—Word comes from Roundup that the old fight town is going to start the ball arolling and put on some good cards during the summer. Roundup is the home of Frankie Wine, and they have some mighty good material for another near champion.

Cody—Wildman Lou Cozzens of Byron, 165, and Denny Yunlive, 163, Denver, fought ten fast rounds to a draw. In the semi-final, Billy Hardee, Cody, won a decision from Bee Burton of Billings, 157. Paul Hindman, Cody, and Eddy Mack, Billings, went to a draw in four.

Bell Foursch, S.D.—After an all-day ride through the mud, Jimmy Kerwin, Miles City, arrived just in time to get into his fighting togs, step into the ring and win from the tough Tonny Olquin of Denver.

Get your fight dope to me not later than the 26th of the month. Postage must accompany pictures for handling.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, Kans.—Winners in the Amateur A.A.U. state boxing tournament: Heavyweight, Christy McClanahan; light-heavyweight, Harold Burress; middleweight, Dick Nevins; welterweight, Pat Schoenberger; lightweight, Lewis Williams; featherweight, Chester Ellis; bantamweight, Nelson Emmerson; flyweight, Herman Dick.

Les Showers promoted the State Amateur Tournament at Wichita. Showers, after an absence of three years, returned to Kansas and showed to capacity all three nights in Newton. He turned hundreds away the final night. At Wichita he doubled the gate receipts of the last tournament held there. Showers has revived the game in the state and will promote many tournaments in this section.

NOTICE—Coaches of amateur boxing teams, particularly in Illinois, Iowa and Michigan, that would like to make a trip with their team into this state, get in touch with the writer of this column. Address 3½ So. Santa Fe. St., Chanute, Kansas.

Salina, Kans.—Bus Breese and Lou Vine fought ten rounds to a draw. Neil (Pug) Grubbs shaded Mickey Nolan in eight. Bobby Hull knocked out Chic Roth in one. Johnny Wilson knocked out Red Perrigo in five. Pete Blanchard knocked out Billy Abrams in four rounds.

Johnny Apt is promoting in Salina. He made good on his first pro show and has another scheduled for this month.

Jack Copeland, sports editor of the *Wichita Beacon*, Kansas' largest daily newspaper, states in his column that Les Showers has really revived the fight game in Wichita.

Kansas City, Mo.—Winners in the Missouri Valley A.A.U. boxing tournament: heavyweight, Frank Cutsinger; light-heavyweight, Junior Munsell; middleweight, Pete Cutsinger; welterweight, Sweeney Byars; lightweight, Marvin Lidell; featherweight, Gene Driscoll; bantamweight, Hiroshi Mashino; flyweight, Beebe Rich.

St. Louis. Mo.—Winners of the National A.A.U. amateur boxing tournament: Heavyweight, Louis Nova; light-heavyweight, Joey Bauer; middleweight, Davie Clark; welterweight, Jimmie Clark; lightweight, Billie Beauhuld; featherweight, Al Netlow; bantamweight, Pat Kelley; flyweight, John Marcelline.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Ghnouly defeated Pat Kissinger in ten hard-fought rounds. Bus Breese trimmed Neil (Pug) Grubbs in ten. Mickey O'Shea beat Cap Harding in eight. Willie Davies outpointed Lou Vine in eight. Paul Estrada beat Jimmy Musco in eight rounds.

Bristow, Okla.—Ike Bayouth knocked out Harold Potts in the seventh round of a scheduled eight-round main event. Honey Boy Lyman beat Red Carter in eight. Billy Markham and Jim Thorpe drew in six rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Walter Jones knocked out Skeet Morton in one. Johnny Egan beat Henry West. Tommy Knight beat Ed Ryan. Jack Sykes beat Darvell Tabb.

Tulsa, Okla.—Kingfish Levinsky knocked out Bob Williams in the first of a scheduled ten-round main event. Clyde Chastain beat Wilson Dunn in eight. Chief Parris beat Kid Burnette in eight. Moon Mullins beat Ike Bayouth in eight. Honey Boy Lyman beat Johnny Hull in four rounds.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

IZZY JANNAZO won handily over Phil Furr in ten heats at the Auditorium in the Nation's Capital. Izzy was entirely too clever for the harder punching Furr, who lost his first start in over a year.

Joe Teems was too big and strong for Pete Powell of Norfolk and the bout was halted in round two to save Pete from the pasting of his life. Baby Miller won all the way over Phil Baker of Philadelphia in six rounds and Pete Bevans and Roy Manley boxed a six-round draw in the opener.

Fredie Wallmyer won over Bob Turner in the feature ten-rounder at Richmond, Va., to take the middleweight championship of the State. Stumpie Jacobs and Norman Quarles fought with honors even in the ten-round semi-final. The largest attendance to witness a boxing match this winter was on hand, mainly due to the popularity of Wallmyer, who is a local boy and yet to be defeated.

Charlie Gomer had the better of Jimmy Tramberia over the ten-round route in Baltimore. Gomer got off to a good start, but Tramberia was willing at all times and in the latter rounds gave Gomer plenty trouble. Although it appeared as though Gomer was winner, the fans booed the decision mostly because Tramberia is Baltimore's most popular fighter. Yes, Jimmy always gives the boys a real run for their dough and win or lose he is a sure bet to pack them in when he shows in Baltimore.

Roger Bernard's terrific body punishment was too much for Joe Doherty in ten rounds at Washington. Doherty won the first three heats with his clever boxing, but from this point on Roger cut him down and in the final two heats won as he pleased. Elmer Benezah won over Honey Boy Snipes in the six-round semi-final.

Elmer put the Honey Boy down in round four for the deciding factor in the bout. Snipes gave a good account of himself regardless of losing the duke. Joe Teems got off the floor to lick Al Gillette in six rounds in the best bout of the evening. The house was one of the worst of the season, partially due to the bad weather.

Young Raspi, promising young lightweight, beat Buster Brown in the feature eight-rounder in Baltimore. Raspi is coming with a bang these days and has been well seasoned by his manager, Freddie Barth, before getting the tougher assignments which he now appears to be ready for. Joey DeCarlos belted out Pete Galino in three heats.

Tommy Vetra reversed the tables on Joe Finazzo in a feature eight-rounder in Baltimore. In less than two months' time Tommy has come along in great style and, although he had plenty weight on the veteran Finazzo, his win was a big improvement over his previous showings.

PICKUPS—Howard Livingston, Washington's best referee, is leaving the ranks to become the matchmaker for the American Legion in the Nation's Capital. Tony Canzoneri and Frankie Glick have been matched to box on June 10 in Washington while the Shrine Convention is doing the town. If Canzoneri takes the lightweight title it will look like a real piece of matchmaking on the part of matchmaker Goldie Ahearn in booking Tony. Win or lose, Canzoneri will draw them in, as Washington fans have been yelling for Tony ever since boxing became legal in the Capital City.

Chris Dundee was none too enthused when his Washington partner stuck Phil Furr in with Izzy Jannazo, and after the pasting Izzy handed Philip it looks like Chris knows his fighters. Although Chris did slip one when he permitted little Pete Powell to go in with Joe Teems at Washington, as Pete is a mere flyweight while Joe is one of the roughest and toughest featherweights the writer has seen in many a day.

Baby Miller is Washington's latest sensation. He won both his starts there in preliminaries without getting a sweat. Miller is a high-class fighter and the matchmakers will have plenty trouble getting suitable opposition for Miller. Both Joe Rivers and Pete Sarron have turned Miller down on the basis that they box no southpaws.

Earl Chaney, a nephew of George Chaney, the former knockout king, is making rapid strides in the preliminaries in Baltimore. Young Chaney is a dead ringer for George but no southpaw.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

THE only California fighter to stand up in New York rings the past two years is the rugged Mexican star, Bobby Pacho, who has been fighting with great success in and around Gotham. Larry Morrison took Pacho East a year ago and as we sent in this column to THE RING, Pacho was on a sensational winning spree, having won three fights in a row at St. Nick's, and really gave Leonard Del Genio a drubbing, but the battle was called a draw. The veteran Hyde Igoe, one of the best fight critics in the country, declared Pacho really won the Del Genio fight.

Los Angeles promoters want to sign Pacho with Barney Ross for a return go in the Southern California metropolis. The Mexican scrapper gave the Windy City Hebrew a close call when they met in Los Angeles. A return go in Los Angeles would be a natural!

In New York, Pacho is called the "Italian Killer." The Los Angeles Mexican seems to have the number on the sons of Mussolini as he turned back Tony Falco, Lew Massey, Joey Zodda, and Kid Frattini since invading New York.

"Whitey" Bimstein, one of the ace seconds of the boxing game, and Tommy Conti always work with Larry Morrison when Pacho goes to the post. Pacho will box the winner of the Canzoneri-Klick battle in Washington, D.C., in June. Promoter Goldie Ahearn has promised Morrison that shot.

Charley Massera, Pittsburgh, Pa., Italian, gave Maxie Rosenbloom a stiff argument in a ten-rounder at Hollywood, but dropped the duke. It was a great fight and although the smoky city Italian lost he made a host of friends at the Cinema Club. The week before, Lew Feldman lost by a narrow shade to Tony Morgano in a sizzling encounter. Eddie Borden of New York plans to remain on the Coast for several months with Massera and Feldman.

Frank Bachman has a pocket full of offers for Maxie Rosenbloom, but the former light-heavyweight king hates to leave Hollywood and the movie colony. In one week, Bachman got offers from San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle, Portland, Ore., and Spokane to book the veteran scrapper.

RANDOM SHOTS: "Mushky" Jackson says he is going to put his valuables in hock and take a ticket on Louis to beat Carnera . . . . "The colored boy will turn the trick inside of six heats," cries Jackson . . . . Every boxing writer in Los Angeles and San Francisco is stringing with Joe Louis to beat Carnera . . . . most of 'em believe the Detroit Bomber will stretch Primo . . . . Al Lang journeyed to Mexico City with Midget Wolgast where the flyweight ruler fought Baby Face Casanova . . . . Lang says it was a great battle . . . . The chile bean got the nod . . . . Willie Orner, former Brooklyn fighter, who now operates the Main Street gymnasium in Los Angeles, is coming to New York to attend the Louis-Carnera battle . . . . the colored phenom trained at Orner's gym for his second bout with Lee Rammage in Los Angeles . . . . Suey Welch won $500 when his heavyweight Hank Hankinson, put the K. O. crusher on Charley Retzlaff in two rounds at Hollywood during April . . . . the little Akron, Ohio, Mick bet $100 against $500 his big Swede would win by a knockout inside of three rounds . . . . a Hankinson-Lasky battle would draw $12,000 or more at the Olympic in Los Angeles . . . . Dick Donald is trying to close the match . . . . Hymie Caplin has returned to California with Lew Salica and Abie Feldman.

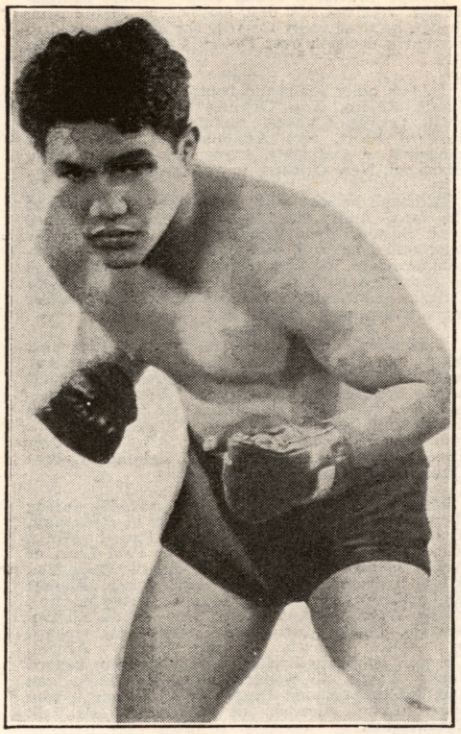
The writer made a trip East during the latter part of April and witnessed bouts in many mid-west and Eastern ring centers. Kansas City, Mo., is back on the fistic map, thanks to the hustling Frankie Gatto, who is promoting at Convention Hall. Joe Ghnouly, Gus Wilson's St. Louis lightweight, made a big hit there, giving Eddie Cool of Philadelphia, a sound drubbing in ten heats . . . . Gatto plans to show Barney Ross, Lou Brouillard, Paul Pirrone, Tony Canzoneri and other stars there during the summer.

Davey Abad whipped Henry Armstrong in Mexico City . . . . Jimmy Murray of Los Angeles is now managing the Panamanian. Murray's star fighter is Pablo Dano, Filipino bantamweight, who is just about the best 118-pounder in the country.

Moose Taussig promoted the two Corbett-Van Klaveren matches in San Francisco and each "gate" grossed better than $10,000. He also staged the Steele-Apostoli bout, which drew $6,000.

Larry White, manager of Young Corbett, has taken over the management of Freddie Apostoli, young San Francisco middleweight. White is one of the best handlers on the Coast and well liked by all.

Al Manfredo, welterweight boxer of Fresno, has joined the Suey Welch stable. Sammy O'Dell, crack colored welterweight, who boxes under the same management, plans an invasion of Northwest rings soon.



Bobby Pacho, a Mexican who ranks high among the welters. He is the only Californian making good in New York rings. He knocked out Jackie Bradie in the fifth round on the Canzoneri-Ambers card in the Garden.

Eddie Meade writes from Cleveland that he will soon come to the Coast with Paul Pirrone, Carmen Barth and a couple of other leather pushers. The middleweight division is "hot" in California with Corbett, Gorilla Jones, Swede Berglund, Oscar Rankins, Freddie Steele, Freddie Apostoli and "Bandit" Romero compaigning regularly. The chubby Cleveland skipper has a host of friends in Los Angeles and I am sure "Fat Eddie" will feel right at home on the Gold Coast. Bring the GOLD with you, Eddie!

Jerry Mazza will head for Los Angeles soon to box at Hollywood and the Olympic. Tommy Conti, manager of the scrappy Italian from New York, sends word that he will be on the Coast the early part of July. Mazza fought Kid Chocolate, Lew Feldman, Pete DeGrasse and fighters of that type, and his sensational style of milling should appeal to California fight fans.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who have no connection with any other manager, can get plenty of fights in California with Al Lang, manager. Address, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Ave., or Willie Orner's Main Street gym, 321 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

PHIL BAKER, junior lightweight, is in line for star attractions hereabouts this summer. His great showings with Lew Massey, Johnny Jadick and Charley Burns places him amongst the best club fighters in Pennsylvania.

Charley Burns, lightweight from up-state, got his start in Lancaster under the promotion of Scotty Hemphill. Burns' victories over Phil Baker, Johnny Jadick and Harry Serody places him right on top with the best lightweights in this state. Keep an eye on this boy, he no doubt will be boxing star attractions this summer.

Cleo Locatelli continued his winning streak here in Philly against Lew Massey . . . . Benny Bass defeated Tony Falco for the second time . . . . Harry Serody lost his first fight in forty starts against Charley Burns . . . . Frankie Caris, middleweight of promise, is ready to mingle with the best in the country, following his recovery from a nose operation . . . . Joe Sofi, Syrian heavyweight, scored ten knockouts in a dozen fights . . . . Tommy Loughran is back home after an absence of eight months and looks as fit as ever. . . .

Al Ettore, heavyweight, is back after a tour of the West. He is managed by Lew Tendler. Tony Morgano writes from Hollywood that Leo Rodak and Frankie Klick have turned down offers to meet him there at the Stadium . . . . Bobby Dean won the featherweight belt in a tournament at the Cambria A.C., defeating Tony Strazzeri in the final bout.

Calvin Reed, colored lightweight, has been Jimmy McLarnin's chief sparring mate in the East . . . . Joe Nelson former feather star is now training a score of boxers at the Olympia Gymnasium . . . . Jack Puggy is Tony Falco's new pilot . . . . Scotty Hemphill, Lancaster promoter is running semi-monthly shows successfully there, using Philly talent in every show. Matt Adgie has made many friends in his new role as referee . . . . Out-of-town boxers can get in touch with the writer at 509 Colonial Building.

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LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE largest crowd to witness a boxing contest in New Orleans in many years greeted Holman Williams, Milwaukee, Wis., Negro lightweight, and Wesley Farrell, local colored star, in their ten-round affair. Approximately $4,000 was taken in, and in view of the average "gates" taken in for white fights of around $500, this is a marvelous example of the drawing power of Negro boxers in the Crescent City. Williams won easily over Farrell, but the bout was highly interesting throughout. Lou Diamond and Martin Burke, the impresarios, are depending on the Negroes to balance things down here.

Eddie Flynn, the ex-Olympic amateur star who has had rough going since becoming a professional a couple of years ago, received a ten-round decision over Tony Domingeuz, Cuban middleweight.

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George Murla, a rising New Orleans bantamweight, received his first main-event chance and, though he tired badly towards the end, managed to eke out a decision over Dewey Cannon of Mobile, Ala.

In two other ten-round bouts on the same card Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, beat his consistent rival, George Clausen, Mobile lightweight; and Howard Scott, San Antonio, Tex., lightweight champion of that state, kayoed the veteran Patsy Flanagan, New Orleans, in the seventh.

Although he won with ease in the estimation of the fans, Andy Martin, an old-time campaigner from Boston, Mass., received only a draw in his ten-round bout with Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans bantamweight, at the Garden A.C. Martin was so disgusted with the decision that he left New Orleans immediately, although he was in line for more engagements in the city.

Professional boxing was resumed at Picayune, Miss., both shows during the month going over well. "Little Boy" Peterson, welterweight nephew of the ex-heavyweight contender "Big Boy" Peterson, won two bouts, stopping Toxie Stockwell and decisioning Rehel Stockwell. "Duke" Goss, a promising lightweight of Caesar, Miss., won over Louis Rouse twice. Bob Ulmer, light-heavy, beat Dave Dubose and Leroy Thigpen.

Results of other matches in this vicinity during the month follow: Texas Joe Dundee of Beaumont, Tex., kayoed Lealon Kid Harris, Laurel, Miss.; Elmer Freas, New Orleans, lost to Paul Ladd of Arkansas and Battling Burroughs of Pascougla, Miss.; Horace Burkel outpointed Johnie Blalak; Eddie Flynn stopped Billy Hood of Orlando, Fla.; Emile Watchjus beat Jimmy Barrett, all middleweights. Bobby Murray of Chicago was stopped by George Clausen, as was Sammy Alfano, Chicago, by Ervin Berlier; Victor Rodgers kayoed Jimmy Ponds, all welterweights. Joe White won and lost to Desmond Diggs; Patsy Flanagan won over Frankie Consolo of Pittsburgh, Pa., all lightweights.

Formerly the kingpin promoter of Negro boxing in New Orleans, Louis Ovalasiti has again resumed activities at his Westside Park Arena in Algiers. It seems that with the exception of Wesley Farrell, Ovalasiti has the best talent appearing on his cards.

Jimmy Thomas, speedy colored junior lightweight from Pittsburgh, Pa., continues to pound out wins in New Orleans. In recent bouts he stopped Frankie Moses of Little Rock, Ark., and Tiger Clark. He also garnered a decisive win over Eddie Kid Brown.

Other colored boys performing hereabouts showed these results: K.O. Kelly of Little Rock, Ark., defeated P.G. Carson of Jacksonville, Fla.; Levi Young beat Young Jack Johnson; Chester Jones stopped Bob Manuel, all middleweights. Battling Siki beat Kid Stringbean; George Clausen stopped Kid Franklin; Alec White hung one on Amos Johnson, all welterweights. Israel Robertson kayoed Willie Bray; Young Danno won over K. O. Franks and drew with Newsboy Brown, all lightweights. Lucian Fleet downed Kid English but lost to Papa Wax, while Papa Wax was beaten by Charley Hart, all bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—A new set-up of dates was handed down by the state boxing commission . . . . Dave Schlesinger has Wednesdays and Thursdays for his shows; Burke and Diamond have Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays, and Ovalasiti has Sundays . . . . Nickey Camaratta is recovering from a broken nose . . . . Augie Camaratta has retired . . . . Please inclose postage if you write for facts from this vicinity . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

THE month of April saw a let-down in professional boxing in Michigan, none of Detroit's big clubs showing. One show in Grand Rapids, and two big ones in Flint were the outstanding of the month.

The Grand Rapids show, presented by Wm. T. Morrisey, featured the big Baer brothers in the usual procedure, Max clowning with his opponent, and Buddy putting the crusher on his. Max boxed Ed Wills, a Chicago Negro, and Buddy's opponent was Harry Nelson.

In the ten-round main go, Wesley Ramey stabbed his educated left into the willing Roger Bernard over the entire route, winning handily. Ramey couldn't damage the rugged Bernard, but he piled up plenty of points.

Foster Young, Lansing Negro who is now boxing as a lightweight, kayoed Georgie Quackenbush of Grand Rapids. Neither Young nor Quackenbush have done much since being knocked out by Bernard.

In Flint, Max Baer put on his skit with Harold Anderson doing the receiving. Buddy kayoed Tommy Davenport, but the people didn't go for the show at all and the I.M.A. lost money on it.

Joe Louis came into Flint with a scheduled six-round go with Roscoe Toles, a smart battler from Toledo, who was stopped in the last round. Louis drew better than the Baer boys did.

Frank Erne continues to turn 'em away at his little Hazel Park club. One of his biggest upsets was Charlie Grundish winning over George Sutka.

Wilbur Chevalier's boy Oliver Johnson didn't do so good with Mike Kolnick but Wilbur still has faith in the flashy Saginaw colored boy. He'll come through yet.

Chuck Woods whipped Lou Vine in Kalamazoo. Chuck is right back where he started from. Max Baer clowned with Battling J. D. and Buddy couldn't put Baltimore Eddie Anderson away in four rounds.

K. O. Morgan continues to swamp all opposition. The bounding buffoon defended his state featherweight crown, at Muskegon, Dario Moreno being unable to do anything with him.

Roger Bernard turned in a good win over in Washington, D.C. He outscored Joe Doherty, a local ace. Doherty had just beaten Frankie Wolfram, who beat Mose Butch in Flint.

Bob Brace continues to run shows at Dearborn. Edwin Waling beat Vince McCoy in the last show there. Gene Barrett of Flint is another favorite there. Waling *vs.* Barrett looks like a natural.

Flint's bantam and lightweight, Golden Glove champions, have turned pro and both have yet to be defeated. Bobby "Red" Wood has had three professional fights. He was impressive in beating Young Tommy DeRezzi, Bill Jacobs, and shading Roy Fedon. Wood weighs 120 pounds, and will have to be reckoned with in the near future.

Dick McClintick is Flint's other ex-Golden Glover who is boxing pro. Dick is a puzzling southpaw with a dynamic left hand, and in his two pro starts has beaten Walter Darze and boxed a riotous draw with Frankie Pallo.

Gene Barrett has scored over Art Bowman, Vince McCoy, Jackie Knighton and Bert Ardt in recent starts. Ward Snider is another Flint fighter who will bear watching. Ward is a welter.

Jackie Knighton has looked pretty good in his few fights. He is managed by Sam Donley.

Julius Gonzales is training a good bunch of boys, among them Coca Cola Kid, Manuel Cantera, Stevie Takas, and Billy Burke. They all work out at the West Side A. C. Michigan near Vinewood. This club is run by Ansell Bell, good bantam of a decade ago.

Paul Thurmon is out with a defi to the best light-heavyweights of Michigan. He plans to annex the state title. Jimmy Baylor is a heavyweight newcomer who looks like the goods.

Teddy Easterbrook drew with Bobby Buckles in Dearborn and Buckles kayoed Easterbrook in Flint. Pete Petrowski is a favorite at all the small clubs.

Freddy Welsh, Detroit Negro, has been turning in some good fights. He lost to Billy McNeal but won on a T.K.O. from Silent Hartman.

People who wondered why men from Ireland were spoken of as "Fighting Irish" learned the reason at the Detroit Olympia, May 2. A team of Irish amateurs boxed the Detroit boys, and although they lost every fight, they impressed the natives with their courage and aggressiveness. The most impressive was one Pat Hughes who gave Al Nettlow a close call, treating him to his first knockdown.

Following are some of the leading amateur results: Al Strong beat Michael Coffey; Stan Evans beat Pat Mulligan; Dave Clark beat Jim Magill; Billy Humphreys beat Alex Kilpatrick; Edgar Waling shaded Tommy Morris and Jimmy Maloney. Waling will find the going rough in the featherweight ranks. Frank Conroy beat Eddie Futch. Bill Starkell beat Julie Griffin. Al Adams beat Dickie Hermann. Lew Bellinger kayoed Clair Evans, and Floyd Cunningham knocked out Eddie Anisko in one round. Ernie Horn shaded Henry Murphy. Stan Ceislik edged Sid Jacobs who beat Don Magnon. Joe Sworek had a hard time beating Billy Stokes. Harvey Totzke beat Bill Bommer. Billy Noeske beat Gordon Jeffery. Ed Sedliar got a disputed decision over Bob McIntire, who beat Chuck Doane and then flattened Doane in two rounds. Jimmy Urso kayoed McIntire in the second, after being given a battle in the first. Elmer Cousineau beat Ken McCann. Paul Bradberry beat Freddy Gillam. Harold Pillen beat Dick Barth.

Bobby Red Wood, sensational Flint bantam is looked upon as a good prospect. He is a smart kid.

Lists of Michigan promoters may be had by sending twenty-five cents to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

FRANK SAGILIO, Cicero junior welterweight, who in three years was developed into a contender by Willie Capadonna, has placed himself under the joint management of Joe Burman and Frank Harmon. Upon his 21st birthday Sagilio refused to sign a contract with Capadonna unless he was given a cash bonus. Willie declined this proffer and after a little dickering it is understood Harmon and Burman gave Sagilio from $1,000 to $3,000 for his contract.

Burman, former bantamweight star, is confident he can polish up Sagilio's defense and be able to strengthen his offense after some coaching. Joe has dabbed in several business enterprises since his retirement from the ring about ten years ago. He now is a partner in a tailor concern in the Steubon building, a building in which Maurice Rivkin, Marigold Gardens promoter, has his law offices.

Harmon is the son of the late Paddy Harmon, the man who built the Chicago Stadium in 1929. Frank was boss of Stadium concessions until the building was taken out of receivership by James Norris, Sr., and his associates a few weeks ago. Since then he has been operating the Stadium grill. Frank has promoted several boxing shows with a measure of success. He also has served as co-promoter with Carl Stockholm of six day bicycle races at the Stadium.

There has been considerable discussion here on why Chicago promoters were unable to snare even one of the four important shows presented in succession in New York in May and June. The main reason, with the exception of the Joe Louis-Primo Carnera encounter, was that the matches would not draw half as well in this city as in New York.

Fans realize that the Lou Ambers-Tony Canzoneri contest was solely an eastern attraction and so was the third Jimmy McLarnin-Barney Ross bout. This holds true in the James Braddock-Max Baer encounter, too. The Carnera-Louis scrap was a horse of a different color, however. Chicago promoters had first crack at this bout, but when Carnera, it is charged, asked $70,000 guarantee with one or two other stipulations unable to be met the way was cleared for New York.

Nick Scalba, Chicago featherweight, and his wife left for an extended stay at Los Angeles, Cal. . . . Dr. William Rothman, Golden Gloves physician, is the father of an eight pound baby boy, Ronald Rothman . . . . Ed Johnson, barber at Trafton's gymnasium, has been married to Enid Phillips, 18 year old entertainer . . . . Ray Foutts, manager of Teddy Yarosz, holder of the middleweight crown, demands a "good guarantee" for a title defense against Frank Battaglia after Stadium officials had offered 45 per cent of the net gate receipts . . . . Harry Dublinsky's elbows, from which were removed several chips, withstood the assault of Eddie (Kid) Wolfe at New Orleans, La., but during the winning effort Dublinsky injured his left hand. . . .

Gus Wilson and Terry Hunt have opened a physical culture studio at 6715 Hollywood boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. . . . . Steve Klaus, New York fight trainer, will serve as coach of the Budapest boxing team in the Olympic games at Berlin next year . . . . Jack O'Keefe, former manager of Tuffy Griffith, the old heavyweight leader, has opened a night club at 3131 West Madison street . . . . Dick Axman, press agent, predicted Omaha would win the Kentucky Derby . . . . Lou Diamond edited another of those Stadium News tabloids in an attempt to ballyhoo the Locatelli-Ghnouly, Christy-Belloise, Del Genio-Daniels and Battaglia-Heffner scraps . . . . Soldier Mickey Farr of the Ross camp at Ferndale, N.Y., was confident Ross would return to Chicago with McLarnin's welterweight crown.

The new Madison Square loop gym, 227 West Madison street is doing a thriving business.

Ten Years Ago—Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Philadelphia, was seeking a junior lightweight title bout with Champion Tod Morgan . . . . Jack Zivic, Pittsburgh lightweight, knocked out Lew Tendler in the fifth round at Pittsburgh . . . . His bantamweight brother, Pete Zivic, lost in six rounds to Mike Moran at Connelsville . . . . Chick Suggs of New Bedford, Mass., was colored featherweight champion of New England . . . . Clever Sencio, who died after a bout with Bud Taylor at Milwaukee, was flyweight titleholder of the Orient.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

WIN, lose or draw, James J. Braddock, will be more popular than ever, when he clashes with Max Baer in June for the heavyweight championship of the world. Here's wishing you luck Jim in your attempt to wrest the crown from Max Baer and bring to Hudson County for the first time in ring history.

Billy "Tarzan," Cheslock is still going like a house on fire having won two scraps in New York and two in Stapleton, S. I.

Patterson—Tiger Leroy Smith, drew Cal Holmes, (6); Lenny Mazza, outpointed Midget Doyle, (4); Jackie Connors, beat Wally Cotton, (4); Marty Feldman, drew Vince Gibbons, (4).

Newark—Joey Greb decisioned Bucky Keyes, (8); Georgia Levy kayoed Joey Hatfield, (3); Willie Lewis, drew Johnny Ferriol (8); Joey Ferrara edged out Patsy Sylvestri (6); John Costanza, shaded Lew Greenberg, (4).

Patterson—Phil Johnson, knocked out Donald (Red) Barry, (2); Melio Battina, decisioned Babe Marshall, (6); Freddy Bustard, stopped Johnny Harris, (4); Wally Cotton, drew Gus Weinert, (4); Angelo Fracasso, stopped Freddie Strauss, (2); Curley Carney, kayoed Sam Grasso (2).

Newark—Frankie Cinque, decisioned Irish Jimmy Brady, (8); Freddie Fiducia, finished Freddie Panico, (2); Johnny Costanza, stopped Marvin Hart, (2); Leroy Smith, kayoed Joe Cazar, (4); Mickey Makar drew Joe Moresco (6).

Patterson—Izzy Singer, outpointed Louis Lapage, (8); Melio Battina, beat Charlie Mantz, (8); Ray Serra, shaded Jesse Jones, (4); Tony Roe, stopped Kid Murphy, (1); Freddie Strauss, drew Maurice Mauritte, (4); Willie Maynes, knocked out Eddie McGillick, (3).

Newark—Chang Callura, beat Julie Katz, (8); Ray Miller, kayoed Roy Frisco, (4); Ralph Aquino, finished Paolo Villa, (5); Patsy Bernadella, knocked out Johnny Grant, (3); Sammy Miller, beat Mickey Moran, (4).

Fighting one of the most brilliant battles of his career, Lanky Lou Lombardi, Jersey City Italian, turned the tables in overwhelming fashion on Frankie Hughes, in ten gruelling rounds which featured the show at Holyoke, Mass. Hughes whipped the local boy in a former bout, a few weeks back. In the semi-final of eight rounds on the same bill, Buckey Keyes, Frankie Reilly's protege, lost the duke to Charlie Gomer of Baltimore.

Eddie Hogan, 220, scored a one-round knockout over Frank Wotanski, 197, of a scheduled eight-round bout at Laurel Gardens, in Newark. Teddy Loder, 142, won by a technical knockout over Mickey Salem, 144, Salem took a bad beating all of the way and failed to come out for the fiifth round. Joe Kukal, 171½, won all of eight rounds to take a decision over Mookie Goldman, 165.

Do you remember when?—Jimmy Francis used to pack them every time he fought. The Jimmy Carter vs. Young O'Brien scrap ended in a riot causing several fight fans to be sent to the hospital from the old Amsterdam A.A. Near the five corners in old West Hoboken, Frankie Burns, present boxing inspector, fought Johnny Kilbane in Jersey City. Mickey Russell was shot to death in front of the Oakland A.A. where he fought some of his toughest bouts. Amy Mack ran the Inter-Nos A.C. on 17th and Hudson Ave., West New York. George Lynch ran fights at old Duhnes Hall on 23rd and Hudson Boulevard West N. Y. Jack Jenning used to operate the Spring A. C. on Bergenline Avenue and Angelique Street in old West Hoboken. John Morrow used to run fights in the Moose Hall in Cliffside.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

YOUNG DUMAGUILAS, former flyweight and bantamweight champion of the Orient, failed to lift the 112-pound title from the head of Speed Cabanela when he barely held the latter to a draw in a twelve-round bout held at the Osmena Boxing Park under the auspices of Paquito Limjengco, before a banner crowd.

Dumaguilas sent the champion careening to the canvas in the second round with a well-timed left hook to the head, but failed to follow up his advantage. He copped the early rounds, but Cabanela rallied in the last stanzas to even the count.

B. de Guzman, featherweight titleholder, a flashy and clever boy, showed his boxing skill to good advantage by outsmarting and outboxing Joe Eagle, recognized by the EBC people as their champion in this division. De Guzman is a powder-puff puncher, but he surely is a second slower than greased lightning. He is flashier than Little Pancho, who is considered a better boxer than his illustrious brother, Pancho Villa.

Star Frisco toyed with Augie Curtiss, of Los Angeles, at the Rizal Tennis Stadium, for twelve stanzas. Curtis was no match against the hard-hitting dukes of Jess Cortes' bantie. Frisco, previously, had beaten Lew Farber in the same arena.

Cris Pineda drew with Joe Eagle in a ten. Recently he lost to Eagle, both his junior-featherweight and featherweight titles.

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Owing to many requests from wrestling readers of **The Ring**, we have decided to place seven current stars in an extra group and these are now ready at the low price of 7 for $2.00. This added group to our photographs includes **the Irish Free State star, Danno O'Mahoney; the great Indian wrestler, Little Chief Wolf; the Afghan stars, Ghafoor Khan and his brother Ayub; Dr. Henry Fields; Hans Kampfer, the German strong man, and Alphone Bisignano, the leading Italian heavyweight.**

Send a money order for $2.00 to **THE RING BOOK SHOP, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 825 8th Ave., N. Y. City** and we will send these seven pictures, size 6 by 8 inches on fine, glossy paper.

Paquito Limjengco gave the Osmena Boxing Park a new lease of life when he stepped into the picture and took hold of the managerial and promotorial reins. So far, his shows have attracted capacity crowds.

Pablo Dano's remarkable victory over Young Tommy is still the talk here. After these two successive defeats, following his successful Australian invasion, Dano set sail for California, where he is now making good again.

James Eagle lost via the T. K. O. route to Fighting Cornejo, of San Juan, Rizal. The Cornejo fight might prove to be Eagle's last, as the discouraged fighter is contemplating retiring.

Rafael Cuyugan brought his stable of fighters way down South—Negroes, Cebu, and Iloilo—because he doesn't want to play ball with "somebody." Cuyugan's presence there has revived the fight game considerably. Little Pancho is barnstorming in Negroes where he pounded out a decision over Rush Montano, featherweight.

Young Frisco, welterweight and middleweight champion of the Orient, added the scalp of Al Rivers, American titleholder, to his list, and now Frisco is also the Malayasian middleweight champion. He stopped Rivers in the sixth. Previously, Rivers held him to an even Stephen at Singapore, Malay Peninsula.

It seems that Naning Sangle, former boss of the Osmena Park, doesn't want to play the role of second fiddle to Paquito Limjengco any more. Well, better think twice before calling it quits with Limjengco, Naning. Ol' Man Depression might come and knock at your park's door again.

Jess Cortes, debonair manager of Star Frisco, and promoter of the Eastern Boxing Club, will hold a fistic show in the Island's world-famous summer resort, Baguio, where most of the cream of the local society are at present located to escape the sizzling heat of April and May.

Little Pancho established his supremacy in the local bantamweight division by handing Jose Villanueva, champion, a good beating in a ten-rounder in Iloilo, Iloilo.

Plans are now under way to bring Sixto Escobar, Jo Tei Ken, and Speedy Dado to Manila where an elimination tournament is scheduled for a world's bantamweight championship. The correspondent doubts whether it will receive the official sanction of the different boxing commissions in the world.

Fighting Carlos, Malabon lightweight, almost upset the dope bucket by holding Baby Johnson, lightweight titlist, to a ten-round standstill in Malabon, Rizal. Two weeks later, Carlos barely eked out a decision from Joe Grande, of Cavite, at the Tennis Stadium.

OTHER FITE RESULTS—Mauricio Seria whipped M. Taguinod (8); Ventura Marquez, Mexico City, Mexico, knocked out Young Casanova in the fifth round of an eight; Young Dumaguilas scored over Young Santos (10); Mauricio Seria kayoed Young Limbako (2).

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Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle from Page 44

Weight-Making Takes Its Toll

(Continued from page 30)

successful claimant, for a while, of the title, but accumulating flesh, though of the hardest variety, finally compelled him to seek honors as a light-heavy.

The middleweight title remained in abeyance until Stanley Ketchel claimed it, and won recognition as monarch of the grade, after beating Mike (Twin) Sullivan, who was cock of the roost in New England, at San Francisco, February 22, 1908.

In 1911 Cyclone Johnny Thompson whipped Billy Papke in twenty rounds at Sydney, Australia. Thompson scaled in at the middleweight limit, whereas Papke was overweight. On the strength of this performance, Thompson was put on record as middleweight champ. But in the following year Old King Avoirdupois put both Papke and Thompson down for the count. Both outgrew the middleweight class, and the title again went up for auction.

* * *

HARRY GREB was one middleweight champion that unwelcome extra weight didn't bother. He won the title from Johnny Wilson in 1923, although he had previously fought and defeated heavies and light-heavies with cheerful impartiality. He could make the middleweight limit easily, but the field was too small for his activities, and the records show him winning the light heavyweight title, losing it to Gene Tunney, going back into the middleweight ranks, and reigning as middleweight champ up to 1926, when he lost to Tiger Flowers.

Gene Tunney outgrew the light-heavyweight division and entered the heavies in 1925, and entered upon the pugilistic stage of his career, which was to result in his dethroning Jack Dempsey for the ring's most coveted plum.

Jack Delaney, holder of the light-heavyweight championship, also relinquished the title in 1927, to enter the heavyweight ranks. It was then claimed by Mike McTigue, who lost it to Tommy Loughran. The latter decided that making weight for the light-heavyweight grade didn't suit him any more, and followed in the footsteps of Tunney and Delaney by turning heavyweight.

Mickey Walker found the task of making weight for the middleweight division too irksome, became a light-heavyweight, and afterwards graduated into the heavy division, where he distinguished himself by holding Jack Sharkey to a draw. Later, his luck wasn't so good, for Max Schmeling knocked him out.

The conditions under which fighters are weighed to-day effectually prevents any of the scales-cheating which, it is to be feared, was all too common in bygone years. Had Barney Ross flourished as a top-notcher. in the days when Benny Leonard and Packey McFarland were big drawing cards, he might have been enabled to go along as a supposed lightweight indefinitely, provided he had been so inclined.

* * *

THE commission authorities of that time were very kind to both Benny and Packey. Leonard and Lew Tendler, for instance, are popularly estimated as having been real welters when they did battle as members of the lightweight list. Leonard and Tendler weighed in for their fight here in 1923 before the commission members, but the press representatives were excluded from the proceedings. Leonard told me he scaled 138 and Tendler was 139½.

The same with McFarland! That elusively scientific Chicago product might have made the lightweight limit during the last year or so of his service in the ring—but only by reducing himself to a state of fighting helplessness. However, being a great, big-time drawing card all over the country, as well as in New York, the boxing authorities were satisfied to turn their respective heads the other way when he weighed in to battle some real lightweight.

* * *

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The secret of Brouillard's defeat lay in the fact that he had outgrown the middleweight class. Did he make a heroic attempt to scale in again as a middle performer, and retrieve his disaster?

The answer is that he did nothing so foolish. Realizing that his frame was fast expanding, he concluded to let it expand so far as Nature ordered, and transferred his activities to the light-heavy division.

Barney Ross didn't set a new fashion when he declined to work himself to death by overtraining. Keeping within reasonable weight and health limits has for a long while been the rule, and not the exception, with modern boxers.

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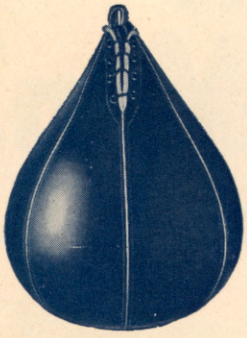

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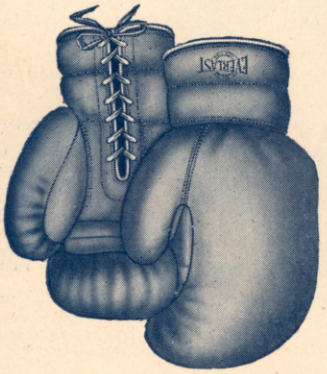

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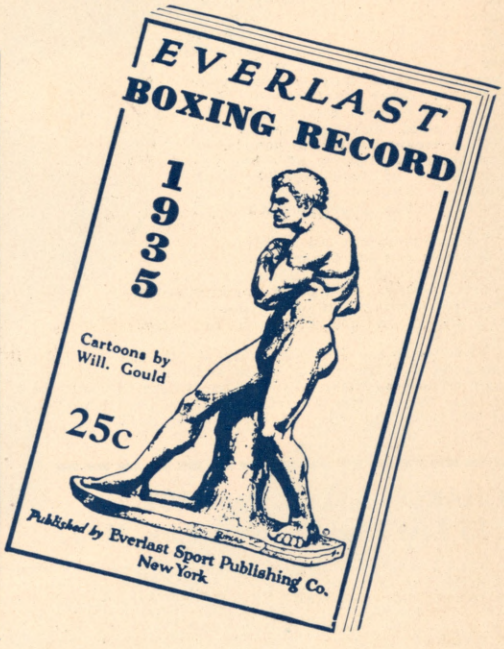

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